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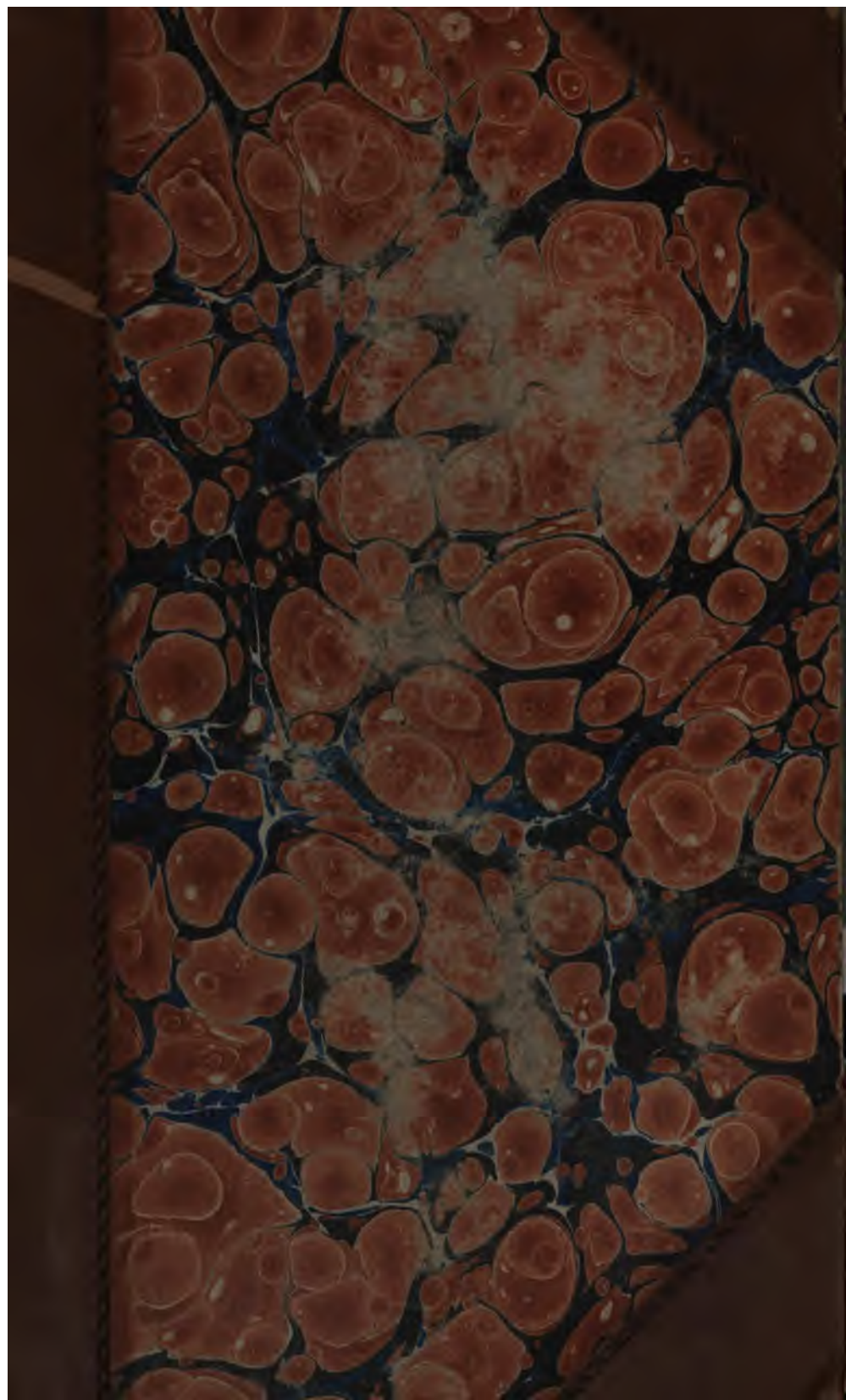
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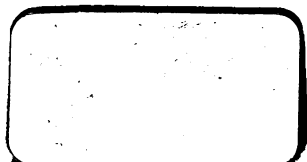
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INDEPENDENT ORDER.—MANCHESTER UNITY.

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THE  
O D D F E L L O W S'  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY  
JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

AUTHOR OF  
"RHYME, ROMANCE, AND REVERY," "A VOICE FROM THE TOWN,"  
AND "THE WANDERING ANGEL."

WHAT WOULD THE WORLD BE WERE IT NOT FOR BOOKS?  
WHAT TREASURES OF THE PAST TO US WERE LOST,  
WHAT STORES OF KNOWLEDGE WOULD BE UNEXPLORED,  
WHAT COUNTLESS HOARDS OF TRUTH FROM US WERE HID,  
LIKE GEMS THAT LIE DOWN IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS,  
HAD NOT THE STUDENT BROUGHT THEM INTO LIGHT!



VOL. VIII.

FROM JANUARY, 1844, TO OCTOBER, 1845.

*New Series.*

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## P R E F A C E .

THE EIGHTH VOLUME of the Magazine is now brought to a termination, and we hope that it will be found equally as deserving of the approval of our brethren as its predecessor. We do not presume to claim for our little periodical a similar rank to that which is taken by some of our more costly Magazines, where the articles are contributed by men who have earned for themselves a high reputation in the world of letters. We have not lavished large sums of money for the purpose of securing for our pages the compositions of authors whose names are considered to stamp a value upon their productions, independent of any intrinsic merits. Our writers are for the most part of that class whose time is mainly occupied in providing for the physical wants of existence, but it must not be forgotten that from amongst the productive classes have arisen many of those whose talents have reflected honour upon their station, and conferred a lasting benefit upon their kind. Though the majority of our contributors may not have studied in "academic bowers," they have gained knowledge in that best of all schools—experience; and the result of their acquirements is in many instances full of practical wisdom and sound information. We have amongst our friends, too, some who are not altogether unknown to fame, and whose labours meet with a hearty welcome when exerted on behalf of publications of greater price. We do not wish to call forth any invidious feelings, or we should have had pleasure in more pointedly acknowledging our obligations to a few of our literary coadjutors, who have on all occasions come freely and disinterestedly forward to render us their valuable assistance. We shall use our best endeavours to advance the true interests of the Institution, without regard to courting temporary favour, as we are well aware that the most beneficial measures are not always the most popular ones. Those who have a duty to perform towards a body of men would be ill deserving of confidence if they were continually altering their course for the mere purpose of catching the fleeting breath of applause. Odd Fellowship has now its weekly and monthly journalists, and we trust that they, as well as ourselves, will meet with that support and patronage of which they are so deserving, convinced as we are that the more channels of intelligence we have connected with the Order, the more we shall advance towards a system of sound policy and wise government.



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John Macdougall  
P. Prov. G. M. & C. S.  
Greenock District

THE  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.  
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Entered at Stationers' Hall.

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JANUARY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1844.

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MEMOIR OF JOHN MACDOUGALL, P. PROV. G. M. AND C. S.

P. PROV. G. M. JOHN MACDOUGALL was born in the village of Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, in the year 1806. After going through the ordinary routine of a village school education, he was apprenticed to the weaving business; but his strong dislike to this avocation induced him soon to forsake it, and join the copper-plate printing business, in a print work near the village. Here he continued for seven years, when his taste for knowledge lured him to the more agreeable, though less lucrative, profession of teaching, for which he had qualified himself by assiduity after the labours of the day were finished.

About this time he became connected with a debating society which existed in the village, and his association with those kindred spirits who met for improving the mind, conduced in no ordinary degree to expand and elevate his literary views. The fruits reaped by him from this obscure institution have enabled him on many occasions, both in public and in private, to deliver essays on various subjects, namely, Education, Political Economy, Improvement of the Mind, &c. Tired with the laborious and irksome duties of a village schoolmaster,—“teaching the young idea how to shoot,”—he returned to his former employment of copper-plate printer, till the year 1832, when he married in Johnstone, Renfrewshire, and remained in that place till 1836. It was while in Johnstone that his active and talented mind found ample space for vigorous exercise. His alacrity, disinterestedness, and consistency in the many public duties he was frequently required to perform, in obedience to the pressing requests of the public, won him the lasting friendship of all ranks and classes of the community.

In the exercise of his zeal in the public service, he appropriated much of his time to the organization of scientific and useful societies, exertions which were properly appreciated by the intelligent portion of the inhabitants, who, anxious to testify their gratitude invited him to a public supper, and presented him with a valuable silver patent lever watch and gold appendages, previous to his leaving the town to enter upon the important duties of an officer in His Majesty's Customs, Greenock, to which he had been appointed. Scarcely was he domiciled in that town before his intellectual acquirements were discovered and called into requisition, and he was induced to deliver lectures, and speak at soirées and other meetings. In this way time rolled on until Odd Fellowship made its advent into Scotland; but the fact of a friendly society assuming such a queer name, made the “canny Scot” pause ere he embraced its principles. The merits of the Order were keenly scrutinized, its principles in a short time were under review, and many, who at the first laughed and jeered at the benevolent Institution, were at last convinced of the erroneousness of their opinions, and joined the society. The subject of this memoir was one of those individuals, and after a careful

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analysis of the principles of Odd Fellowship, he applied for admission, and was initiated in the Highland Mary Lodge, Greenock, on the 2nd of March, 1840. He rapidly and successively passed through the various chairs; and in December, 1841, he was unanimously elected Prov. G. M. of the District.

His conduct while passing through the various offices was characterized by mildness of temper and urbanity of manners, which endeared him to every officer and brother. We cannot do better than give the following extract from a speech, delivered by P. V. G. King, of the Highland Mary Lodge, at the anniversary of the Loyal Bute Lodge, held in Rothesay, August, 1843. As a proof of the respect in which the subject of this memoir is held, P. V. G. King, in proposing the health of C. S. John Macdougall, who was unavoidably absent, commented at some length on the services of that gentleman in the cause of Odd Fellowship, and in enumerating the various offices that he had filled, remarked, "that when in the arduous discharge of his duties of fosterfather, either to his mother Lodge, or the District, while endeavouring to bring up all, and sundry, in the fear, nurture, and admonition of the rules and regulations by which the Order is governed, he did not exactly guide himself by the laws, but in combination with them, acted on the maxim of Solomon,—'Train up a child in the way he should walk, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' When the rod of correction had to be applied to refractory members, he did not adhere to the maxim, 'spare not the rod,' but applied it sparingly, though, at the same time, judiciously, and gained thereby, as the saying is, 'golden opinions.'"

In February, 1842, he was appointed, at a general meeting of the District, to attend the special meeting held in Manchester, regarding the travelling system; and was subsequently elected to represent the District at the Wigan A. M. C., where he was selected a member of the Appeal Committee, and deemed worthy by that assembly to have his portrait taken for the Magazine, an honour, we believe, the first, and only one, that has been conferred on a deputy from Scotland. He was elected C. S. of the District in June, 1843.

In the course of his professional duties he was called to repair to Bowmore, the capital of the island of Islay, one of the western Hebrides, in the beginning of 1843. Deeply imbued with a knowledge of the benefits arising from the Order, he immediately commenced to form plans for planting the banner of Friendship, Love, and Truth on the heath-covered mountains of the western isles, and that too among a people who knew nothing of Masonry, Odd Fellowship, or indeed of any friendly society whatever. His efforts were successful. Thanks to the worthy P. Prov. G. M. and C. S. for the formation of the first Lodge of the M. U., in fact of the first friendly society in that part of Scotland. We are happy to say that the John Francis Campbell Lodge, Bowmore, Islay, is prospering. To show the gratitude of the members of that Lodge, they have presented their fosterfather with an elegant gold guard.

As a speaker, P. Prov. G. M. Macdougall manifests a considerable vivacity of conception, with a corresponding chasteness and beauty of style, imparting as it does an interest to his speeches, which yields much enjoyment to the hearer, the effect being much enhanced by a pleasing delivery. Frank and unostentatious in his manner, with a character that has neither been tarnished by political tergiversation, nor blotted by moral obliquity, he is what we would term a *bond fide* specimen of a true Odd Fellow; and from what has been here stated it will be seen that he is an individual who justly stands in the proud position which he now occupies, that the confidence and esteem of the Order are not misplaced, and that the honours he now wears have been deservedly conferred on him.

At the time that this memoir is written, the subject of it is absent, superintending Her Majesty's Customs, at the seat of our ancient Caledonian kings, namely, the far-famed Inverlochy of Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles," now better known by the modern name of Fort William, situated in the no less famed in song district of Lochaber. When he returns, either for a temporary or permanent residence in Greenock, a splendid gold watch will be presented to him, which is already in the hands of a committee of subscribers belonging to the Lodges in Greenock. This mark of respect says much for the high estimation in which P. P. G. M. and C. S. Macdougall is held by his brethren in Greenock.

### THE STABILITY OF THE ORDER.

THE Order of Odd Fellowship is yet but an experiment, and the magnitude of the scale on which it is conducted only renders that experiment the more arduous. It, therefore, becomes an imperative duty in every member to consider the stability of the Order. Much has been written in the pages of the Magazine on the subject, and although no general rules can be laid down where individual circumstances differ so much, still it is absolutely necessary that our members should take the matter into their most serious consideration. These remarks have been called forth by a document which has lately come under our notice, and which is subjoined below. It appears that His Grace the Duke of Northumberland has been induced to take an interest in the affair, and has caused a case to be laid before an Actuary of great experience in such matters. It must be a source of encouragement to our members that parties of station and influence are thus exerting themselves in behalf of the Institution, and though they may be said to be, in some measure, consulting their own interest in so doing, we should hail with gladness any assistance in the cause we have at heart. Their can be no doubt that, if the principles of our Order were carried out to the extent of which they are capable, there would be but little need of a legal provision for the poor. We are now solving the problem which has hitherto puzzled our greatest political economists, and teaching the working-classes of this country to rely upon their own resources, inviting them to claim as a right that which they have hitherto received from the cold and reluctant hand of charity. It is, consequently, incumbent upon those who have gained influence by wealth and station to encourage by every means in their power such societies as ours. It is but too true that there are very many of those in an elevated position of life who feel as little interest in the welfare of their fellow-men as if they occupied a lower scale in creation, and such being the case, we ought to make honourable mention of those who lend their aid in promoting the laudable objects of their countrymen who have been less bounteously dealt with than themselves. Uninfluenced as our society is by the exciting commotions which are engendered by religious and political discussions, we are willing to receive good from whatever quarter it may offer itself. We do not look so much to the instrument as to the purpose, and thus it is that whilst other bodies have been shattered and destroyed by the rude shocks attendant upon such as are swayed by the opinions of the day, our own, being based upon the adamant rock of philanthropy, has stood proudly secure and impregnable to the assaults of its invaders. The man of rank who looks beyond his own circle to sympathise with and assist his brethren ought to receive our warm acknowledgments, and his exertions merit our most favourable regards. Believing that the Duke of Northumberland has been actuated solely by a desire to increase the stability of our Institution, we consider him entitled to the thanks of our members, and that the document which has emanated through his means is worthy of deliberate and attentive perusal. We therefore, now lay before our readers a copy which has been kindly forwarded to us by P. V. G. Robert D. Ferguson, of the Percy Lodge, Alnwick :—

*Alnwick Castle, August 28th, 1843.*

SIR,

I HAVE lately had some correspondence with the Rothbury Lodges of Odd Fellows, and feeling convinced that it would be impossible to carry their rules into effect, from the smallness of the weekly sums paid to the Lodge, and the extent of the

contributions to the sick and aged, I was induced to request the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, then in London, to allow their by-laws to be laid before an experienced Actuary for his opinion.

Mr. GALLOWAY, therefore, was consulted, and as this gentleman has taken great pains, his opinion has been copied, and I now take the liberty of handing the same to you, in his GRACE's name, for the use of the Society of which you are Secretary.

It is so manifestly to the advantage of all Benefit Societies that their rules should be framed upon sound principles, and such as can be carried into execution, that it has been thought you would excuse this intrusion. It not unfrequently happens that members continue to make sacrifices all the best of their lives, under the promise that, in sickness and old age, certain advantages shall be gained, which, by the very structure of the rules, it is impossible to effect.

Should your own by-laws be framed upon such principles, it may be a satisfaction to the Society to be assured that they are so, by comparing them with Mr. GALLOWAY's opinion; if they should not, the same opinion may put it into their power to rectify any errors, so that hereafter, when the funds are much called upon, neither disappointment nor distress may be experienced.

I have the honor to remain,

Sir,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

J. C. BLACKDEN.

To the Secretary of the Percy Lodge  
of Odd Fellows, Alnwick.

---

(CASE.)

*Northumberland House.*

A Friendly Society, established at Rothbury, in Northumberland, in 1824, having been broken up this year, through inability to meet the payments to which its funds were liable, by virtue of the rules of the society, thereby inflicting on individuals discomfort and hardship; in order to avoid similar results happening to another Society at Rothbury, called the "Odd Fellows' Society," it is desired by the Duke of Northumberland, that the by-laws of this latter Society should be submitted to Mr. GALLOWAY, that he may frame such rules and regulations respecting the payments to its members, (who are of the working-classes,) as may secure the stability of the Society, and prevent its members being deluded with expectations impossible to be realized.

There are 120 subscribers on the books of this Society, and the average number of actual members will be about 100.

The entrance money paid by each member is £1 1s. 0d.; after the age of 35 years, and up to 40 years, the entrance money is raised, namely, a member 36 years old, pays £2 2s. 0d.; 37 years old, £3 3s. 0d.; 38 years old, £4 4s. 0d.; and 39 years old, £5 5s. 0d.; no person 40 years old is admitted a member.

Mr. GALLOWAY is requested to peruse the by-laws of the Society herewith left, especially the articles relating to the payments by and to its members; and to frame proper rules and regulations to secure the stability of the Society, and permanent benefit to its members.

---

(OPINION.)

I have perused the by-laws of the Odd Fellows' Friendly Society, at Rothbury. I am of opinion that the payments required to be made by the members are much too small, relatively to the benefits promised, and that the Society could not permanently exist under its present regulations. I have drawn up (*see paper annexed A*) new rules for regulating the payments by and to the members, and have added a few remarks, with a view to assist the members in forming a correct opinion as to the expediency of the alterations.

(Signed)

THOMAS GALLOWAY.

Amicable Society's Office, Serjeant's Inn,  
August 12th, 1843.

## (A.)—PROPOSED REGULATIONS.

I. Every member admitted into the Lodge under the age of thirty-six years, shall pay one guinea, by way of admission fee; if his age is between thirty-six and thirty-seven years, £1 11s. 6d.; if between thirty-seven and thirty-eight, £2 2s. 0d.; if between thirty-eight and thirty-nine, £2 12s. 6d.; if between thirty-nine and forty, £3 3s. 0d.; and no person shall be admitted into the Society whose age exceeds forty years.

II. Every member whose age at admission does not exceed thirty years, shall pay a weekly contribution of *fourpence*; if his age at admission exceeds thirty years, and does not exceed thirty-five years, he shall pay a weekly contribution of *fivepence*; and if his age exceeds thirty-five years, he shall pay a weekly contribution of *sixpence*.

III. Every member who, through sickness or lameness, is unable to follow his employment, shall be allowed seven shillings a week; but if his sickness or lameness be of such a nature as not to incapacitate him entirely from following his usual avocations, it shall be in the power of the officers of the Society to reduce the weekly allowance at their discretion, and according to the circumstances of the case, so that it shall be any smaller sum than seven shillings; and in all cases the weekly contributions shall be deducted from the weekly allowance.

IV. That when a member of this Society attains his seventieth year, his weekly contributions and his weekly allowance in sickness shall cease, and he shall be allowed an annuity of twelve pounds, in monthly payments, (or one pound per month,) during the remainder of his life.

V. That if at the end of any year, during the next ten years, it shall be found that the sums paid for allowance in sickness shall amount to one-half of the amount of the weekly contributions, the officers of the Society shall have power to increase the weekly contributions during the following year, or to call for an extraordinary contribution; so that not less than one-half of the weekly contributions, together with the interest on the accumulations, shall be added to the capital in any year during the next ten years.—[See concluding remarks.]

VI. That upon the death of any member, a sum not exceeding £ shall be allowed for burial expences; but no sum allowed for burial expences shall be taken out of the common fund of the Society, but shall be raised by extraordinary contributions in the manner the Society shall determine.

## REMARKS.

ENTRANCE MONEY.—I am not prepared to say that the graduated scale of admission fees above the age of thirty-six, in the existing regulations, is unfair, but as the practical effect of the scale must be to prevent persons above the age of thirty-six or thirty-seven from entering the Society, though they may be perfectly eligible in respect of health and habits, I recommend that the increase shall be half-a-guinea for each year exceeding thirty-six, so that the highest admission fee, (when the age is between thirty-nine and forty,) shall be £3 3s. 0d.

WEEKLY CONTRIBUTIONS.—In order to make the weekly contributions more nearly equal to the value of the benefit, I recommend that the present contributions be raised a penny a week to all persons joining the Society between thirty and thirty-five, and another penny to all entering between thirty-five and forty; so that persons entering under the age of thirty, should pay fourpence a week, as at present; between thirty and thirty-five, fivepence a week; and between thirty-five and forty, sixpence a week. A more closely graduated scale can scarcely be necessary. It is to be understood that the weekly contributions are to be paid as well by those who are receiving an allowance in sickness, as by those who are in health, till the age of seventy; in other words, when a member is on the fund, his weekly contribution is to be deducted from his weekly allowance, until he reaches the age of seventy, when the weekly contributions are to cease altogether.

ALLOWANCE IN SICKNESS AND OLD AGE.—Supposing the scale of contributions and admission fees now proposed to be adopted, I am of opinion that the benefits which the Society can safely promise its members, do not exceed seven shillings per week in sickness, till the age of seventy, and a pension of one pound per month after the age of seventy, till the end of life, the weekly contributions ceasing, as above stated, after seventy; but strict attention to the improvement of the funds, and vigilance in resisting any ill-founded claim, will be necessary. It is proper to observe that, by sickness, I

mean BED LAYING sickness, or a total incapacity for labour. The second proposed rule leaves what is called the "WALKING PAY," to the discretion of the officers, as it is left in fact by the printed by-laws.

DISCRETIONARY POWER LEFT TO THE MANAGERS.—It will be understood that the new regulations are not given with perfect confidence that they will answer the ends proposed. The data upon which the probable amount of sickness is calculated are by no means certain; and even if the average amount throughout the country were exactly known, the average in a small community like the Rothbury Society might still differ widely from the general average; and a succession of two or three years of unusual distress may, at any time, throw out the best grounded calculations. Hence, if the Society is to have a permanent existence, it is impossible (without risking great injustice,) to avoid leaving a discretionary power in the hands of the Managers. The Society having been recently formed, its average expenditure during the next ten or fifteen years should not exceed *one-third* of the weekly contributions. But as inconvenience might be produced by alarm taken without reason, I propose to make no call upon the members for extraordinary contributions, unless the yearly payment amounts to one-half of the contributions. The utter insufficiency of the existing regulations, which only allows extraordinary contributions when the funds in hand (I presume the total capital stock is meant,) fall below £100, will be seen from the following calculation:—Suppose a Society to consist of one hundred and twenty members, that each is thirty-five years of age, that no new member is admitted, and that none goes out otherwise than by death; out of the one hundred and twenty members now living, at the age of thirty-five, it may be expected that forty-two will attain the age of seventy, and the Society would then stand engaged to pay an annuity of twelve pounds, in monthly payments, to each of these forty-two persons, and would have no other assets than its accumulated capital. But (taking interest at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.) the value of twelve pounds a year, in monthly payments, is about £84. Therefore, the value of the forty-two annuities in question, would be £3528, so that the Society, in order to have the means of meeting its engagements, must accumulate, in the next thirty-five years, no less a sum than £3528.

In fact, even if no new members were to join the Rothbury Society, it ought to accumulate capital during the next twenty-five years at least; and if new members take the places of those who die, it will not feel the full weight of its liabilities for upwards of forty years.

EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT.—No allowance has been made for expenses of management in the proposed scales of payments by and to the members. Such expenses, therefore, as are mentioned under articles XV., XVIII., and XXIII. of the by-laws, should be paid out of fines, or additional contributions. I strongly recommend the Society to submit periodically, (say at intervals of ten years,) a very accurate statement of its affairs to an experienced Actuary, who will point out the modifications which circumstances may render necessary or expedient.

(Signed)

THOMAS GALLOWAY.

Amicable Society's Office, Serjeant's Inn,  
August 12th, 1843.

It will be obvious to the members of our Order that the above document is the production of one who, however well he may be qualified to frame regulations for similar Societies, is unacquainted with the workings of our Institution, and could only form his opinion from the laws of the particular Lodge which were submitted to him. We are not ourselves acquainted with the by-laws of the Rothbury Lodge, and cannot say anything to prejudice the soundness of Mr. Galloway's opinion upon them. There are certainly some things adverted to in it which have not an existence in the generality of Lodges, and the rate of payment, varying as it does, renders any calculation based upon one fixed weekly sum only of essential use to a portion of our community. Were an uniform system of payment and relief adopted, then it would be an easy matter for an experienced party to give an opinion upon the soundness of the Order, and to suggest regulations for its government, but as the case now

stands, it is impossible to do so. The locality in which a Lodge is situated, and the character of its members, must, in all cases, be taken into account; and what in one case would be an ample contribution, in another would be absolutely ruinous. In agricultural districts the rate of payment is much lower than in the manufacturing districts, and yet many of the country Lodges accumulate large funds.

Much depends not only upon the healthy state of the members of a Lodge, but upon their circumstances and disposition; for whilst some members will make a claim for a sickness of only a day or two's duration, others will labour under indisposition for weeks without making a demand upon the funds. Experience is one of the best teachers, and we generally find that there are amongst our members men possessed of sufficient judgment and forethought to enable them to take proper measures of precaution, and effect such alterations in their code of laws as may from time to time be required. The results of years have proved that our calculations have not been of an unsound nature, and no better argument in favour of our competency to govern ourselves can be brought forward than the present prosperous and universally flourishing state of the Order. Our space will not allow us to go into the subject at greater length in this Number of the Magazine, but we purpose to discuss the question more fully in our next.

### DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

We give below the decision of the Gentlemen appointed to award the Prizes to contributors. The numbers of the Magazine in which the articles appeared are those for July and October, 1842, and January and April, 1843. The opinion of the A. M. C. will be taken as to the proportions in which the Prizes shall be distributed to the contributors to the Magazines for July and October, 1843, and January and April, 1844. It will also be decided by the A. M. C. whether Prizes shall be given in future or not.

*Manchester, November 21st, 1843.*

TO THE G. M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

GENTLEMEN,

AN impartial consideration of the respective merits of the literary contributions to the Odd Fellows' Magazine, submitted to our inspection, induces us to award the Prizes in the following order:—

POETRY.			PROSE.		
	£.	s. d.		£.	s. d.
No. 1, Mr. J. C. Prince .....	3	0 0	No. 1, H. B. ....	7	0 0
No. 2, Mrs. E. S. C. Green .....	2	0 0	No. 2, Mr. G. Fletcher .....	5	0 0
No. 3, Mr. John Booth .....	1	0 0	No. 3, Mrs. Green .....	4	0 0
			No. 4, Mr. J. Wyatt .....	3	0 0
			C. SWAIN.		
			SAMUEL BAMFORD.		
			W. MORT.		

*Magazine Committee, December 9th, 1843.*

HENRY WHAITE, D. G. M., IN THE CHAIR.

RESOLVED,—

I. THAT the decision of the Gentlemen appointed to award the Prizes be received by this Committee, and recommended for the sanction of the Board of Directors, in order that the sums awarded may be paid.

II. That a vote of thanks be presented to Messrs. Swain, Bamford, and Mort, together with a handsomely bound copy of the last volume of the Magazine.

## HAPPY LODGE.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

*Air*,—"Happy Land."

HAPPY Lodge! happy Lodge!  
 Beneath thy roof with joy I see  
 Those dear friends, those dear friends,  
 Who are most beloved by me;  
 Lodge where peace delights to dwell,  
 As the bee in roses,  
 Where the whisper'd mystic spell  
 A scene of bliss discloses.  
 Oh! happy Lodge! happy Lodge!  
 Dear art thou to age and youth,  
 For in thee all men see  
 Pure Friendship, Love, and Truth.  
 Le ri li la, &c.

Happy Lodge! happy Lodge!  
 Beneath thy roof with joy I see  
 Those dear friends, those dear friends,  
 Who are most beloved by me;  
 Thou art hail'd as some green isle  
 In the ocean lying,  
 Where the fragrant blossoms smile,  
 And birds of song are flying.  
 Oh! happy Lodge! &c.  
 Le ri li la, &c.

## SONNET.

THE CLOUDS.

BY GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS.

(Author of "*Blossoms of Poesy*," and "*Occasional Rambles*.")

REFULGENT shadows! ye bright cradled clouds!  
 Celestial wanderers—how divinely fair!  
 Your glimm'ring radiance hill and valley shrouds.  
 Embosomed in the lake, I mark ye there  
 Reflected on its surface, and the tints  
 That tinge the far horizon, mirrored deep  
 Within its placid bed: a calm imprints  
 Your likeness on the depths of ocean. Sweep  
 Ye not o'er unseen pinnacles, whose brows  
 Majestically mark your onward flight?  
 Have ye no hidden bliss, no sacred vows,  
 Amid those regions of the starry light?  
 Or veil ye angels with your misty shroud,  
 Who shed their glory o'er each passing cloud?

*Birmingham.*

## THE LAST PASSAGE.

There are to whom that ship was dear  
 For love and kindred's sake;  
 When these the voice of rumour hear,  
 Their inmost hearts shall quake,—  
 Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve—  
 Believe, and long to unbelieve,  
 But never cease to ache;—  
 Still doomed in sad suspense to bear  
 The hope that keeps alive despair.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

It was indeed the last—that splendid vessel, upon which skill and science had exerted all their powers, and exhausted their inventions, was doomed; short as had been her career, her race was run. Vain, in her case, were the hopes that human science could triumph over the elements, annihilate time and space, and set at naught the opposing obstacles of wind and wave. The landsman, as he viewed the beauteous fabric, exquisite, even to the uninstructed eye, in her proportions, with her ponderous and highly-finished machinery, which seemed to be fitted to move a world, felt an almost unbounded confidence in this magnificent example of the power and ingenuity of man; when he descended her cabin, and beheld the gorgeous scene which met his view, where art had done its utmost to combine elegance and luxury with every comfort, where numbers of attendants stood ready to anticipate the slightest wish of the occupant of this floating fairy land, how could he entertain any ideas, but those of ease, comfort, and security; and as he viewed the noble ship, which seemed by contrast with the vessels around her, still more vast in her proportions, as she lay resting, like some huge leviathan, upon the placid element, he almost scouted the idea of danger, and held the tales which sailors told of storm and tempest as imaginary, or as fictions invented to amuse the credulity of the landsman. He had never seen the tempest exert its terrible powers—he had never seen the ocean rise in its might, tossing as in sport from wave to wave the baubles of man's construction, when the huge three-decker, and the sea gull which floated near it, were born alike on its bosom, and each was but as a speck amidst the wild waste of waters. But that vastness which, in his idea, assured to the good ship the power of braving the elements with impunity, only seemed to the better instructed seaman to contain the elements of her destruction. He had seen the sea in its anger, and knew how weak were the strongest fabrics which man could put forth when opposed to its fury; and although he gave her the praise which the beauty of her model and appearance demanded from him, yet as he viewed that immense length he shook his head as though he doubted her powers when the contest should take place. Alas! that those forebodings were doomed to be soon and so fearfully realized.

It was on one of those days, towards the close of the season, when nature shows herself in her brightest and most beauteous mood, and when the occasional glimpses of winter which have already marked the declining year, only serve to render her smiles more grateful, as if before she gave us over to the dominion of winter, she lingered to bestow on us her parting and most cheering glances. Or did she throw the magic of her beauty over this hour of separation, as if to gild with one bright beam the last moment of intercourse which the fated voyagers were doomed to hold with their fellow-men, ere they entered the stormy path of hardship, danger, and death, which awaited them?

All was hurry; the laggard passenger who had delayed to the last moment the shipment of his luggage, bustling about with hurried and fevered impatience, exhibited a strong contrast to the veteran traveller, who, with all his arrangements made, and his comfortable berth secured, looked with contempt on him who had thus procrastinated until the latest moment. The timid female, shrinking at the thought of the perils of the ocean, and casting her lingering gaze upon those scenes she was to behold no more, stood in striking relief to the seasoned voyager, who looked upon the matter as one of every day occurrence. But the parting hour has at length arrived, and amidst the final instructions on matters of business were to be heard the last breathings of affection exchanged between hearts to meet no more in this world. The word of command is



given—the last rope is cast off, and the gallant ship, which seems to have contained within it some huge monster which has for some time been snorting forth its impatience,

“As when  
The restless Titan hiccups in his den,”

is at length freed, and starts exulting forth in its path over the waters. To the crowds who have congregated to view her departure, she is a glorious sight as she recedes from the shore, and becomes exposed to their view in all the beauty of her proportions; and amidst cheers, and shouts, and waving of friendly tokens, she speeds onward to meet her final doom.

There is little to interest in the movements of a steamer after she is fairly under weigh. Independent, to a certain degree, of wind and tide, there is no alteration in the position of the yards, no making or shortening sail, but all is as monotonous as the strokes of her engine below. But if the seaman finds nothing worthy of his attention in the working of the vessel, yet the absence of all bustle and movement gives to the mere passenger an opportunity of viewing the scene around him, without the risk of any interruption through the necessary duties of the vessel. And thus did those fated voyagers, unconscious of their impending fate, enjoy the few short hours allotted to their existence, as they gazed on the lovely shores they were swiftly passing; and at no time do they appear so beautiful as when autumn has tinged the woods with its thousand varying hues. The character and beauty of this bright region had suffered much change since Oloffe Van Kortlandt first led his hardy band of adventurers into these then unknown regions; yet although art had defiled the loveliness of nature, the coldest heart could not view the magnificent panorama around him, and withhold the tribute of admiration it so well deserved. But if they could not behold the scene, as it burst in all the wild luxuriance of nature upon the sage Oloffe and his companions, they escaped the mishaps of that enterprising crew, and safely passed the dangerous passage where the tub of that gallant Commodore suffered shipwreck.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until they had safely passed all the dangers of the navigation, and the pilot left them. The seaman, proverbially careless, and little given to reflection, looks upon this parting with an indifferent eye; but there is much food for contemplation even in that simple incident. It is the severance of the last tie which connects you with the shores you are now leaving—it is the last of the human race, except those enclosed in the same frail bark with yourself, which you will probably behold, until over the wide and trackless path of waters you meet them in another hemisphere.

The westerly breeze which had hitherto accompanied them, now began to fail, until, through the speed of the vessel outstripping the velocity of the wind, the sails were flapping against the mast, and being entirely useless, they were taken in and stowed. All betokened a fair and prosperous commencement to the voyagers; the sun now drawing near the horizon, spread a bright and golden hue over the waters, which were smooth as in the river they had left. They had not yet reached to that distance from the land, where ocean, in her depths, is never still—where, even in the calmest weather, the long heavy swell seems to offer you warning amidst your security of how soon its mood may change. But there was nothing now to disturb the harmony of the scene, or to raise any forebodings for the future; all was indeed bright and beautiful, and all breathed of serenity and peace. The sea, still as an infant on its mother's breast, lay as in tranquil repose; the white sails that dotted the waters around them, and which the light breeze which yet remained enabled to steer on their various courses to the southward, or the northward, or on the same destination with themselves, formed matter of speculation and amusement, as they conjectured the various ports to which they might be bound. One universal spirit of joy seemed to pervade all; each seemed to congratulate the others on their favourable prospects, animated and cheerful conversation beguiled the hour, and the light laugh rang merrily around the deck. And who in such a time could refrain from pouring forth the overflowings of his heart amidst the joyous scene around him? The timid voyager, who for the first time had seen the mighty sea, wondered at the secret terror which had involuntarily clung to him, and deeming the ordeal past, laughed at his former fears, and cast his apprehensions to the wind; and in the midst of their laughing and jocund mood came the summons which called them to their luxurious banquet below;—

“Ah! who could tell  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn should rise.”

The quarter deck was now cleared, and he who next appeared to tenant it was one of another race. How different his bearing from that of the sportive group which had lately held possession! His appearance denoted one whose life had been spent in battling with the elements; and his calm, yet somewhat haughty bearing, showed that he relied on his own powers and self-possession for victory in the contest. His step, lightly although it trod on the deck, spoke of a charge assumed, or liability incurred, and one which was not to be trifled with; every glance he cast around told of wariness and caution. As he paced in his walk fore and aft the deck, the sounds of hilarity and mirth would ever and anon come cheerily from below; but it was with a smile of contempt, not unmingled with disgust, that he heard them, for your true sea-dog entertains a strange dislike to that portion of the cargo called passengers, looking upon them only as so much useless lumber.

But a short time sufficed him for such reflections; there were signs around which told of a change, and warned him to prepare for the strife of elements. Far out to seaward the horizon was darkened, masses of huge and angry-looking clouds were piling themselves, as if forming a vast rampart, to forbid them further progress. Upwards and higher it seemed to rise, until it overhung them, a dark and lurid pall, which, to the superstitious fears of the seaman who noted its progress, seemed like the panoply of death; and as if to render the almost unearthly gloom more apparent, bright flashes, or you might almost call them patches, of light, would burst from it, contrasting strangely with the heavy darkness around, which spread rapidly over the whole surface of the ocean. It had fallen to a perfect calm, and every sign portended a sudden change in the weather.

The sun had now set, and night assisted to raise around them a darkness which, like that which overshadowed Egypt, might almost be felt, bringing with it that dull, heavy, oppressive feeling, which a change in the atmosphere so often induces. Not a breath of air was stirring; there was that silent and almost awful pause which is often to be observed in a shift of wind, as if the spirit of the storm was waiting to muster his full powers ere he burst forth in his fury. Two hours had passed away amidst these warning tokens, when the commander, leaving his guests still enjoying the pleasures of the table, came on deck. He had not noticed the gradual change which had taken place, and therefore could not form so correct an opinion as one who had carefully observed every sign that had shown itself in the heavens; when, therefore, the mate expressed his opinion that a gale was brewing, he answered,—

"I scarcely think so: that we shall have a change of wind, is evident; but I don't apprehend that we shall have much of it."

"I wish it may be so, sir; but if ever I saw the signs of a gale, there is one waiting for us to the northward and eastward, and we shall have it hot and warm directly. I wish we had that topsail-yard down, and the mast struck before it does come."

"There can be no objection to making all snug aloft, as there is every appearance of a head wind; at this time of the year we have often a spell of settled weather, and I think the sky speaks of rain rather than wind. However, pass the word to let me know if any change takes place."

The commander then left the deck, and the mate after another long fixed and steady look ahead and to the northward, proceeded to take all necessary precautions. The hours wore away amidst the same dull calm, and the same gloomy weather; the seamen walked the deck dull and dispirited, the oppressive feeling of the hour having fairly overcome their usual buoyant spirits. Not a word was uttered amongst them—naught was to be heard but the rush of the paddle-wheels, which seemed to sound strangely distinct in that silent calm. The voice of the officer of the watch was heard from time to time, "keep a good look out," and although the usual response was duly made, it was not in that cheerful tone which usually marks the seaman's "aye, aye." No alteration, however, took place until about four bells in the middle watch, an hour noted for change, and then light puffs of wind began to come from the northward and eastward, lasting for two or three minutes, and then dying away. The sea also began to set in with a long heavy swell from the same quarter, as though beforehand it felt the power of the coming tempest, and was endeavouring to escape from its fury. The few passengers who had shown themselves on deck saw nothing unusual, the motion of the ship was still steady—they heard not the voice of the coming storm, and they saw no cause for

apprehension. Thus, finding nothing to interest them, they gladly left the darkness of the deck, to join the gleeesome party assembled below.

Without any warning the gale at length burst upon them; a heavy squall, sufficient to have swamped any vessel under canvass, was the first token of the real commencement of the tempest. All was snug on board, and it had but small effect on the good ship, coming as it did nearly right ahead. The sea got up immediately, and she was soon plunging bows under amidst the opposing waves. It was noon on the following day;—no change had taken place in the direction of the gale, but both wind and sea had continued to increase. It was blowing nearly a hurricane, and she was working very heavily; still they held on their direct course, but at length the gallant ship began to complain, as the quantity of water she made too truly testified.

It is in such situations that the powers of a ship are put to the severest test; did she always float equally on the water, there would be little cause to fear as long as there was sea-room. But when in descending into the trough of the sea, the water leaves her midships whilst forward and aft, she is submerged far below her usual bearings; it is then, when she is at times hanging by both ends, that she feels the strain. Or, it is when on the crest of a wave, she, as it were, springs from it, until you can almost see her keel, that she feels it in another part of her frame; and thus every sea she mounts does its part towards the loosening of her structure. In this trial, also, her extreme length told fearfully against her, as it is evident that the longer a ship is, the more she must work under such circumstances. The increase in the water she made, which the pumps, although aided by machinery, could scarcely keep under, told how severely she was suffering in the struggle.

She had now arrived abreast of the gulf-stream, that almost mysterious current, for never has it been fully accounted for, constantly setting towards the north, until at last it is imperceptibly mingled with the surrounding ocean; and which in its course of a thousand miles, almost keeps itself separate from the world of waters around; indeed it plainly indicates itself by the higher temperature of its waters, compared with the surrounding sea, and by the quantity of sea-weed always to be found floating on its surface. The point were they fell in with it was where it first meets the base of that vast sub-marine mountain, whose apex is the banks of Newfoundland; or, to speak in seaman-like language, where the gulf-stream strikes soundings. Here, when as now, encountering an adverse gale, the sea it raises is really terrific; each wave may almost be compared to the last sea which bursts upon a high and rocky coast, raising itself up almost perpendicularly, whilst its crests are breaking as though it were chafing amidst rocks below. As she advanced into this wild turmoil, she laboured more and more heavily. She was now making more water than the pumps could free, and the long hours of darkness were drawing nigh. No alteration was made in her course; she was still kept contending with this heavy and broken sea right ahead. The mate seeing the state to which the good ship was fast approaching, addressed the commander.

"She cannot stand it, sir; it will never do to thrash her against this head sea. If we ease her off three or four points, she will then take the sea on her bow, and not feel it so much."

"I know that; but then by doing so, we should keep her longer in this broken water. The gulf-stream in this latitude seldom extends far; if we can only force her through it, we shall fall in with a more regular sea, and one which she will easily bear."

"She never can get through it. The water has increased four inches during the last hour; she is making worse weather of it, and complains more and more at every sea."

"I have every confidence in the goodness of the ship, and only let us get her through this, and she will lessen the quantity of water she makes. I will not alter her course."

No more could be said, the advice was pushed as far as the usage of the mariner would allow. It is at all times a very delicate matter to offer even a hint to him who is placed in the sole command, and who assumes the whole responsibility.

As if to strengthen the opinion given, as she plunged headlong into a heavier wave, the bowsprit, although small in proportion to the size of the vessel, and well secured, broke off close to the night-heads, by the very force of the concussion; and the foremast, deprived of its stay, went with the same shock. The mischief did not end here. So suddenly did all this take place, that there was no time to give her a broad sheer with the helm; nor indeed had it been so, would she have answered whilst all forward was buried

in the mass of waters. The wreck, coming all on the larboard side, was caught up by the paddle wheel, and a single revolution destroyed not only the wheel but the paddle box also.

In this disabled condition there remained for them but one expedient. The fore and aft sails upon the two masts which were yet standing, were set close reefed, and assisted by the remaining wheel, they endeavoured to keep her bow to the sea, as it was impossible under the circumstances to keep her course. But small as was the canvass set, yet such was the terrific power of the tempest, that she heeled over to such a degree as to render her remaining wheel nearly useless; and all the usual means for trimming a steamer upright had long been swept from the deck. Here, again, her great length was all against her; situated so far aft as her canvass was, she came up closer to the wind, and in consequence also fell farther off, until she was at intervals wallowing in the trough of the sea. She now began to complain in language which seamen too well understand, and which tells them too truly that the last hour is near. All hope was now lost. There was nothing to save them but a sudden abatement of the gale, if indeed she could live in the sea which would remain after the tempest had subsided. And thus wearied with their former efforts, wet and cold, their powers of endurance taxed to the utmost, had they to wait for that final and closing scene which they well knew must be the result of a few hours more. The water increasing rapidly had now reached the engine fires, and her machinery was rendered useless; her remaining heavy paddle-box only serving as a drag upon the slight impetus given to her by the canvass.

All was now done that seamanship could effect, and there remained nothing but to watch the fleeting moments as they hurried forward the final consummation, and to feel the span of life shortening minute by minute and second by second. Oh! it is a dread hour when human powers, when human skill and seamanship have done their utmost, when you feel that further exertions are vain, and that your fate is in the hands of a mightier than man—when nothing else remains but to watch the slow and gradual approach of that moment you cannot prevent or defer; it is then, when you endure the bitterness of the foretaste of death, that you feel in its fullest effect the insignificance of human power. How few have passed the terrible ordeal of that hour—and lived; but who that has done so, has ever forgotten the impression!

The passengers were now driven from below by the water, and had to take refuge on the quarter-deck. Alas! for that gay and sportive band which but a few short fleeting hours since appeared on the same spot in full enjoyment of life and happiness, unsuspecting of danger, and full of joyful anticipation, now congregated together to await their final doom. Worn down by sea sickness, wet and cold, you would scarcely recognize in that shivering group those who such a short while ago had embarked high in hope, and full of joyful spirits. The few hours which had elapsed had prostrated their energies, and crushed their spirits. All was done that was possible to render the few hours they had to survive more easy to be borne. Such slight shelter as they had the means of providing was raised on the quarter-deck, and such refreshments as were saved in the hurry of the moment were distributed to them. Every effort was made to assuage the unutterable distress, and to alleviate the perils of the hour. The rough seaman, as he beheld those tender females, ill fitted to encounter such hardships, now shrinking before the winter gale, felt his eyes glisten at the sight, and their helpless condition awoke in his bosom those feelings which the thoughts of his own fate had failed to produce. Oft during the long and dreary watches of that night would his step be directed towards the melancholy group, and he would endeavour to cheer them with accents of hope which he too well knew were fallacious.

Slowly wore the hours away. The day was now dawning—the judgment of the commander was correct as to the extent of their greatest danger. She had passed the dreaded point, but her powers were annihilated in the struggle. She lay a wreck upon the wide waste of ocean. The sun was just raising his disk above the horizon—the wind had gone down—the sea had fallen—but all too late to save the water-logged hulk, which still showed itself above the surface of the waters. The hour was come—a heavier sea than common, as if expending its last fading efforts upon the ill-fated ship, struck her nearly abeam. She gave one heavy lurch to leeward, and then her bows slowly sunk beneath the wave. For a few short moments her stern appeared high above the waters, with that shrieking and terrified mass of human beings—now hurried to their final account—down far into the depths of the ocean, there to remain until that dread hour, when the sea shall give up its dead.

H. B.

## TO MY LYRE.

Thou simple lyre! Thy music wild  
 Has served to charm the weary hour,  
 And many a lonely night has guiled,  
 When even pain has owned, and smiled,  
 Its fascinating power.

H. K. WHITE.

My little, simple, rude-strung lyre,  
 Come to my lone heart's aid again,  
 And I will stir thy soft-toned wire  
 To wake another plaintive strain!  
 What though I dare not hope to wake  
 Such strains as other bards have sung,  
 Yet may I love thee for the sake  
 Of those who play'd thy chords among;  
 For their sweet strains would joy me well,  
 When sadness in my soul did dwell.

'Twas Nature gave my heart the glow  
 Of sorrow-soothing Poesy!  
 But poor Kirke White was first to shew  
 The minstrel's plaintive lyre to me.  
 Alas! the harp which Henry strung  
 Shall sound no more by Trent's dark wave,—  
 In mournful silence now 't is hung  
 Upon the yew tree o'er his grave;  
 And I may search, but may not find  
 So sweet a harp to sooth my mind!

In blithesome boyhood's happy days  
 How oft my searching ken would rove  
 Through every scene which he portrays,—  
 By "Wilford Church," through "Clifton Grove;"  
 And oft methought my soul could hear  
 His mellow lute, or plaintive lay,  
 And see the waters winding clear,  
 Where oft he mused at close of day:  
 My fancy scarcely seemed debarred  
 From musing with the hopeless bard.

And oh! how oft and earnestly  
 My lone heart sighed for power to sing,  
 In strains of artless melody,  
 The sacred scenes which thought would bring  
 Unto my keen inquiring mind,  
 While musing on those treasured lays  
 Which the immortal of my kind  
 Bequeathed us in their early days.  
 Yet ah! I knew not how to gain  
 The solace for my bosom's pain.

My simple lyre! I scarce can tell  
 Where first I woke a song from thee;  
 Perchance 'twas in some lonesome dell,  
 Not far from "Aln's flowery lea."  
 Though gladness glistened on my cheek  
 When first thy numbers 'gan to flow,  
 Yet thy sweet murmurs were too weak  
 My souls deep dreaming thoughts to show:  
 Yet did I love and cherish thee,  
 For thou wert company to me!

Oh ! many times when sorrows keen  
 Have pain'd me with their anguish'd smart,  
 Thy simple sinless charms have been  
 A solace to my aching heart ;  
 By turns I sung of early love,  
 Of social mirth, of rural glee,  
 The secret charms of silent grove,  
 The lovely scenes of holme and lea,—  
 Of childhood's gladness, manhood's care,—  
 Of virtue, truth, and freedom fair !

No more of social mirth I'll sing,  
 No more delight in rural glee,  
 For sorrow's heart-corroding sting  
 Hath left me not a joy but thee.  
 Friendship is fading—hope is gone,  
 Affection's sweetness scarce remains  
 For me—save in the soul of one  
 Who still my care-worn mind enchains  
 To scenes of sadness, care, and guile,  
 Where pleasure ne'er again can smile.

Then, oh ! my feeble, faltering lyre !  
 Do thou be faithful still to me,  
 Teach me those strains which stir desire  
 For honest worth and poesy.  
 Aid me to sing fair virtue's cause,  
 Man's duties to his fallen kind ;  
 Nature's fair charms, and changeless laws,—  
 Each grace ennobling to the mind.  
 Oh ! aid me till my zeal I prove,  
 For those who love me,—those I love !

I will not woo thy mystic aid  
 To prostitute it when 'tis won ;  
 I woo thee that when I am laid  
 Low in the grave—my troubles done—  
 Those who have known me may repair  
 At even-tide unto the spot  
 To weep a tear—to breathe a prayer  
 For one who mourned his abject lot :  
 That those for whom I weep and sigh,  
 May mark the spot where I shall lie !

S. SHERMF.

*Morning Star Lodge, Stannington District.*

## ANNETTE.

## A FRAGMENT.

"The lover was sickle, and would not remember,—  
 He met with another more fair than she;  
 For her, broken-hearted, her peace hath departed,  
 The maiden doth fade like the green bay tree."

'Tis evening—that inspiring time, when the soul leaps up to heaven. The moon  
 is shining from the path of blue, and stars are peeping through the fleecy clouds—the  
 dew is falling on the thirsty flowers, which in return send forth their grateful fragrance—  
 the world is hushed, and silence reigns supreme. How grand it is to stand at such an  
 hour alone upon the earth, and let the imagination rove amidst the boundless universe,  
 ill lost in the sublime immensity !

See yon clear lake pillowing the moonbeams on its crystal bosom—not a wave disturbs its smooth and glassy surface, but there its waters lie beneath the smile of heaven, calm and unsullied as the breast of innocence; and who are they that wander on its banks, interchanging vows of deathless love? *He* is the Lord of Oxford's only son—*she* is Annette, the daughter of a humble yeoman; yet is she beautiful as morning, with a heart tender, pure, and affectionate as that of an angel. And there they walk together side by side. Their first and young love has burst forth—their troth is plighted, and their vows of affection are registered in heaven. He has sworn to love her for aye, and she has devoted to him her very soul—blessed him with that deep and earnest affection which time can never change, nor death itself subdue. Who so happy as they? For now the springs of their pure love, so long sealed up, have first gushed forth, and mingled in one stream which they fondly hope no power can ever divide. Poor foolish lovers! Know they not that pride and gold dis sever hearts, which sorrow, time, nor death could alienate? Yet as they kiss, and breathe the warm “good night,” they seem as though their happiness would last for ever!

\* \* \* \* \*

A year has passed—so short a space, and yet how many changes it has wrought! 'Tis morn—the sun is streaming light o'er hill and dell; the merry lark on lightsome wing is carolling on high; the bells are ringing in yon village church, and noisy rooks, scared by the sound, disturb the air with their harsh notes; the altar is adorned with wreaths, and the pathway is strewn with fresh-gathered flowers. A bridal train approaches—the bridegroom is the Lord of Oxford's son—but who the bride? The fair and gentle Annette? No, no—it is *another*! His father's iron will had crushed his first and purest love. He sought relief in other's charms, until at length, she, whose enduring affection even his unkindness could not quench, was but remembered as an idle dream of youth. The heart that he had vowed to her was given to a high-born maid, whom now he leads to yonder altar. The marriage rite proceeds, and as the bridegroom takes the bride's fair hand, a shriek is heard, such as is born of bitterest agony. It is the fond Annette, who, when she saw him whom her soul adored—in whom her very being and happiness were bound—pledge to another the heart that should have been her own, sent forth her grief in one wild shriek and died!

The rite is over, and the bridal band returns—but sad and gloomy as a funeral train; and poor Annette is borne by her fond, weeping friends, to await her journey to the peaceful grave!

\* \* \* \* \*

And many years have passed, bearing along their load of sorrow and of crime. 'Tis night—the moon again is smiling on the earth as if she saw no scenes of misery there. In yon lone churchyard is a humble grave—there sweet flowers bloom, and yew trees cast their deep and solemn shade; a rude stone marks the spot, on which by the pale moon's fitful light thou mayst discern, engraved in simple characters, the name—“ANNETTE.” And who is he that stands beside her grave, with sorrow traced in furrows on his brow? 'Tis he—her faithless lover! He heard her dying shriek, and saw her lifeless body borne away, and knew himself her *murderer*! From thenceforth he felt no peace. His young bride early died, and he was left alone within the world. Then he remembered her whose love he cast away like a faded and worthless flower; and all his wealth, though great, he would have given to call her back to life again. Even now, as he stands moodily beside her grave, his first love rushes over his troubled heart, and the young feelings that made earth a paradise, mock him with bliss he never can taste. It was he who raised the stone that tells her early doom, and by his care these flowers bloom over her grave—sweet emblems of her purity. But neither this tardy act of kindness, nor the pang that wrings his heart, can ever atone for the deep wrongs that broke poor Annette's heart.

E. D. CHATTAWAY.

*Rob Roy Lodge, Stepney District.*

## REFLECTIONS ON NOBODY.

BY JOHN DENT, JUNR.—ZETA.)

REFLECTION is surely an excellent thing in its way, and few persons step very far out of the right path who daily make use of it in a proper manner. Yet it must be acknowledged by all, that it is both more seemly, and more beneficial, to use it (as we should do water) to the purifying and cleansing our own selves, than to throw it rashly and indiscriminately around us upon others. "Cast reflections on nobody," is an old adage, and as it appears to me to be a very sensible one, I therefore have less hesitation in taking it as a motto on this occasion. Nevertheless, viewing the matter in the abstract, it is difficult in our zig-zag passage through life, at all times, and on every occasion, to act strictly up to this motto; for the best of us, when we have made what use of reflection we think necessary, have sometimes a little to spare, and are apt at times to throw a slight sprinkling on the various acquaintance around us. It happens, however, in the natural course of events, that I have now a little of the said commodity on hand, and as my motto prevents me from casting it rashly on the persons around me, I may as well ease my mind by scattering it on a certain little, unfriendly, tittle-tattling, invisible phantom, or sprite—a something, which, although I have never either felt, heard, or seen, has still often been near me, which has pestered and plagued me by night and by day for years past—which still does sometimes annoy me, and which, I am afraid, will continue to plague both me and others for years to come. It is true that because it is invisible, many deem it a nonentity; but if so, all I can say is, that it is a very wonderful, clever, and industrious one; for although all its actions and movements are invisible, secret, and mysterious, yet by some singular influence it performs them more promptly and certainly than any nonentity, except itself, ever did or ever will do. Thus, although I am not exactly one of those, who, in moonlight nights would try to transform every old stump into a spectre, and my own shadow into some gliding ghost; yet do I maintain that the mysterious phantom I allude to, is one that glides constantly and industriously around the homes of quiet and respectable people, and like some fantastic dobby, plays them innumerable mischievous tricks, thereby causing the peaceable inmates much trouble and confusion; and therefore, I fancy, on examination it will be found that this phantom is in reality as much to be dreaded as any of the knocking, thumping ghosts, or scratching Spring-heeled-Jacks we ever heard of.

I perfectly recollect, when a child, whilst sitting around the fire on a cold, wintry night, how close I used to creep to the side of a gossiping neighbour, while she was relating some ghost story of thrilling interest, and how I durst scarcely look round to the dark corners of the room lest some headless spectre met my view. And afterwards when I had retired to bed, how I shuddered in the dark at the creaking of a door, or any other slight sound, because forsooth I well knew that Nobody was near me; and how on the following morning I laughed at the idea of my having been frightened by Nobody. However, since I have grown up, I have long ceased to laugh at any such idea, for I find that all the race of modern phantoms together, have not so much real influence as the potent phantom Nobody. Yet this is the unfriendly, fickle, mischievous sprite I allude to; and although some may affect to despise it, yet if the truth were told, it would probably be found that there are few persons who have not in some dark and dreary night felt a cold, supernatural shudder, creep over them when the phantom Nobody was present. For although we know nothing of its form or shape, or indeed whether it has form or shape at all, yet there is always something to remind us when Nobody is near; and although this phantom is despised or honoured, shunned or sought after, according to the caprice of the moment, nevertheless its mysterious influence is generally known, and universally acknowledged.

In our school days we can all recollect what a mischievous imp it used to be, and what scurvy tricks it played us. If a book was torn or blotted, a pen spoiled, a slate broken, a ruler cut into notches, or a rod burned, it was always found on inquiry that Nobody had done it. We recollect, too, that this Nobody had its good qualities also; for if any of us had robbed a bird's nest, torn our clothes, laid on the damp grass, got our feet wet, or done any other thing not exactly according to strict boarding-school discipline—if any other person saw us, we most probably suffered for our carelessness, but if Nobody saw us, we had perfect confidence we were safe, and should escape a flogging; for even if Nobody afterwards told the master, we invariably found the



matter was mysteriously hushed up, while if any other body told, we were sure to receive severe punishment. This must, at least, be considered as one favourable trait in the character of Nobody. Still we were rebellious urchins, and were after all ungrateful for such kindness; for it must be acknowledged we often made poor Nobody a scape-goat in our juvenile delinquencies. If a few flowers, radishes, or apples, were abstracted by any of us from a neighbouring garden, the culprit frequently got off with flying colours by laying the blame upon Nobody.

Not only in the days of childhood can we trace the existence of the phantom Nobody, but in the blooming days of youth and manhood we still find the said Nobody playing a conspicuous part in the drama of life—sometimes appearing to be much sought after and beloved, at other times to be much shunned and despised. When young lovers are wandering together, paying their respects to the silver moon, we ever find them most happy and confiding when Nobody is near; while when married, they frequently are exceedingly cheerful and complaisant when in the company of others, and seem most inclined to jar, scold, and disagree, when Nobody is with them. If we continue to trace Nobody through the whole scene of life, we shall still find the same paradoxical traits in the character of this mysterious being.

Nobody has a finger in every pie. Nothing can scarcely be thought about, set about, or done, without some reference to the phantom Nobody. This mysterious being in many cases seems to be avoided in fashionable life, and treated with considerable disrespect,—“You shall not go to such a party or ball,” says a fashionable lady to her budding daughter; “you don’t understand such things yet, my dear. I do assure you Nobody will be there.” “Pray, do not wear such a huge bonnet, my dear,” says another mamma, “for I assure you Nobody wears such monstrous articles of dress now-a-days.” On the contrary, the very time duellists (sometimes) choose to meet, and young ladies always choose to elope, is the precise time when they think this phantom is present, and when Nobody observes them. From the number of such delicate cases in which the presence of Nobody seems to be specially desired, one might imagine that prudence and taciturnity were among its chief qualifications; nevertheless we must confess that the phantom Nobody has sometimes been proved to be a tattler. “Now it is certainly an exceedingly scandalous affair,” says Mrs. Gadabout to her pretty friend, Miss Whisper; “but pray let it go no further.” “Depend upon it,” replies Miss Whisper; “the secret is safe enough with me, for I shall relate the circumstance to Nobody.” Now in this case, and in many similar cases, although great confidence seems to be placed on Nobody, yet it appears there is treachery in the wind. The report spreads—inquiry is made—and in the end it turns out that Nobody has “let the cat out of the bag,” and told the secret. And I am sorry to say that Nobody, in this way alone, does immense mischief, and kicks up innumerable broils by such shameful breaches of confidence—setting friends at enmity, lovers at variance, introducing discord and strife among the nearest relations, and sometimes by its tattling propensities even putting a whole neighbourhood into violent commotion. But setting aside such treacherous habits, the said phantom subjects every family to numerous other petty annoyances; and the most respectable and peaceable families are sometimes pestered and plagued by its domestic antics. A mirror is broken, or china ornaments are smashed;—inquiry is made, the servants are examined, and it generally appears they are all quite ignorant of the affair; all they know is, that—Nobody was in the room at the time the accident happened, therefore, of course, it is finally determined that Nobody did it. Again, crockery is broken, panes are cracked, chairs are disabled, tables are scratched, linen is soiled, bread is wasted, sugar is eaten, tarts have vanished; the wind is raised, the mistress scolds; the innocent children cry, the ill-treated servants are indignant, the master creeps away, the cat is kicked out; investigation commences, and it is soon clearly proved that the children and servants had nothing to do in the matter—that, as usual, Nobody had been in the rooms, and that, in fact, the whole string of mischievous incidents had actually been known of and perpetrated by Nobody. Poor nurses, too, are often played upon by this invisible phantom. Children catch cold, receive bruises, get black eyes and broken noses; and although Nobody was there at the time such accident happened, yet the innocent nurse is frequently blamed for such unfortunate occurrences.

After these, and numerous other cases, in which we clearly see Nobody is to blame, we might well expect, on looking around, to find that the different classes of mankind would at all times be inclined to censure this phantom, and to “cast reflections on Nobody;”

yet so paradoxical is the character of this invisible sprite, and the conduct of men in anything respecting it, that we find such is not in reality always the case. For with the *miggardly miser*, the phantom Nobody is a particular favourite, and is always a welcome guest at his frugal board; and though he is seldom hospitable, or liberal, to any other body, yet he is ever kind, generous, and benevolent to Nobody.

In the commercial world it also seems to be treated with due respect, and is evidently looked upon as a wise and discreet being; for when a respectable house suddenly fails, the general cry is that Nobody suspected it, and that Nobody is likely to receive much benefit from the occurrence. This phantom must certainly in many cases also be looked upon as exceedingly honourable and upright in principle; for there have been instances, amidst the most ruinous panics, when such a thing as confidence otherwise scarcely existed, that thousands have had confidence in this mysterious phantom. And should times still grow worse and worse, till they appear almost to threaten national bankruptcy, nay, even should that occur, should every person break their faith, the bulk of the community still would, at the worst ebb of commercial affairs, have firm confidence in Nobody.

Yet notwithstanding its mysterious influence, and although it is sometimes treated with respect, nevertheless as a general rule, it seems not only proper, but also profitable, for man to censure, and be particularly severe upon Nobody. Singular as it may appear, it is always better to be on unfriendly terms with this phantom, than on terms of too great intimacy; for amidst the crosses, losses, and bereavements of life, if Nobody visit or condole with us, we are doubly miserable; and amidst the riches, enjoyments, and pleasures of life, if Nobody look aside at us, or associate with us, why riches are valueless, and our pleasures and enjoyments are speedily embittered, and turned to misery. In fact, when Nobody gambols with the child, it becomes dull, stupid, and unhappy—when Nobody associates, walks, or talks with youth, a gloom and discontent soon gather around it—when, at the appointed hour, Nobody appears at the garden gate, the waiting maiden is dejected, and dolefully sings “Nobody coming to marry me, Nobody coming to woo”—when Nobody kicks up a broil, and becomes litigious, the attorney looks blue—the barrister, if Nobody bring him a brief—the surgeon, if Nobody appear as a patient—the merchant, if Nobody become a purchaser of his merchandise, and all who have numerous debts owing to them, are exceedingly disappointed if Nobody offer to pay. The most noble and exalted personage in our land, who may profess to care for and respect the phantom, would be exceedingly chagrined if Nobody should profess to respect or care for them; nay, even all charitable and benevolent societies, formed for the relief of the poor, the benefit of the country, or the general good of mankind, would speedily be overturned if Nobody came forward to their support.

It is thus plainly seen, that although invisible and impalpable, yet the phantom Nobody has great influence among all classes of mankind; nay, so wonderful and magical is its power, so subtle and mysterious its proceedings, so baleful is its influence, that I candidly believe if Nobody sent articles to this periodical, or if Nobody read it, its present extensive circulation would decrease, its prosperity be clouded, and even “*The Odd Fellows’ Magazine*,” with all its popularity, would fade, wither, decline, and speedily die a premature death.

Then, as this Nobody is such a mysterious, paradoxical phantom, as its presence does not seem at all times desirable, and as courting its smiles is not the best way to banish it from our homes, it is after all probably the best way, when we, like schoolboys and household servants, get into scrapes and awkward dilemmas, when our bosoms heave with anger, and our consciences are overburdened with a sense of our own follies, not to tamper with the mysterious phantom, but courageously lay the blame at once where it ought to be, and “cast reflections on Nobody.”

*Loyal Bolton Lodge, Leyburn.*

## ELEGIAC VERSES.

Now mingle earth with earth,  
 Let dust to dust be given ;  
 Sweet spirit 'tis thy second birth,  
 Thy home is now in heaven.  
 Thou art not where we see  
 Thy relics coldly laid,  
 With worms thou dost not company  
 Within the grave's dark shade.

In the sweet fields of air—  
 In realms of sunny space,  
 Thou find'st thy blissful dwelling there,  
 And show'st thy seraph face ;  
 Light on thy brow descends  
 From the Great Spirit's throne,  
 The blessed angels are thy friends,  
 And claim thee for their own.

Fair as thou wert on earth,  
 Thou art still fairer now ;  
 Bright garlands of immortal worth  
 Adorn thy lovely brow.  
 And O, that we could see  
 The bloom thy cheeks now wear,  
 And walk yon happy worlds with thee,  
 And all thy glory share !

We try to check our tears  
 When thinking what thou art,  
 We try to chase away our fears,  
 And calm our troubled heart ;—  
 We lift our wistful eyes  
 To yon bright realms of air ;  
 We try to pierce the silent skies,  
 And fancy thou art there.

But when we think of all  
 Thy beauty and thy worth—  
 The charms that did our hearts enthrall,  
 And made a heaven of earth ;—  
 And when we think how kind  
 And good thou wert—how pure,  
 No language can our sorrow find—  
 No measure and no cure.

We know thou art not here  
 In this sepulchral gloom,—  
 We know that thou dost not appear  
 Array'd in deathless bloom ;  
 But still 'twas in this guise  
 On earth that thou wert clad ;  
 In this thou didst enchant our eyes,  
 And make our bosoms glad.

And so with tearful care  
 To thy dear grave we go,  
 And think, with pensive sorrow, there,  
 On him who sleeps below.  
 And though we feel that thou  
 Abid'st not in that gloom,  
 Our souls are with thy relics now—  
 Our hearts are in thy tomb !

Perchance, when troubled years  
 Have o'er us sadly sped,  
 And we shall quit this "Vale of tears,"  
 And mingle with the dead,  
 Our souls to thine shall soar,  
 And wing their wondrous way  
 To worlds where we shall weep no more,  
 And dwell in cloudless ray!

But now o'er joys we weep  
 That shall no more return,—  
 A midnight watch with grief we keep,  
 And o'er thy image mourn;  
 With thee sweet hopes have flown—  
 From gay delights we sever;  
 We only feel that thou art gone  
 From us and earth for ever!

*Stroud, August 30th, 1843.*

### A VISIT TO A COAL PIT.

It is scarcely possible, for one residing in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, not to take an interest in the operations of that immense coal district, of which it is the metropolis and the centre. I had therefore felt a strong desire for some time to visit one of those vast mines, for which that country is so famed. I had mentioned my intention to the librarian of the Mechanics' Institute, of which I am a member, and through his connections, an opportunity was soon afforded for myself and three of my friends to visit a mine. It was in the month of February, when, after spending a happy evening at the apartments of one of our party, we set out from Newcastle at one o'clock in the morning, attired in the worst clothes our wardrobe afforded. It was a clear frosty morning, and as the distance was not more than two miles and a half, we arrived long before the hour. Our guide was still slumbering in the arms of Morpheus, but we did not suffer him to continue his enjoyment long after our arrival. Whilst he was preparing himself we strolled through the village; no one was abroad at that hour, and everything lay in tranquil silence, whilst the calm clear moonlight assisted to lend repose and beauty to the scene.

Our guide at length emerged from his habitation, clad in the costume of his profession, and a strange sight did he present to our eyes in his array of dingy flannels, ill-fitted as they seemed to that inclement atmosphere. His dress consisted of a pair of strong shoes, with footless stockings, and drawers open at the knees, a sleeveless shirt, and a flannel jacket over it, his neck was bare, and on his head was a hat which seemed to owe its origin to the last century; if you add to this the never failing accompaniment of a short pipe, you have his dress complete. He carried in a side pocket a tin box, containing his shots and straws, in one hand he held an iron drill about three feet long, with some candles, forty-eight to the pound, and over his shoulder he carried his pick, his "Davy," as the pitmen term the safety lamp, of which the invention is well known, was slung to him. There he stood before us fully equipped; and as we viewed his light and active figure, we could not help personifying the words of the old song,—

"Thou naws i' my hoggars and drawers,  
 I'se name o' your scratters nor clawers,  
 Frae the trap door bit laddie, to the spletter his daddie,  
 Nane handles the pick like Bob Crankie."

We now proceeded to the house of his "marrow," for your pitmen are social animals, and always work in pairs;—he soon made his appearance, a perfect fac simile of our companion. We then proceeded to the pit, which was situated about half-a-mile from the village; and although we kept up our appearance of cheerfulness, yet there were strange misgivings haunting our minds at the thought of going down into that awful hole. We soon arrived at the spot, the "pit heap" illuminating all around us, and

giving an idea of grandeur to the scene. This heap is formed of the refuse and rubbish of the coal, which igniting by spontaneous combustion, continues on fire for years, in fact as long as the pit is at work, and soon accumulates into an immense mass.

These numerous fires give a splendid appearance to the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and especially to the eye of him who may for the first time travel through them in the night. The cotton factories of Lancashire illuminate the darkness by their brilliant appearance, but their systematic regularity, if we may use the term, at once accounts for them; whilst the wild glare of the pit fire sets conjecture at defiance, and offers no solution to the eye of the stranger. So numerous also are they, that the country seems literally studded with them; there are places, Tanfield to wit, where you may count a score of them without shifting from your position. You might imagine yourself in the realms of the Cyclops, or if imbued with border lore, of which every spot in this country is rife in recollections, you might convert them into the bale fires blazing around you, and calling upon the warlike inhabitants to resist some aggression of their restless neighbours beyond the Tweed.

When we arrived at the "shaft," as the mouth or entrance of the pit is termed, and looked downwards, there seemed but little inducement for us to follow our guide. Imagine that yawning gulph upwards of three hundred and seventy fathoms deep, with a smoke constantly issuing from it, a thick rope, of which the continuation was lost in the darkness, and the end of another with a large chain attached, which hung over that fearful abyss, ready to receive us. The large fire which was blazing at the pit mouth only served to render more distinct the rude cabin erected for the accommodation of the men, and the dark and sombre buildings, which contained the immense machinery necessary to raise the coal and to pump off the water. The few beings who were fitting around, contrasting more strongly in their dingy dress with the wild glare of the bright fire, might seem to an excited fancy to be attendant demons ready to usher us to a passage to another lower world. The whole arrangement seemed so uninviting, that I certainly felt very much disposed to make my exit, only that it was now rather too late to retreat. A piece of stick, about a foot long, was presented to us, for the purpose of keeping us from coming in contact with the sides of the shaft in descending, and also to use as a walking-stick when we got to the bottom, if ever that consummation should arrive. The moment at last arrived, and as four were the number to descend at one time, it was arranged that one of my friends, our guide, an "overman," and myself, should go first. It was well I was one of the first batch, for I believe I should not have waited for the second turn. The word was given,—all ready; the hook at one end of the chain was secured to one of the links, so as to form a loop, through which our guide put one leg, and clasped the chain with his arm; he desired my friend to do the same; two persons thus sitting in one loop;—and in a moment they hung suspended over that "deep profound." They were then gently lowered a few feet down, when another loop was formed, and the overman and myself followed the example of those who had preceded us: we were then gently lowered down into the midst of that smoke and darkness. We found the sensation really pleasing, although we now and then came in contact with the sides of the shaft, when our sticks proved of great service to us. As we descended we found the warmth sensibly increase, until at last I imagined that we should be landed in the midst of a fire. However, I had short time for reflection, as I soon heard the clank of the chain below, and in another moment I found rest for my feet again. As soon as I got myself disentangled from the chain, I cast a look around me, and by the light of a lamp I perceived my friend in the act of rising from the ground, as not being prepared for the sudden termination of the descent, he lost his equilibrium, and was comfortably landed upon his back. Having been warned myself, I escaped the felicity of being stretched on the wet floor; however, we congratulated each other on our safe descent, and in a few moments the rope by which we came down took an upward direction, and was soon lost to our view. We had now to await the arrival of our friends, who soon joined us, accompanied by two men belonging to the pit.

The place where we stood was a cavern, about thirty feet by fifteen, and perhaps seven feet high. All was silent, save the water dropping from a spout into a stone trough, and the solitary lamp was insufficient to light that gloomy hole. Two men soon made their appearance, each bearing a candle, and who seemed not a little surprised at beholding us, as we certainly seemed out of character with all around us. One of them proved to be the bench-scraper, and the other the man who attended the furnace; upon

learning our motives, they were exceedingly civil, and desired us to accompany them to their respective departments. We first went with the horsekeeper to view the stables. There were fifteen horses enjoying their provender, and everything seemed as comfortable as in the best appointed stables above ground; and we could scarcely imagine that we were so far below the surface of the earth. The stable, as well as the cavern, were hewn out of the solid rock, for the seam of coal was not here more than four feet thick. We then accompanied the man to the furnace, and on our road to it, we were shown into a small room, where the lamps were cleaned and filled with oil; here were arranged a hundred or more ready for use, and all in the most complete and exact order. Thence we proceeded to the furnace, by a very awkward passage, through which we had to creep on all fours. On emerging from it we came upon a large fire, placed at the bottom of the shaft, and this fully accounted for the smoke and heat which we encountered in our descent.

Although to a stranger this immense fire may seem unnecessary, it is in reality one of the most powerful adjuncts to the successful working of the mines; as without a thorough ventilation it would be almost impossible to exist in them. There are two shafts for the purpose; the fresh air from above descends by one, and by a series of admirable arrangements it is often made to travel through miles of workings before it reaches the furnace. The air, when thus heated, becomes rarified, and consequently specifically lighter than the atmosphere, and ascends the shaft to which the furnace is attached; the air in the pit then rushes from all parts to supply the vacuum, and thus a constant supply of fresh air is kept up throughout the whole of the workings. After viewing the furnace we returned to the bottom of the main shaft, and were about to proceed with our guide to the place where he had to work; but the overman proposed that we should accompany him, as he had to examine the various parts of the mine to see that there was proper ventilation, &c., previous to the men commencing work, and therefore we should have an opportunity of seeing more of the pit. We agreed to do so, and followed him through a passage, about five feet wide, and varying from six to seven feet in height; a rail was laid down, and we could perceive the track of horses. We found it to extend nearly a mile in length; the sides consisted of coals, and wood props were placed in various parts to support the roof. The overman pointed out to us passages out of use, which were carefully built up to preserve the proper current of air. We passed through several doors which are placed to produce a proper degree of ventilation. The floor here was covered with a dry and almost impalpable dust, in many places several inches thick. We now arrived at the "crane," where the putters bring the coal on a tram, a low carriage on four wheels, which are here transferred to the "corves," as the large baskets are called, in which the coal is transported to the shaft, on a larger carriage termed a rolly, which is drawn by horses.

We had hitherto proceeded in an erect posture, but the nature of the passage now required that we should assume a different position, as the roof was not above three feet high; our sticks now came into requisition, but even with that aid we found it difficult to proceed. The overman, a man nearly six feet high, took the lead, with a lamp in his hand, and admonished us, "to spread our knees out, and keep our heads down;" the neglect of this advice often caused our craniums to come in awkward contact with the roof. We now began to perspire very profusely, and the frequent application of the handkerchief acting upon the particles of coal dust which had settled upon our faces, caused such an intolerable smarting, that we were glad to forego it, and endure the lesser evil in patience. There was nothing to interest us in this part of our journey—there was coal on each side, the rock above, and the intolerable dusty path below. We had travelled for some distance in this direction, when our guide stopped, and desired us to proceed onwards, and he would shortly meet us, as the path which he wished to take was subject to foul air, and therefore danger was always to be apprehended. He then left us, taking his "Davy" with him. There is nothing which has conduced so much to the preservation of those, who, to increase our comforts, are doomed to toil in the bowels of the earth, as the invention of the safety lamp—it is indeed the pitman's palladium; warned by this unerring guide, the first appearance of danger is made manifest to him, and thus he is enabled to secure a safe locality for his operations. Long may the name of Sir Humphrey Davy be held in its proper estimation, as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

We went forward as directed, and as soon as we could find a place to sit down we availed ourselves of the opportunity; it was quite a relief to be able to stretch our legs out, but as for standing, that was entirely out of the question. We were now enabled to get a view of each other, and certainly we each cut a most lamentable figure, begrimed as we were with sweat and coal-dust. We had not sat many minutes before the overman joined us, and we had again to resume our journey. If we had found difficulty in traversing a passage four feet high, we found no alleviation in having to enter one four inches lower. However, we were consoled by the assurance of our companion, that we were not far now from the place where our original guide was at work. We began now to feel the fatigue consequent upon our unwonted exertions, and one of our party, who was last in the train, except myself, dropped down fairly overcome. We had no light with us, and he begged of me to stay with him, as he could proceed no farther; I did not require much persuasion to remain, as I found myself nearly done up. The remainder of our party were not long before they missed us, and called out to us to come along, as they could now see our guide at work. This gave us fresh courage, and we made a successful attempt, and at length reached the place of promise. It was then our first business to prepare a resting place, and however uncomfortable a bed of large coals might feel upon ordinary occasions, we found it was not to be despised in our circumstances, as at any rate it allowed us to stretch our legs out. After resting until we had somewhat recovered from our fatigue, we rose to see the mode of working the coal.

Our guide was sitting on the floor, stripped to his drawers and sleeveless shirt, hewing away with his pick by the light of a candle stuck against the coal by the help of a piece of clay. He undermined the coal for a yard inwards. This done, he proceeded to drill a hole at the top of the seam for the same distance; he then placed a shot at the further extremity of the hole, which he afterwards filled up with small coal, ramming it tightly in. He next bored a hole with a pricker, until it reached the shot, a straw was then put in, and a candle was placed so that on burning a short time it should ignite the straw. He then retired to a safe distance, and in less than a minute we heard a report like a cannon; on returning to the spot we found that the whole mass had fallen. Whilst he was engaged in breaking it up into smaller pieces, we heard a voice hailing him, and asking him if he had anything ready, to which he answered in the affirmative. One of my friends was so much amused with the drawling tone with which their communications was carried on, that he attempted to mimic our guide's voice, but the attempt was in vain; he could not pronounce the "shibboleth." We now perceived a light at some distance along the passage, and as it approached nearer, we could see a pair of naked legs coming along at a quick rate; at last a boy became visible, with nothing upon him in the shape of clothing but his drawers and shoes. He expressed his wonder at the altered tone of Johnny's voice, but his astonishment was greatly increased at meeting with strangers, and after he had satisfied his curiosity by not a few questions, he gave his decided opinion upon the matter, that we were great fools in coming upon such an errand; so strange did it appear to him that any one should voluntarily undergo that which was to him the toil and trouble of his existence. Our companion had now finished his allotted labour, and we went with him to where his "marrow" was employed. There was considerable bustle when we arrived, as the putters, who convey the coal upon their trams through those narrow passages, had arrived, and were busy loading their boxes to convey them to the crane.

We now bent our steps outward, not however by the long route we came in by; we were quite stiff after the rest we had taken, and felt but little inclination to pursue our former mode of travelling, and luckily we fell in with a tram upon which two of us mounted, whilst the others propelled it from behind very much to our gratification. We found ourselves proceeding at a rapid pace, and were cheering our friends behind for their dexterity, when we had nearly run over our guide, who was before us; he contrived, however, to upset us, for which we were not at the time inclined to be over thankful. On looking round for our friends, whom we expected to have seen close behind us, we saw them at some distance off in the attitude best adapted for licking the dust; the fact was the tram had come to an incline, and had fairly run away from them. We soon arrived at the crane, and once more enjoyed the pleasure of standing erect, which only those, who like ourselves, had been so long burrowing like a mole, could duly appreciate. All was bustle, and the putters, arriving with their trams, and transferring their loads to the corves, caused no little noise and confusion.

We now proceeded onward, and at each door we passed through, a boy, about nine or ten years old, emerged from a cabin, and closed it after us. They are called "trappers," and their duty is to open the door for the rollies, and close it immediately after them, for the sake of preserving a proper ventilation. We soon got to the bottom of the shaft, and here everything was bustle and activity, contrasting strangely with the silence which pervaded it on our first coming down. We stood for some time observing the clamour and confusion around us, and waiting a favourable opportunity for ascending. The men who were engaged in hooking and unhooking the corves, were the only uncivil persons we had met with on our journey. It is a matter of course to make a present upon such occasions, but before we had an opportunity of doing so, they demanded it of us in a very impudent manner, to which, as asked in that manner, we did not incline to submit. They whispered together, and then one of them left us; our companion, however, had his eye upon them, and following the man, made him desist from his purpose, which was to stir up the furnace, and so give us the full benefit of the smoke during our ascent. After satisfying the other man, we commenced our progress to the upper air, not in a loop as we came down, but more comfortably placed in an empty corf. We arrived safe to bank, it was about seven o'clock, a fine frosty morning, and we enjoyed the change after our sojourn in the realms of darkness. Hunger now began to exert its claims upon us, and we repaired to the inn in the village, where we made a hearty meal, black as we were. After enjoying a thorough ablution at the house of our guide, we proceeded to our respective homes; but our legs did not for a long time forget our—visit to a coal pit.

R. W. HETHERINGTON.

*Lambton Lodge, Gateshead District.*

#### FALL OF THE LEAF IN BIRKENHEAD PRIORY.

I've cross'd the wave to muse with thee,  
 Grey lingerer of antiquity!—  
 I've cross'd the wave,  
 From time's creations new and cold,  
 To commune with mute spirits old.  
 In yon sea-grave  
 The glorious sun has ceased to rove,  
 And silence, wedded to sweet eve,  
 Brings comfort to warm hearts that love—  
 Worn hearts that grieve;—  
 Nature's best influence reigns around,  
 And this is holy, holy ground.  
 Yet joy's gay children, wandering near,  
 Court not thine ancient shrine,  
 Nor share the blessed spirit-calm,  
 That now is mine.  
 Strange must they be to that great power,  
 That soother of the bard's lone hour,  
 Which verdure-crowns earth's blighted spot,  
 And life reveals where life is not.  
 Old haven of long-vanish'd shades,  
 Wreck of five hundred years,  
 How swift man's poor ambition fades,  
 His feverish hopes and fears,  
 While dreaming o'er thy fate and form,  
 And his—creation's lord and worm.  
 Ten thousand leaves are strewn around,  
 To crumble, piece-meal, on the ground;  
 Time drives them forth—



26 FALL OF THE LEAF IN BIRKENHEAD PRIORY.

Some brown and sear—some green appear,  
As when young Spring, with beauty crown'd,  
First gave them birth.  
But all descend to parent earth,  
Their brief reign o'er;  
Each tree, new-deck'd, may flourish wild,  
To glad the soul of nature's child,  
But leaves—no more!

Low, fluttering sounds steal on my ear,  
Like whispering hope, or startled fear—  
Life's foe and mine is labouring near,  
And *whistling* flies his viewless dart,  
Each falling leaf a slaughtered heart.  
Truth needs no tone!  
*This*, blanch'd and sere, depicts age,  
That sinks, alone;  
*These* speak of childhood's fairy stage,  
When all is gold on life's rich page,  
When even death,  
In mercy to the fond hearts riven,  
Leaves both the hope and bloom of heaven,  
For such sweet breath.

Whilst lingering on this rude-worn stile,  
Dear rustic charm, that lends a smile  
To town-bred pain,—  
Thoughts, old as truth,  
Yet hale and vigorous as youth,  
O'ercrowd my brain.  
Yes! though the oracles who stirr'd  
Dull millions with the prophet-word  
May perish from the searching eye,—  
Thought, like the fabled Eastern bird,  
Disdains to die;  
But soothes on earth the nobly just,  
While incense from its sacred dust,  
Mates with the sky!  
Great Nature, through thy boundless plan,  
Thou'rt just to all;—the leaf, the man,  
The wilding flower; each have their hour,  
Then vanish—where?  
Where are the realms once Nature's care?  
*We* stole like shadows o'er them;  
And worlds that rise on Time's fleet wing,  
Sweep *us* before them.

The day hath faded from thee, night  
Creeps o'er thee with her mellowing light;  
And rarely will her queen espy,  
Or dawn reveal,  
A softer scene to mind's chaste eye,  
A sadder for the heart to feel.  
High o'er thy sides, deep in thy cells,  
The ivy green in beauty dwells;  
And shields thee, with its clustering form,  
From many a beam, from many a storm.  
Bless'd be the friend who faithful stays,  
And guards, when every hope decays;  
Who soothes when Nature's doom appears,  
And bids the great and good endure.

Though brief thy train, and small thy sphere,  
 Still, Death has housed rich harvest near;  
 But those fair bays have left his brow,  
 So wide the space 'tween then and now:  
 Oh! Time has hush'd the victor's cheer,  
 Since that great reaper flourish'd here.  
 Each homely and each learned scroll,  
*Hic Jacet* and *Here lies inurned*,  
 Have moulder'd with the lov'd and mourn'd.  
 Thank God for thee, undying soul!  
 Heir to pure realms by faith unfurl'd,  
 Afar from this ephemeral world.  
 The towering pile that decks thy side,  
 Is graceful in its modern pride;  
 And hundreds press its seats in prayer,  
 Who yield to thee nor thought nor care.  
 But sooner would my breast record  
 Its hopes and frailties to its Lord,  
 Whilst kneeling on this knee-worn soil,  
 Than cushion'd in that splendid aisle.  
 For everything the earth doth hold,  
 The white-hair'd sire, and turret bold,  
 E'en God's bless'd fanes, on sacred mould,  
 Seem purer, holier, when they're old.  
 Like thine own ivy, whilst I stay,  
 My young heart loves thy stern decay;  
 And memory, to this brief sojourn,  
 When far my steps have passed away,  
 Will sweetly turn.

SYLVAN.

*Star of Hope Lodge.*

## IDA WEILIEZA, THE BEAUTY OF THE SALT MINE.

A TRAVELLER'S TRADITION.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

Or all the wonders so often visited, and so powerfully delineated in this age of travel, the salt mines of Cracow seem to rest in enviable obscurity, a new field for the almost exhausted spirit of novelty—a subterranean world—a city carved from the pellucid ice, like a material illuminated by torches, and gleaming in long pale vistas of houses and palaces, as if some gnome had crystalized the moonlight, and wrought itself a glittering world to reign and revel in. Pillars purely classical in their form, and transparent as a “lighted alabaster vase,” support the vaulted roof, recurring at measured intervals like a succession of triumphal arches, while the stalactites, formed by the dropping of water and removal of the salt, lie glittering round, as if the jewel houses of an Indian emperor had been rifled, and their treasures scattered forth by the prodigality of the conqueror. Many chapels, hewn out of the sparkling rock, lift their fretted pinnacles and gleam with a thousand lustres, as the crystal reflects the lights constantly burning before the crucifix or the saint. Here hundreds are born and die to whom this world of ours is like a dream of the Arabian Aden. Flowers, sunshine, and the stars of glorious visions! splendid fables must ye seem, and difficult to be believed by the dwellers in the bosom of the earth—ye are the elysium of their songs, for poets, the loved ones of nature, exist even there; and many a bright cheek has glowed to deeper bloom when the fond homage of love has compared its beauty to the rose, the most rare and envied gift which the bridegroom of the salt mines can present to his wondering bride. Some of course, in their avocations visit the earth, and with the authority

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granted to travellers, relate many marvellous legends on their return, so that the miners seem to have a world and a mythology of their own. Wild and fanciful as the traditions are, there is one pathetic and long current among them, that deserves to visit this sublunary sphere from its truth and sadness. I heard it first from an old miner whose head was grey, but whose eyes had never looked upon the sun,—“a man’s a man for a’ that,” and he was as free and happy as if he had lived in the green woods, and worshipped lovely nature without knowing it, all the period of his extended life; nay, seemed as if his spirit was more deeply imbued by the kindly and gracious feelings which his poetical fancy had dreamt of from infancy, till it had reared a lovely vision in the heart of flowers which died not, and suns without a cloud. We sat within the porch of a small chapel, whose fanciful columns seemed entwined with wreaths of sculptured gems, as the light was reflected in a thousand glorious dyes; but on its pellucid altar, before an alabaster image of the Madonna, lay indeed gems which were in reality priceless. The long auburn tresses of a woman, entwined with oriental pearls and gorgeous decorations, like the regalia of a queen—rubies, and amethysts, and opals, were laid in heaped profusion at the shrine. “Touch them not, stranger,” said the ancient miner, “they are the sin offering of a broken heart! Tradition has cast over them mystery and fear, there needs no casket to save them from the spoiler, for the boldest miner would shudder to touch them, lest his sister, his love, or his daughters, should bring upon themselves also the doom of Ida Weileza.”

I will divest the old miner’s story of its breaks and prolixity, and retaining his simple phraseology, relate the legend of the Beauty of the Salt Mine of Cracow, as I heard it in the simple chapel of the Virgin.

During the last century, a stranger visited the mines so often that he became to most a familiar acquaintance. It was thought strange that one who could live upon the earth, should banish himself from its groves to wander in their pale city, and become as a brother to its dwellers; but they were simple-hearted, and had some little pride that their wonders could attract so often. Alas! there was a brighter gem than earth could boast of among them, and the stranger knew it well.

Ida Weileza was the Beauty of the Mine. Fair, graceful, and with an inborn courtliness, she moved about her glittering world as if she reigned its queen. Yet never had a dream of her surpassing beauty crossed the pure heart of the innocent girl! Her parents, whom disappointment and sorrow had driven to this asylum, had reared their daughter in the cold creed which allows not the worldly thoughts of beauty, or of love, to mingle with its gloomy morality. Soured by grief, the stern couple gazed upon this blossom of their life without manifesting the love that was shut in their heart-of-hearts, like the hidden lamp in an ancient sepulchre. But Ida grew up as light-hearted as she dared be, innocent and guileless as the dove, and ministering to her parents in love and reverence till sixteen years had moulded her seraphic beauty into more radiant loveliness and grace. In the chapel of the Madonna the stranger first looked upon the blue eyes of Ida—it was there she paid her morning adorations, and how often afterwards did the little shrine echo to the whisperings of passion, the pleadings of the tempter.

“Ida, sweet Ida! fly with me—leave this cold, pale world, for mine—my own bright home! Flowers shall blush beneath thy steps, and sunbeams light to a more radiant lustre the blue glory of thine eyes—this silken cloud of amber ringlets would gleam brighter in the beams of day, this swan-like neck look more soft and fair—and oh! how would this queen-like form become thy lover’s regal halls, for mine, love, is an envied lot upon earth. I am a ruler of the many, a prince in my native land; thou shalt share and dignify my throne, and all that Ida loves shall be loved by Heinrich.”

“But my father and my mother?”

“They shall join thee, love, when all is ready to grace our bridal. Come to the beautiful day, to the breath of summer, to the arms of love!”

Long did the innocent one resist pleadings like these, though the glorious lot they pictured became as part of her own soul. There was one art yet left untried. At the altar of the Virgin had Ida sworn to keep the secret of her love. He disappeared for a time, certain that her religious feelings would ensure her silence, and that the suppressed fire would burn more strongly. Never before had she gazed on a form so stately, a face where the haughtiness of habitual command redeemed the almost feminine beauty of the features, from wearing too much of the Adonis—large dark beseeching eyes and raven curls. Far less has won the heart of wiser dames, and the pure child of nature strove in vain to banish from her heart the visitor of her dreams, the day-star of her thoughts.

## IDA WEILIEZA, THE BEAUTY OF THE SALT MINE. 29

He came again, not as the humble stranger, but in the pride of his princely state ; he swept through the mines with a gay train of courtiers, and the voice of weeping and despair was heard in the dwelling of Ivan Weilieza—the blossom of their lives had faded, and the Beauty of the Salt Mines had vanished from their home for ever. They died—the stern old couple died broken-hearted, but bitter was old Ivan's death-bed. Curse upon the blighter of their name, for tales came to the mines ere long of Ida's unhallowed splendour, of her revel court, her glorious beauty ; each word poisoned as it fell : they sought her not, for the name of bride never sanctioned the loves of Heurich and Ida, and Ivan Weilieza could not have gazed upon his once pure dove, when the silver brightness of her innocence had passed away ; they died and their names had mingled with forgotten things, when an aged priest, accompanied by a veiled female, in the robe of the humble order of penitents visited the mines ; they reached the chapel of the Madonna ; the female sunk with piercing shrieks upon the threshold, and the aged minister of Heaven laid with prayers and tears the offering of ringlets and gems at the feet of the Holy Mary. The groans of the penitent grew fainter as he prayed, and when he rose from the altar and sought his companions, he found that the soul of Ida Weilieza had passed away, where the voice of guilty love had first won her erring steps from innocence and peace ; deserted by her princely but fickle lover, the Beauty of the Salt Mines had hoped in vain for the calm of religion within a convent's walls, and urged by despair, sought by a bare-foot pilgrimage to the spot where she first yielded to the voice of guilty love, to regain that peace which she had forfeited, it seemed, for ever.

May her penance be accepted ! for, as long as her tradition has descended has her name been a warning, and the offering on the altar of our Lady of the Salt Mines been a talisman to guard their daughters from the fate of Ida Weilieza.

*Leeds.*

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### HOPE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

MEN ever yearn, yea, even in their dreams,  
They breathe a sigh for better days ;  
Within their course a golden future seems,  
Which they pursue with eager gaze.  
The world grows old, and then in youth appears,  
Yet man still hopes for better coming years.

Hope ushers into life the helpless child,  
Ever in boyhood fluttereth nigh ;  
By its charm'd light the youth is still beguill'd,  
E'en with the old it doth not die :  
For when unto his weary rest man wends,  
From the cold grave celestial Hope ascends.

It is no vain and flattering conceit,  
That in the foolish brain hath birth,  
Loud doth the heart the truth repeat :  
We were not born alone for earth.  
And well may we the inner voice believe,  
For that will ne'er the hoping soul deceive.

# ODD WANDERINGS; OR, THE TRAVELS OF AN ODD FELLOW.

## CHAPTER I.

It must not be supposed that the odd wanderings here recorded are the travels, or "adventures," of one individual, but rather of twenty, or perhaps even more. I have an idea that the "round unvarnished tales" of some "tramps" might, by a judicious combination, form a very interesting and "eventful history," from which a beneficial moral might be drawn.

There are numerous classes of tramps;—first, the really unfortunate, men who are anxious and willing to work, but cannot obtain it; second, those who are careless, and altogether indifferent about employment, so long as they can by any means "knock out life;" third, there is the lazy, the idle, and the drunken, and this class, I am sorry to say, is by far the most numerous. Of course, I only allude to those who belong to some trade or profession; I do not, on any account, include those kind of people who are daily wandering from town to town in search of a miserable subsistence, but who are in no measure connected with any branch of trade. The third class, then, is the most numerous, as there are three subdivisions, or rather only two; because the terms lazy and idle, in the sense here used, are nearly synonymous. Trades' Societies and Odd Fellows' Lodges ought to act with extreme caution in granting travelling cards, with a view, if possible, of entirely abolishing this class of "wanderers." There is another class, which I shall call the fourth, and this is the gentleman tramp, or tourist, and in this class I have the vanity to place myself; and whoever has the moral courage to write his own history, must have a good share of vanity. But, as I said in the commencement, with a view no doubt of helping myself over this ditch, that it was *not* the history of one tramp, but of twenty, I may, with less modesty, proceed on the "even tenor of my way."

Now to begin:—I was born—No; that won't do: that's beginning too soon. The fact is, not being a man of family, and being unable to trace my genealogy further than my grandfather, I shall skip over "my birth, parentage, and education," and begin at the commencement of my journey, when I left my father's house, like Jack and his eleven brothers, to seek my fortune. On the 4th of August, 1831, I left my father's house, which is situated in Northumberland, not a hundred miles from Newton-on-the-Moor, and known, to me at least, by the name of Coalington. The old clock had just "chappit" eight when I turned my back on that threshold which I had not quitted for more than a day at a time before that morning. There was many a watery eye, and the tears were not confined to my family alone. There was one—by the bye, there is always one,—"the blink o' who's bonny blue e'e" told deeper than the tears of my own parents. When I got clear of the village, I dashed the tear from my cheek, and went merrily forward. I reached Morpeth between twelve and one, and after a little refreshment proceeded on for Newcastle, where I arrived about seven o'clock. I had never been there before, so that I was at sore loss to find the place of my destination, which was in the High Bridge, where a relative of my father resided. After a little trouble I found the place, and soon made myself comfortable. Here I resided two or three days. My cousin, William Forster, (who is now a P. G. in the Order, and one of its brightest ornaments in this part of the world,) showed me all the lions worth visiting. On passing down Mosley Street, the first morning after my arrival, I was shewn William Martin, who called himself "the Northumberland Anti-Newtonian Philosopher." This extraordinary man was also a poet, an architect, and civil engineer. This William Martin is the eldest brother of a most remarkable family, namely, John Martin, the celebrated historical painter; and Jonathan Martin, the no less celebrated incendiary, who first obtained notoriety by the burning of York Minster, in 1829. William Martin, however, was a man of some natural genius, having invented the celebrated "Davy Lamp," used in collieries. This lamp is claimed by Sir Humphrey Davy, but I believe there is no doubt of Martin having been the original inventor. He also invented a ventilator for coal mines, the substitution of metal for wood as rails, or railways;\* an air jacket to be worn in cases of shipwreck, and a variety of other things. Also, in 1817, proposed for blowing up the Royal George, &c.

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\* Wooden rails were formerly used on the railways by the collieries in the north.

After leaving Martin, and reaching the Sandhill near the bridge,—by the bye, this is the levellest place in the town,—we came upon a little old man, “all clothed in grey,” with his grey locks exposed to the “pelting of the pitiless storm.” This strange character, I was told, was Blind Willy, who had been born blind, and had never worn a hat during his whole life, a period of eighty years. He seemed to have the bump of locality very largely developed, being able to go to any part of the town with as much ease and as correctly as any person in full possession of his optics.

After visiting the museum, St. Nicholas’ Church, (which is one of the most magnificent pieces of architecture I have seen, and being the first of the kind I had seen, it consequently made a deep impression on my mind,) and several other places, I left Newcastle, and took my way to Durham, by way of Shields and Sunderland. Durham is a dull, quiet, old town; there is nothing very remarkable, except the cathedral, and that is remarkable, having been founded by the monks who brought the bones of St. Cuthbert to Durham, in the year 999. A shrine was built within the walls, where the relics of that wonderful saint were placed. I had the curiosity to attend prayers on the following day after my arrival, at four o’clock in the afternoon, when the whole congregation amounted to five; of course the same ceremony was gone through as if fifty had been present. There is a curious old monument of Neptune very appropriately placed on the top of a post in the market place.

I found myself at York on the second day from leaving Durham. I procured lodgings at a small inn, where I soon found very comfortable accommodations. In the room where I sat there were two or three persons, who also seemed to be staying there as lodgers. One of the women was making loud complaints about her husband having “bolted,” and left her. After spinning a yarn of some length, she said her husband was the finest man she had ever seen, except that young man, (pointing to me). Being the hero of my own tale, I lay claim to the acknowledged privilege of all heroes, namely, that of being the star of beauty in the piece, eclipsing all competitors. This compliment naturally pressed me into her service. She produced a tin box, from which she drew her marriage lines, which I was desired to read for the satisfaction of the company. After this she ordered “a drop o’ summit to drink” for herself and me, and said, out of revenge to her husband, she would go off with me, if I would accept of her. This was certainly very flattering to a young man. But, poor soul, neither her face nor her praise were very tempting. She was short, and rather fat; her face had suffered much from the small pox, being completely covered with indentations, her nose was of the puggish kind, inclined upwards, and to crown all, she had but one eye.

“Who can behold such beauty and be silent!  
O! I could talk to thee for ever—  
For ever fix and gaze on those dear eyes,  
For every glance they send darts through my soul.”

I thought of these lines, but could not repeat them.

My course in the morning was towards Brotherton, where I remained all night. Here I fell in with a person who related a most singular story, which he averred was a positive fact, and which I shall reserve for my second chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

Perhaps, before proceeding further, I ought to give my definition of the term *gentleman tramp*. I do not by any means suppose by the word gentleman, a “person who keeps a horse and gig,” (which definition was given some years since in St. Stephens,) but such persons who go on tramp, not through absolute necessity, but with a view of improving themselves in their professions, a desire to see the “Wonders of the World,” or a love of wandering. It was a combination of those reasons that induced me to leave “the home of my fathers.” With this digression I shall take up the thread of my tale and so begin the mendicant’s.

The person alluded to at the conclusion of the first chapter, was an itinerant timber merchant, and dealer in smallwares. He was a native of Scotland, and served an apprenticeship to a marble mason, but being unable to find employment, he had commenced business for himself, and made a comfortable subsistence by selling matches, laces, pins and needles; with a heterogeneous mass of articles. The story he related, occurred before he commenced business, and when he was on his first tramp from Scotland to London.

Robert Scott was his name, and I shall therefore, if you please gentle reader, use, as nearly as possible, his own words, and entitle his tale,

#### ROBERT THE MENDICANT.

On my way to London, in search of employment, after having served seven years as an apprentice to a marble mason, I arrived at Coventry in the evening of the day, when the show-fair is held in that city.\* The origin of the cause of this fair I do not know, but I was informed, that formerly, a female, the most perfect in appearance, in point of symmetry of form, which could be found, did on this day ride through the streets of Coventry in a naked state, mounted astride a fine tall horse. It appears that at that time all windows were closed, and all blinds drawn. In one street of the city, a person, a cobbler by trade, had determined to have a peep at this "beauty on horseback;" and at the time when the lady was passing resolutely shoved his head forward, when his eyes immediately dropped from their sockets. To this day, a stone head, without eyes, representing the cobbler's, may be seen in the identical street where this singular circumstance took place. In later years, the lady who performs this task is dressed in flesh-coloured tights.

I arrived, as I said before, on the evening of this anniversary, and upon inquiry found it impossible to procure a night's lodging. The fineness of the weather at this season of the year had drawn a vast and unusual concourse of strangers to witness this singular and indelicate spectacle, so that all chance of procuring a lodging was out of the question; I therefore determined to proceed to the next village, distant about five miles, where I expected to find a lodging. Here, too, I was disappointed; every room and every bed had been previously engaged. There was nothing now left but to travel all night, and I set forward with that intent. Coming, however, to a public house about a mile and a half further on my road, I called in and was as unsuccessful as before. Having to travel all night, I determined to have a glass of toddy, as a preventive against night fogs. After finishing my toddy, I set forward on my journey much refreshed. It was very dark, and the rain, which for some time had been threatening, was now coming down pretty freely, which made it very disagreeable to a traveller in the depth of night. After travelling for some time, I discovered, at a distance, a light, to which I hastened with a view of obtaining shelter, for I was now completely drenched. On drawing near I saw that the light proceeded from a cottage, into which I entered without knocking. I apologized to the only inmate I saw, a young female, apparently about twenty-five years of age. On turning round, to my astonishment, I beheld a corpse lying on the bed; on expressing my surprise, and inquiring if she had no friends or neighbours near, she said the corpse was that of her husband, who had died, after a long and painful illness, a short time before I had entered. This information she gave me in so light and careless a manner, as if the loss of a husband was a mere trifle, and could be supplied at any time, that I wondered at the woman. She told me there was a house about half-a-mile off, across some fields, and desired me to go and inform the inhabitants of her husband's death. This I declined as politely as I could, on account of being an entire stranger, and consequently not knowing the road; but I offered to remain if she would go, which she did after the rain had abated a little, and I was left alone with the dead man.

There is something truly awful in being left alone with a corpse, even if it be that of a friend, how much more so must it be in a case like mine. Here was I, locked in a house with a dead body, at midnight; the very hour, too, when ghosts and goblins are permitted to quit their dark abodes, and visit the habitations of man. It might, too, be some trick for entrapping benighted travellers, and this added to my former fears. I could not summon courage to look around, but kept my eyes rivetted upon the fire, with my back to the bed, on which lay the corpse.

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\*The story of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and lord of this place, heavily taxing the citizens, and only remitting them at the entreaty of Godiva, his wife, on condition of her riding naked through the city, which he thought she would never submit to, but which, it is said, she performed, with her long hair so disposed, as almost wholly to cover her body, is commemorated to this day, by the figure of a man peeping down into the street from one of the houses. (Peeping Tom of Coventry.) On that extraordinary occasion, all the doors and windows were shut, and Camden says that nobody looked after her. The tradition, however, is that one would needs be peeping, and that he was thereupon struck blind. The inhabitants celebrate this event by a mock exhibition annually.—*History of Coventry*.

The woman had been gone about five minutes when I heard, or fancied I heard, a noise;—it was repeated. I turned round my head and beheld—horrible sight!—the corpse sitting upright. It rose! I sprang from my seat, my hair standing “on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine,”—cold drops of sweat coursed each other down my brow—my limbs shook beneath me;—I thought of fainting, but that would be of no use, so I seized the poker, and stood upon the defensive.

“Don’t be alarmed, my lad,” said the dead man.

“Oh, Lord!” replied I.

“Make yourself contented,” continued the dead man; “no harm shall come to you.”

With this he left the bed, and went to a cupboard, from which he produced a can and horn, and advancing towards me poured out some liquor, and desired me to drink, telling me at the same time that he was no more a corpse than I was. By this time I was almost dead myself. Seeing that I refused, for I could not speak, he took a drink from the horn, and then filled it up again, and handed it to me, saying it was good strong ale; I took it, and swallowed the draught, and found it to be what he said. He then desired me to sit down. I began to recover myself, and hearing nothing unearthly about his voice, I thought after all that he was not dead.

He told me he was jealous of his wife, and that he had formed a scheme with a surgeon to find out his wife’s infidelity, and have ocular demonstration of her guilt. For the last ten days he had taken medicine for the purpose of reducing himself; and “feel you,” said he, “my hands and arms are quite cold and bloodless.” I felt and said they were so, and that his face had the appearance of death. He told me that in a few minutes his wife would return with a young man, a farmer’s son, and after they should arrive, and he was convinced of their guilt, he would murder them both. He said he would be obliged to resume his former situation, and requested me to arrange the linen so as to have the appearance of not having been disturbed. This I had no sooner done, and had scarcely taken my seat, when the door opened, and the woman entered, followed by a young man, apparently about her own age, who placed his hat upon the table, and then went towards the bed, and said, “he’s dead, sure enough.”

I now took my leave, and proceeded on my journey with hasty steps for a few miles, when I reached a public house, and succeeded in procuring a bed for the remainder of the night.

I awoke next morning between eight and nine o’clock, and on going down stairs the first news that saluted my ears was that a young man and woman had been found with their throats cut.

The husband was taken, and tried at Warwick assizes, and executed for the offence.

“And that’s the end of my tale,” said Robert.

During the relation of his tale, Robert had been frequently interrupted, particularly by an Irishman, who sat opposite to him, with a short pipe in his mouth; and when Robert spoke of the corpse rising, Paddy sang out,—

“Arrah now, Sawney, jewel, that’s a big lie, it is; who ever seen a dead man sit up? By the blazes, honey, I won’t belave a word on it.” And at the conclusion he said, “By my grandmother’s sow, an’ that was a big one, but you’ve told an excellent story, you have; and that puts me in mind of a ghost I seen onct when I was a spalpeen at Cork. I was going home from school, and father Grachan was the teacher of that same, it was dark at night, and on turning the corner of a lane at the outside of the town, there was a thing all in white, an’ as like a ghost as ever I seen. And I stud as still as a postess, until Father Grachan came up, and I says, ‘Father,’ says I, ‘there’s a ghost!’ ‘Oh, you thundering blockhead,’ says he, ‘it’s my white poney, don’t you see, standing at Molley Duffin’s door, waiting o’ me!’ And so it was.”

### CHAPTER III.

I left Brotherton on the following morning, and proceeded to Doncaster. After a walk through the town, I took a stroll into the parish churchyard, where I found a number of irregular epitaphs, amongst which were the following:—

“An honest *corps* beneath this *sod*  
Lies mouldering in the earth.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A precious big sod, I think, to cover a whole corps!—(Of course, a *corps* is meant.)

“These two youths were by misfortune surrounded,  
One died of his wounds, and the other was drowned.”



On one stone, after a number of names are mentioned, occurs the following *morceau*:—

“John Smith, father and husband of the above.”

Having got so far into Yorkshire, in your company, good reader, perhaps you think it is time you should know my name, and I am inclined to think so too; having reached the third chapter of this “sublime history,” (as Cid Hamet Benengeli calls a certain work,) without ever saying a word about it, you might suppose I either had no name, or was afraid to tell it. Now, as I know of no person who is without a name, I must also say that I boast of as good a name as ever was made, and that is—but you must promise to keep it a mighty secret—HUMPHREY CLARKE. “What do you think of that now, eh!” After all, I do not think that Humphrey Clarke is a pretty name—especially Humphrey! Yet this is not the sole objection I have to it. H. C. are the initials of the name of a hero of one of Smollett’s work, and Humphrey C. might be taken for Humphrey Clinker; therefore people *might* suppose I had been guilty of plagiarism! This being the case, with your permission, I shall lay my own name aside, and travel under that of CHARLES BEVERLEY! There’s a splendid name for you. I wonder, by the by, such a name was never pitched upon by the “Great Wizard of the North,” as a hero for one of his novels; it would have sounded better than a host of what he has, such as Quentin Durward, for instance. Besides, I know the ladies love pretty names, and therefore I always endeavour to please pretty ladies.

I left Doncaster the following morning for Sheffield, by way of Rotherham, and reached Sheffield in the course of the forenoon. This being Saturday, I determined to rest over Sunday. From Doncaster, by Barnsley and Wakefield, I went to Leeds, which place I left on the following morning.

Yorkshire is one of the slave counties of England! Which is not? But Yorkshire and Lancashire are perhaps the worst. Look here, ye slave emancipators—here is work for you, and blush when you are told it. Slavery exists at your very doors, slavery of a worse and more damnable description than ever existed in the West India Islands, for the extinction of which twenty millions of pounds sterling were given. Oh, this would have been a glorious sacrifice, over which I would have rejoiced, had *England’s children been free!* Thousands of songs are sung which boast of our freedom and our greatness; take a stroll through our manufacturing towns, and behold the vast number of half-starved wretches who throng the streets, and then dash the lyre to the ground, and raise it not until ye have struck the shackles from the limbs of your own flesh and blood—the *white slaves* of England! Ye slave emancipators! ye boasters of philanthropy! take a walk in the neighbourhood of Leeds or Manchester, or in fact of any of our principal manufacturing towns, between five and six o’clock in the morning, and after that place your hand upon your heart and say I am wrong—slavery does not exist there. What! do you not see yon poor woman hurrying forward to be in time for her daily toil at the mill;—but above all, do you not see that CHILD, shivering with cold, its rags scarcely enough for decency, much less for warmth, crawling along the road, its poor bones sore from previous labour, and want of rest and sleep, which are broken at nights by frequent starts and cries of “Is it time?” Behold, too, the tears trickling down its little cheeks from weariness, and the fear of the WHIP, or the BELT, for being *too late!* Oh, man, do you call yourself a Christian, and these things existing at your very door? Before advocating further the extinction of *foreign* slavery, read this text, and consider well the principles it inculcates,—“And why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy brother’s eye, but considerest not the *beam* that is in thine own eye?” MATTHEW vii. 3.

I left Leeds before five in the morning; day was just dawning; and I had walked about half an hour, when I overtook a little girl, of about ten or twelve years of age. I heard her sobbing before I reached her; she was endeavouring to run, but was unable. When I reached her I asked where she was going so early.

“To work, sir.”

“To work, my child! What can you work at?”

“I work at that mill, sir,” pointing to a large brick building, about a hundred yards off.

“And has your father no work, my dear, that you are obliged to work to support yourself?”

“My father’s dead, sir;” and the poor child wept.

“And does your mother work?”

"My mother's dead and all, sir;" and the poor child wept louder, as if its little heart would break.

I learned from her that her parents were both dead, and that she lived—lived! no, she barely dragged out a miserable existence. She resided, however, with her maternal uncle, who, poor fellow, like many others, had no work, and remained at home while his wife went out to work at some other factory.

By this time the factory bell began to ring, and the poor little child ran across the road; I took her by the hand, and assisted her within the gates of that accursed building.

A mortal she of humble mould;  
Born to sorrows yet untold;  
Hope and bliss in visions fly  
Before her bitter destiny.—FAIRY BOWER.

I stood and gazed upon the walls with an aching heart. I thought of the moral depravity that must exist in such a place, and the consequent ruin of innocence and virtue—I thought of the many breaking hearts and broken spirits that were then within the walls. I turned away with a swollen heart and a watery eye—I uttered a curse—was it a curse?—no, it was a prayer that heaven would open the hearts of the owners of such establishments to the fact that the producers of their wealth, their luxuries, their comforts, were living in indigence and misery, with scarcely the means of procuring a livelihood; and were, in nine cases out of ten, hurried, by a combination of horrid circumstances, to an untimely grave—it was a prayer that they might curtail some of their own luxuries, so as to enable them to give their work-people a due remuneration for their labour. I went on my way; but I was led to exclaim,—“Can this be a Christian country, and THAT CHILD compelled to work for its daily bread?”

I pursued my course by way of Bradford, Halifax, and Rochdale, to Manchester, where I received a letter with a trifling remittance from my father. After staying a day or two in Manchester I took coach, and proceeded direct to London. The recollection of the first two years of my “Life in London,” are of such a nature as to compel me to reserve the continuation of this “interesting history,” for another chapter.

[To be continued.]

ROMEO.

*Rose and Thistle Lodge.*

## RANDOM THOUGHTS.

RANDOM thoughts always appear to me the more valuable when the mind overleaps the barriers within which an essay, or an article on a fixed subject, seems, in some measure, to ordain that it must move; and hence it is that digressions in various works, though sometimes condemned, are nevertheless not unfrequently the choicest bits of the whole. For my part, I look upon them as the jewels with which books are studded, as places of ease and refreshment upon a long and otherwise fatiguing road. But tastes differ; and editors, as well as other men, know this. For upon what other principle could we account for the appearance of many of the puerilities that issue daily from the press? Then, upon that principle I send you this trifle, to be added to the already large heap of literary shavings, which, if good for nothing else, will, like shavings of grosser material, be good to burn; which sentence should you, from your editorial bench, pronounce against it, I have nothing to say why such sentence should not be carried into execution. I cannot even say

“Be to its faults a little blind,  
And to its virtues ever kind.”

because of the latter I fear it possesses none, while of the former it would perhaps require more than a little blindness to overlook them. Well, then, burn it if you will; I have screwed my courage to the sticking place, and though I peril its existence, I cannot resist the temptation to write an article, the pleasure it affords is so great, and I shall have, at least, the satisfaction that if I amuse nobody else, I shall certainly amuse myself.

Now, I could write in praise of the Order, but every one does that. If I try poetry, I find that even the fair sex beat me out of the field. By the by, why are they called the fair sex? Is it in contradistinction to us? If so, what are we? Either unfair, or foul, I suppose. Well, no matter, I will suppose it to be only one of the thousand unmeaning compliments that are allowed by universal consent to pass current. Be it so. It is one which we readily pay without stopping to question the justice of the demand. Without doubt custom does a great deal for us, and, in more cases than people are generally aware of, supplies the place of reason, and impels us to perform acts that reason itself would never dictate. Considered abstractly, and without regard to what we have been accustomed to witness, what can we imagine more ridiculous in itself than the custom of shaking hands—to see two men meet in the street, and, taking off their gloves to prepare for action, eagerly seize each other by the right hand, and thereupon commence such a vigorous shaking that one might almost imagine they were bent on dislocating each other's joints, and not unfrequently laughing in each other's face at the same time. In writing, too, how frequently does a man subscribe himself, your most obedient humble servant, who would not cross the threshold of his door to serve you, if you actually stood in need of his services. We are all more or less the slaves of custom, and no man, no matter what his station, can entirely throw off his allegiance to it.

It is not my intention to write an essay on any particular subject, but rather to rove at pleasure wherever fancy may lead; but while on the subject of manners and customs, I cannot but think there is a striking contrast between those of the present time, and those of ages long gone by. Prolific as England undoubtedly has been of writers on almost every conceivable subject, it must be admitted that the efforts of our historical writers have been chiefly directed to record the conspiracies, insurrections, rebellions, revolutions, and wars, of the kingdom, in which the highest classes of society alone are made to figure; meanwhile, the slow and gradual improvement by which society has arrived at its present condition, has been entirely neglected and unrecorded, being considered no doubt as unworthy of attention. The people themselves are never seen. We do, indeed, get a glimpse of some of them occasionally, when drawn out in the field to support the pretensions of their ambitious and unprincipled leaders, themselves having little or no interest in the cause of their quarrels. What signify the arrows, cross-bows, spears, bill-hooks, and battle-axes, with which they fought; it surely is of at least equal importance to be informed of their modes of domestic life,—of their food, clothing, habitations, and articles of domestic use. For aught our historians tell us to the contrary, their axe might have been their knife, and their spear their fork. We can, however, easily conceive an enormous difference between the notions of luxury entertained by our ancestors in the Saxon times, and those of the present day. When the Danes first obtained a footing in this country, it was objected to them, as the height of luxury and effeminacy, that they combed their hair once a day, and washed themselves once a week. What, then, must have been the condition of the serfs, when these complaints were urged by the higher ranks? Again, in the time of Henry II., we may find the height to which refinement had then arrived in the history of the haughty and insolent Thomas à Becket, the pomp of whose wealth caused astonishment wherever he went; yet his apartments, which glittered with gold and silver and all the splendour of his time, were carpeted with rushes, or green boughs, in summer, and with hay or straw in winter. We can, however, form only a very imperfect idea of the state of society at that time. The best houses in England, France, and Germany, were then thatched with straw; and though it is no uncommon thing in the present day to see a thatched house, yet it is uncommon to see a house built without a chimney, and chimneys were not known at that time. I suppose they had fires as well as us, but how did they get rid of the smoke, which we, with all our conveniences, sometimes find to be very troublesome. And with regard to windows, though glass had been invented about five hundred years, it had not then been applied to the glazing of private houses. Nor could the common people, for three hundred years after this time, purchase land, even if they had the means of doing so. Their food, too, could not have admitted of much variety; for it was not till about the beginning of the sixteenth century that gardening, together with our principal vegetables, was introduced into the country.

A few years ago, while on a visit in Devonshire, my attention was attracted by a mode of building still practised in many parts of that country, which forcibly reminded me of the rude times of our ancestors, to whom the peaceful arts and sciences were

unknown. Not only garden and other walls, but the walls of houses also, are built with clay, and straw mixed up in it to bind it; they are built a foot, or eighteen inches, thick, and it is surprising how long they last. There is more in this than at first meets the eye. I spoke to a small farmer who was building up the walls of a house with these materials, and asked him if it would not be more advantageous to him to burn that clay which he had in his own field into bricks. He replied, "No, for in that case I should have to pay duty, no matter whether my bricks were fit for use, or not; I not only save that expense, but also that of a bricklayer, by building up the walls as you see." As far as I could observe, education is not much attended to in that country; but there is a degree of shrewdness in many of the people that is not a little surprising. I am glad to find that some Lodges have been opened there, and unless I am much mistaken, Odd Fellowship will prosper in that district; gifted with sufficient penetration to perceive any advantage that offers itself, they will soon rightly estimate and avail themselves of the benefits of the Order.

I have just read a well-written article in your last number, on the advantages of intellectual cultivation, in which it is stated that the circulation of our Magazine extends to twenty-seven thousand copies, which I take to be a sufficient proof of the growing desire for food for the mind. Great as are the benefits we at present enjoy, they may yet be immensely increased, and that, too, in most cases, without any additional expense. I would suggest to those Lodges who are in a condition to do so, to take into consideration the propriety of applying a portion of their surplus funds to provide a library for the use of their members, and which, when once established, might be kept up without much expense. As far as I am aware this subject has not been broached before, it will, therefore, be unnecessary to go into detail to shew how easily it could be carried out. It will be sufficient to call public attention to the matter, and having done so, I consider the business more than half accomplished. If a committee were called together, for the purpose of devising the best means of further advancing the Order in the estimation of society at large, and if they were to sit for twelve months, I feel confident that they could recommend nothing more highly calculated to effect the object. Without taking into consideration the beneficial influences it would have on the members themselves, and which never ought to be lost sight of, it would of itself, independently of other benefits, be sufficient to induce many to become members, especially among the middle classes of society; and the better the library, the greater the inducement to join. Indeed, the subscription to a library of no first-rate pretensions, is, in many cases, equal to the whole amount of our contribution; I have myself paid more by a shilling a quarter. On a hundred pounds we may gain a money interest of three pounds ten shillings, but surely such interest can never be compared with that produced by the same amount of capital laid out as above.

Besides this, there is yet another subject, by no means unworthy of our attention, and that is the establishment of our own schools for the education of our own children and orphans; such an undertaking would deserve, and ultimately obtain, the countenance and support of all good men. This, perhaps, in thinly-peopled and widely-scattered Districts would scarcely be practicable; yet in populous Districts, where Lodges are located near to each other, it might be accomplished, and thus make it doubly interesting to every father to become an Odd Fellow. A noble undertaking it would undoubtedly be. Deeply sensible of the advantages they had derived in their childhood from this institution, the children thus educated, would, on arriving at maturity, be the first to join that Order of whose benefits they had already had so good a foretaste. It must be highly gratifying to all who take an interest in the spread of literature among the people, to see the respectable position which our Magazine is now entitled to claim among literary periodicals. Great and decided improvements are visible in it within these few years, which no doubt, to some extent, account for its greatly increased circulation; I could point to many here, in London, myself among the number, whose first acquaintance with Odd Fellowship commenced through that medium. Independently of its literary merit, it possesses great claims to our support on account of the facilities it affords for the interchange of thought between ourselves, and for the communication of suggestions having for their object the improvement of the Order. With these few remarks I say—go on and prosper.

Thus you see I have adhered to the intention with which I commenced, which was, not to confine myself to any one subject. Whether this kind of running ramble is more

or less valuable on that account, I leave to the consideration of those who have more learning and leisure to bestow on it than I have. If the value of an article could be rightly estimated by what it had cost, I, who know the cost of this, should not be disposed to think highly of it; but as this is not always a correct test, and, as it is just possible that a man may not always be the best judge of his own productions, I shall, (as your correspondents sometimes say) trouble you with it, though, I dare say, you would rather that I should not. But my purpose is not to be shaken,—you shall have it, “whate’er its fate in life may be;” and it is no small satisfaction to know that if not allowed to live in good company, it will find a grave in company with its betters. This naturally enough brings to my mind an article by the Editor, in the last Number, on literary pursuits, in which he furnishes us with a long catalogue of the miseries and misfortunes of many eminent literary men, and the extremities to which they had been reduced. Within an hour after I had read that article, I saw a literary character, one who has been a contributor to this Magazine, driving a wheelbarrow through the street, containing apples laid out in small heaps, and as I passed he accosted me with,—“Here they are, a penny a lot!” God forgive me, if there was any sin in it, but as I turned away I could not suppress a hearty laugh that forced itself upon me. Without the smallest desire to even think irreverently of those great men, or to entertain for an instant an idea of sporting with the misfortunes of a fellow-creature, I immediately placed him in the same catalogue; and went away, pondering in my mind on the accident of situation, by means of which many a great man slips into his grave almost unheeded and unknown. Had the Editor thus seen him previously to writing that article, he would, I am sure, have immortalized him, by placing him in a niche among the heroes of literature who have struggled with adversity. I remember to have read somewhere that a “great man struggling with a wheelbarrow,”—confound that wheelbarrow, it is ever uppermost in my mind,—“a great man struggling with adversity is a sight worthy of the gods.” It may be so, I shall not dispute it; but I can conceive many sights far more agreeable to mortals.

J. MORGAN.

*St. Olave's Lodge, London.*

## INFANCY.

BY DR. BOWRING, M. P.

O! watch the rays of light that first  
From a babe's wakening eye-ball burst;  
Mark the first smilings which express  
The earliest sense of happiness;  
In those small hands uplifted see  
The very birth of ecstasy!

Out of those gleams of sense and thought  
What future wonders may be wrought!  
The music to the poet lent,  
The thunders of the eloquent—  
Philosophy's sublimest soarings,  
And rapt devotion's deep adorings.

In infancy's sweet casket lie  
The germs of all that's pure and high—  
Its heaven is starr'd with inborn light,  
Its pinions winged for noblest flight;  
And 'neath that mortal casket lid  
The embryo of a God is hid!

## THE INDEPENDENCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY ALFRED SMITH, P. G.

Surgeon to the Earl of Ripon, St. Wilfred, and St. Lawrence Lodges, Ripon District.

If a man were to become unexpectedly possessed of a jewel of great brilliancy and immense value, he would not bestow upon it merely a few hasty glances, and then, placing it carelessly aside among "unconsidered trifles," dismiss the subject from his mind. The probability is that his conduct would be very different. He would frequently look at it in every possible aspect; he would place it in the best light, and examine it on every side. Every time he viewed it he would discover new beauties, and prize it more and more. Precisely thus should Odd Fellows endeavour to study and to prize the admirable Order to which it is their privilege to belong. They should not, when they have entered it, regard it carelessly, as a mere benefit society, or as a desirable investment of some portion of their earnings, from which they hope at some future period of sickness, or distress, to derive certain advantages, and then think but little more about the matter, further than to keep themselves "good upon the books." No! they should study its principles, objects, and advantages; they should attentively examine the machinery, the extent, and the results of its operations. They should mark and practice the morality of its teaching—the scope and tendency of its laws and government, and the sense and aim of its mysteries. They should attentively consider, as from time to time they pass under their notice, its practical working and bearing upon the world within and the world without—they should contemplate it in the Lodge, in the cottage, in the city, in the village; at home and abroad; at the deliberative assembly; at the festive board; by the side of the sick bed, and the grave. In all its aspects they should view it; as a secret society, as a moral institution, as a benevolent association, and last, not least, as an *Independent Order*. If they pursue, as they have opportunity, this line of conduct, and thus make themselves proficient in "the business of Odd Fellowship," they will not fail to discover in it new beauties as they proceed; they will find it to be an Institution infinitely more important and excellent than they at first imagined it; they will admire and respect it more and more; and value, as they ought to do, their privilege in belonging to it. This just appreciation of its worth, and of its peculiar and perfect adaptation to the condition and requirements of all men, will induce them to advocate its cause with temperate but unwavering firmness; to promote its interests and extend its boundaries, from the best of all motives, namely, a thorough conviction that they are thereby doing good in their day and generation. What, let me ask, but such a conviction as this can possibly account for the vast increase and spread of the Order, and the continued exertion requisite for carrying it on, in almost every town and village in this kingdom, and in many abroad? How many thousands of men have been and are engaged, at even a sacrifice of time, money, and labour, in carrying on its operations in town and country? What scorching suns and wintry blasts, on heath and hill, in the smoky city, and on the distant shore, have been cheerfully encountered in its service! Whence spring the enthusiasm that, in its behalf, animates alike the divine in his pulpit, the scholar in his study, the mechanic in his workshop, the agriculturist at his plough, and the sailor on the bosom or the sands of his ever restless home? It is, it can be, nothing but a heartfelt persuasion of the value of the Institution, based upon continued study, observation, and experience of its conduct, its results, and its benefits. Thus, indeed, have the favour of heaven, and the applause of good men, accompanied the widow's gratitude, the orphan's prayer, and "the blessings of such as were ready to perish."

To widen and deepen and strengthen this sound principle of action is the especial aim and object of this Magazine, and is at once my motive and apology for claiming a little of its space for considering the Order in another aspect. Its "Benevolence" and "Morality" I have already treated of; we will now bestow a little thought upon its "Independence." Independence and loyalty have always been, not only the characteristics, but the public designations of Odd Fellowship. Every Lodge bears on its Dispensation, "The Loyal — Lodge," and the Order itself is entitled "The *Independent* Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity." Every one of our members, then, ought fully to comprehend and appreciate the title of the community with which he is connected, and in what sense the word Independent is used.

Independence and equality must always exist together, or cease to exist at all. There are, however, no two words in our language which have been more misunderstood, nor the misunderstanding of which has led to more mischievous results. That "all men are equal in the sight of God" is an unquestionable proposition; but it is very certain that they are not so, when viewed in reference to each other. One man is placed by providence in a humble, another in an exalted sphere of life. One man wields a sceptre—another must labour with the spade. Even supposing, for a moment, that this difference in outward position and circumstances could be abolished, and that on a given day every man should be exactly equal in both, it would be only for a very short time. The careful and prudent would presently become rich, the heedless and improvident would as rapidly grow poor. Not only the moral, but the mental and physical qualities of men confute and destroy this theory of equality; for they vary, almost infinitely, in the possession of both. One man is born with a powerful body, of great stature, and vigorous constitution, another with a feeble and sickly frame; one possesses a commanding and vigorous intellect, another is a helpless idiot; and between the two extremes exist every imaginable degree of original bodily strength and mental endowment. Whether, under any different order of things this could be otherwise, it is no part of our duty to consider; our business is not with things as they might be, or as we, in our imaginary wisdom, think they ought to be—but with things as we know they are and ever have been. It is quite obvious, therefore, that all theories of actual equality among men in this world are mere empty conceits and idle dreams; for the strong man would, even in the case supposed, soon take precedence of the weak; and the superior mental qualification of some would enable them to procure and retain advantages over others. With the theory of abstract equality perishes the theory of abstract independence. Wheresoever superiority enters, *dependance* follows as a matter of course; therefore, in the sense we are considering, there is no such thing as independence in the world. Man is, in truth, the least independent of all the creatures upon earth. From the first feeble sob of the new-born babe, to the last faint sigh of expiring age, he has to rely upon others for sustenance, comfort, enjoyment, or direction; and is, in his turn, capable, more or less, of rendering them to others. He is, too, pre-eminently *dependant* upon the Great Author and Giver of all good things, for the breath in his nostrils, for the life of his body, and the food that sustains it. Rather, then, than haughty and absurd notions of solitary and self-supporting greatness, we should study the gentle and benevolent feelings of good-will and kind actions to our fellow-men. Considering how many are conspiring, directly and indirectly, to render our condition pleasurable, we should endeavour to recognize our duty to contribute something to the well-being and happiness of others.

There is, however, an evil which has arisen in this country out of the excessive exercise of even this exalted benevolence, which has, in many instances, defeated its own objects, and injured its receivers. It is that it has generated, in numerous instances, a disposition to rely upon the aid of charity, rather than the exertion of labour. Of the numbers of mendicants that swarm in our streets, of the tenants of our workhouses, of the receivers of parish aid, of the criminals in our prisons, of the occupiers of our penal settlements, it is to be feared that thousands have begun their career by first having accidental recourse to, and subsequently relying upon, the assistance of charitable institutions or individuals for their livelihood. Finding in these a resource against poverty, honest industry is intermitted; self-respect is destroyed; idleness, imposture, and dishonesty follow; and thus is benevolence, the noblest of all virtues, made, by the depravity of men, the parent of crime, degradation, and misery. It is this disgraceful, unmanly, and vicious *dependance* upon others that Odd Fellowship disowns and discourteances; and it is *independence*, in contradistinction and opposition to this, that she professes and inculcates. She teaches hundreds of thousands of working men, of all classes, in this and other countries, that, resigning, with prudent forethought, a small portion of their income in the days of health and prosperity, they should not be destitute and penniless in the time of sickness and distress. She tells them that in disease and in death they should not be *dependant* for necessary support, or decent interment, either upon public or private charity; she says to them, with the union workhouse, "the beggar's petition," and the pauper's funeral, you have nothing to do—she sends them to the ant to learn wisdom, and the lesson is a *prospective provision made by present exertion and sacrifice*. This is the noble, manly, and English feeling which should pervade the breast of every man,—this is the "Independence of Odd Fellowship."

The inquiry very naturally occurs,—Is the machinery of the Order adequate to the attainment of this great object? The public press has, in some instances, done us the honour to discuss this important question. In private life we frequently meet with good-natured friends, who, seeing the undoubted prosperity of a thriving neighbour, sagely shake their heads, and predict his ultimate ruin. These kind people, who have not contributed one jot to his success, are marvellously acute in predicting his downfall. It is all very well, they say, while it lasts, but it won't last long; things will take a turn by and bye, and then he will go down faster than ever he rose. In like manner, many will acknowledge that our Order does well enough *now*, (though *they* have never aided it,) but they can foresee the day when its members will become sickly and old; when the young will not join it; when the demands upon it will be increased, and its resources diminished; and they prophecy the downfall and dissolution of the society. Nay, even among our own members, some are ready not only to entertain, but to publish, opinions and forebodings to the same effect. One of them, a correspondent of the *Kendal Mercury*, writes in this wise:—

Having frequently observed, in perusing the local intelligence of your paper, the advantages to be derived by joining the Odd Fellows, I was, about two years ago, induced to become a member thereof. The proffered advantages, however, I have found it will not be able to maintain. \* \* \* \* \* My assertions are perfectly correct, and therefore I hope they will be particularly noticed by all such as it does at present, or may in future, concern. In the first place, the monthly contribution is one shilling and fourpence only, while the allowance to members in time of sickness is ten shillings weekly; and on the death of any individual member, the funeral allowance is ten pounds. At the death of a member's wife also, eight pounds is allowed to defray the funeral expenses.

These, Sir, are glowing appearances, but it seems that, whoever has been the framer of these rules, he has been reckoning without his host. From the tables computed by Griffith Davies, Esq., F. R. S., Actuary of the Guardian Assurance Company, I find that it would require a contribution of one shilling and fourpence halfpenny per month, to assure ten shillings weekly to any member *for life*, provided he commenced payment at the age of eighteen years. Where, then, Mr. Editor, is the funeral money to come from, seeing that the members do not make any extra contributions for these occurrences? Again, on reference to the same tables, I find it would require a monthly contribution of threepence to assure any person ten pounds at his death, if he commenced payment at the age of eighteen years. This, you see, would make the contribution one shilling and sevenpence halfpenny to defray the expenses which the society at present purports to do; and for the wife's funeral it would require twopence farthing per month additional. This amounts to one shilling and ninepence three farthings monthly: yet the Odd Fellows purpose to do all these things with a contribution of one shilling and fourpence only.

There! the murder is out! There is a penny farthing a week wanting, and all is lost! A Westmoreland sage has found it all out—one who says “my assertions are perfectly correct!” has, with big words, blown our fine system to atoms, upon the authority of a certain Mr. Davies, who, very probably, knows as much of Odd Fellowship as the celebrated gentleman resident in the moon. Read over the passage quoted again, and say, are they not “brave words, my masters!”

“Here's a stay

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs!  
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and bounce;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue,—  
Our ears are cudgelled!”

Here's a pretty business! Our good old ship, Odd Fellowship, the noblest ship (as the American said) that was ever launched upon the ocean of human life, has sprung a leak; she is on the breakers, and must inevitably sink into the abyss of poverty. Here is a man who looketh into the Guardian's tables, then he bloweth a trumpet, and crieth aloud,—“I have found”—What? oh! that we are in a state of incurable insolvency! You need not smile, Mr. Editor,—like Othello, *your* occupation's gone! “The Magazine” is blown up. Oh! Mansfield, Richmond, Peiser, Powell, Whitehead, Lucas, and Shaw! and oh! ye thousand pillars and champions of the Order, how comes it that with all your acuteness, and prudence, and talent, and energy, you never found out this horrible fact, this astounding penny farthing before! But what is to be done in this alarming crisis? The Board Room must be closed—the members of the Board of Directors must fly the country,—the next A. M. C. cannot be held, but must be translated into “Any more Cash!”—we must have a “monster meeting” upon Salisbury Plain, Babalist Grimes, Esq., must take the chair, and upon the motion of Wonderful

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Wiseacre, of Kendal, Esq., seconded by Ninny Numskull, A. S. S., the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity must be solemnly declared bankrupt, ruined, destroyed, and dissolved, for the want of one penny farthing!

Before, however, we proceed to these dire extremities, let us be indulged with a few observations of our own. One thing, at all events, is quite plain, namely, that if there is in reality anything wrong with our pecuniary contributions, in reference to our engagements, this correspondent of the *Kendal Mercury* is not the Solomon who is to set us right. In the first place, he has totally overlooked the *making money*, or charge for initiation, which is three-and-twenty shillings and sixpence for each member. Secondly, he takes no notice of the fact that each individual must not only have paid this up, but must have been a subscribing member for six months before he is entitled to any benefits from his Lodge. Thirdly, it is not true, as assumed by Mr. Davies' tables, or at least as insinuated by him, that any considerable number of members require, or receive, ten shillings weekly *for life*. Fourthly, he takes no account of fines, &c.; and fifthly, he makes no allowance for honorary members, and hundreds who contribute for years to the funds of the Order, and never take one penny from their amount. So that when we come to examine it fairly, we perceive that this, like all other disparagements of our noble Order, is founded in ignorance or misapprehension, and it appears that we shall have no meeting upon Salisbury Plain after all.

To illustrate the assertion of the gentleman who tells us "*that he is perfectly correct*," and who says that "the Odd Fellows purpose to do all these things with a contribution of one and fourpence only!" let us see how a new Lodge, opening with thirty members, would stand at the end of the first six months:—

	£.	s.	d.
30 members initiated at £1 3s. 6d. each. . . . .	35	5	0
Their contributions for six months (8s. 6d. each) . . . . .	12	15	0
	<hr/>		
	£48	0	0

Giving a clear sum in hand of £48, without fines, presents, or honorary members.

Every one who knows anything of Odd Fellowship, knows that it is in a most prosperous state. I have made inquiries of people from all parts of the country, and I hear of nothing but increasing numbers and flourishing finances. Its merits, as a well-conducted, orderly, and safe society, are becoming daily more known and appreciated in the upper classes; and numbers of wealthy and influential persons are constantly enrolling themselves in its ranks. Let us, therefore, be thankful for our prosperity, and enjoy it contentedly. If anything can be done to extend or perpetuate the benevolent objects of the Order, to a greater degree than has hitherto been done, no man living would be more eager to entertain and accomplish it than myself; but this spirit of grumbling anticipation I deprecate and detest.

Suppose a man living frugally and comfortably upon a hundred and forty pounds a year, (it would be dangerous to say a hundred and fifty, on account of those income tax fellows,) if he can better his condition, he would be right in so doing; but, would he not be a fool if he fretted, and fumed, and grumbled, because he has not five hundred a year, or because at some future period he might possibly be worse off than he is at present? We have been told by the highest authority that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and as we know that the wise regulations of our Order have always met, and meet now, all its requirements, and we have much to spare, why, in the name of common sense, are we to make ourselves wretched by inventing distant and imaginary evils? He was a shrewd, and I have little doubt, an *odd fellow*, who said, "How much misery has been caused by those misfortunes which never happened?" and I can assure the croaking friends, as well as the enemies of our Order, upon a long experience, and from extensive observation, that its foundation is sound, and its superstructure durable as any human institution can be. Its "Benevolence" is free and boundless; its "Morality" is pure and unimpeachable; and its "Independence," in spirit and in resources, is noble, rational, and permanent. Long may it prosper, and still more widely may it spread—the refuge of the poor, the comforter of the widow, the support of the orphan, a blessing to the nation, favoured by heaven, and honoured and beloved by thousands of the wisest and most virtuous among men.

*North Street, Ripon, November 15th, 1843.*

## BENEDICITE.

TO——

BY ISABELLA CAULTON.

(Authoress of the "*Domestic Hearth, and other Poems.*")

ANGEL bands thy footsteps guiding,  
 Ever constant, ever near,  
 Weal or wo, thy path betiding,  
 Nothing doubt thee, nothing fear;  
 Looks of love around thee greeting,  
 Tones that fill the heart with joy,  
 Eyes that pleasure beam when meeting,  
 All life's bliss without alloy.

These be thine, these be thine.

May the light of Holy Spirit  
 Shine upon thy pilgrim way,  
 To the land thou mayst inherit,—  
 Land of love and endless day;  
 Earthly shadows flee before it,  
 Earthly hopes are faint and dim,  
 God hath breathed his promise o'er it;—  
 May that holy ray from Him,  
 E'er be thine, e'er be thine.

When the spectre Death is shading  
 With its gloom thy brow and eye,  
 And thy form from life is fading,  
 In the narrow bed to lie;—  
 Then the angel bands who tended,  
 When thy foot was firm and free,  
 O'er thy dying couch be bended,  
 And Heaven's portals ope for thee,  
 This be thine, this be thine!

## THE THUNDER STORM.

It was a dreadful afternoon and night in the middle of November, 184—. I had travelled nearly thirty miles on a road in the highlands of Scotland, little frequented, except now and then by a solitary pilgrim, like myself, or some chance stray flock of cattle that browsed on the rugged mountain sides. In travelling that distance, if I did see a hut where the "human face divine" might be found, that humble sheiling was situated in a locality almost inaccessible, and any attempt on my part to scale the flinty, unbeaten track that led to the height on which, like "an eagle of the sun," it was perched, I saw would be attended with imminent danger, and much physical labour.

When I left my home in the morning, the sun shone forth with unwonted brilliancy; the lazy mists that had shrouded the turrets of the majestic hills were either scattered in the limitless fields of space, far beyond the perception of the eye, or had retreated from their pinnacled glory among the valleys and glens, as if loth to lose their dewy conformation by the absorbing influence of the centre of light. These at length disappeared, "leaving no trace behind." Not a speck now could be seen darkening the mighty azure concave. The harbingers of change had hidden even their sable outlines behind the Alpine mountains, when the fulgent rays poured forth on the lesser hills and valleys; the very air seemed subdued, and awed by these, as not a breath was perceptible as "the sere and yellow leaves" dropped from the brushwood stems. I had often gazed on the expansive volume of nature with pleasure, but this morning lent a rapture to my contemplations that I never before had experienced—there was a solemn stillness in the

scene that was only broken by the indistinct echoes of a distant cataract. I never commenced a journey under brighter auspices. The weather so serene—my wife and little ones had anticipated my every want for such a distance—my nerves were braced by the very beauty of the scene, and the domestic bliss that hovered around my cottage. The elasticity of my spirits carried me onward with an ardour to which I had hitherto been a stranger. The country through which I had to pass was characterized by peculiar romanticity for several miles; hills of great altitude rose on every side, their stupendous inequalities, and their wild fantastic appearances, invested them with a natural magnificence; but the only signs of animation discernible among these were a few scattered sheep, and the wild goat struggling for existence on the scanty herbage that vegetated on their steep acclivities and lofty summits.

I had travelled nearly ten miles "mang Nature's wildest grandeur," my train of philosophizing on such being only interrupted by an occasional self-gratulation that I had been led to select this day as so admirably suited for my journey. I now halted to refresh myself at one of the crystal springs that welled up its limpid beverage from the base of these mighty piles, and after having partaken of rather more than the promised blessing, I again resumed my journey; but in the "far west" I could perceive an accumulation of an opaque body, a slight breeze also had begun to agitate the hitherto quiescent atmosphere. Still I did not consider these as decided indications of a change, and assured myself that the remainder of my journey would be as pleasant as the previous part had been. We are short-sighted mortals. I had even consulted the oracles of the weather—the almanacks—and their predictions had been at least partially realized, and I had every faith in the issue being the same. As I walked on, the cloud increased in magnitude and darkness. The gentle breeze had gathered fresh energy, and now moaned among the glens as if premonitory of a coming storm. Ere I had reached twenty miles of my way, these portentous omens gave unerring proofs of an elementary war. The clouds, which at first seemed to embrace the sky, now lowered with gloomy aspect on the dizzy heights, and the wind rattled with startling power through the jutting cliffs that overhung the solitary path, as if playing some bold martial air on these craggy Eolian lyres. A drizzling rain now mingled in the fray, yet the hope that I might gain my destination before any serious change would take place, inspired me with new courage to keep on "the even tenor of my way," and my locomotion redoubled as the crisis drew nearer. As I wended my devious course, the gloom became more settled, dense, and universal; the clouds had gradually gravitated, till every object was obscured, and they seemed ready to burst with their watery burdens as they were hurriedly swept across the peaks of the mountains by the angry storm. And what now added to the terrific interest of the scene, and of course to my terror, the shades of night had voluntarily, as it were, become auxiliaries to aid in the general and deep darkness in which I was about to be enveloped. I had "hoped against hope" that I would eventually escape the results of the impending hurricane. With this impression I had marched along with much assumed resolution, amid the augmenting gloom and heavy rain.

Several miles I had thus wandered, buffeted by the capricious storm. Sometimes it came in fearful gusts down the ravines, with which the mountains were numerously intersected, as if it would have borne me aloft on its wings amid its aerial habitations; at other times the calmness of death almost succeeded, as if it had spent its fury in the previous blast. I was completely drenched, my hat, only serving to aggravate my condition, proving an excellent conductor. While thus circumstanced, I had halted a moment to express the saturated hat, when a violent whirlwind rushed down a glen, carrying trees, and rocks, and my hat also in its impetuous career, into an adjoining chasm. I then felt as if on the verge of eternity, and being overcome with fatigue, I resolved to abide the consequences by groping for a place where I might be a little sheltered; as I was doing so, a sudden flash of lightning shone around me, and by its glare I could perceive some monstrous-looking animal crouching in the recess. I started back as its eyes glared on me. I conceived that it might be one of the spirits who had conjured up the storm, and was now seeking a safe retreat from a commotion that he could not tranquilize. I darted from the place with all the speed I was master of, but was so exhausted and terrified (the storm being still unabated,) that I was glad again to make my way to a fissure in the rock that another gleam reflected to my view. Here I lay pent up in this comfortless hole, far from human habitation, and human help. The morning's bliss I had enjoyed with my wife and children tended only to heighten

my misery, and my heart was convulsed with agony. I had not been long in my wretched hiding place when the lightning shot forth from the clouds, and the thunder rolled in fearful echoes among the hills; these, with the torrents of rain and the heart-appalling noise of the hurricane, lent a dismal horror to the wild contentions of the elements. Indeed, so violent and frequent were the shocks of heaven's artillery, and so vivid and rapid the recurrence of the sheets of fire that darted from the horizon, that I imagined the rock against which I was reclined, was not only melting under its influence, but that it actually shook from the foundations by the collision of the thunder. I gazed on the unmitigated darkness, (save by the electric fluid) with terror inconceivable. I saw each succeeding emanation of the fiery bolts from their mighty treasury with agonizing amazement—I heard every recurring boom of thunder with indescribable feelings—I heard the giant howlings of the resistless storm in trembling suspense—I felt the copious rain beat with merciless power, and I quailed beneath its chilling effects. I was palsied with fear, for in the horrific conflict among such antagonists, I deemed it not improbable that nature might expire, and that I at least was a doomed man. I was afraid to breathe—my hair stood erect, and my heart seemed cold as the icicle;—it was an awful period of uncertainty and suffering. I felt as if I was to be buried among a crash of worlds; still I clung to life. The torturing idea of wife and children being left unprotected, rent my very soul; and I would have given the riches of a thousand worlds to have purchased emancipation from my seemingly inevitable fate. By the aid of a tremendous flash of lightning I thought I could perceive a safer crevice in the rock; I made a desperate effort to gain it, and in doing so, I awoke—I had been dreaming. My *watch* was ticking close to my ear—the *fire* had been emitting a flickering light through an aperture in the curtains—a drop of *water* was oozing through the ceiling on my bed, and the *cat* was lying on my pillow.

JOHN MACDOUGALL, P. Prov. G. M.

*Highland Mary Lodge, Greenock.*

## MATEO FALCONE.

A CORSICAN TALE.

(Translated from "*Merimée's Mœurs de la Corse.*")

BY MADAME CAVADIA.

On leaving Porto Vecchio, and advancing into the interior of the Island of Corsica, the road leads up a steep acclivity, and after ascending for about six miles by a tortuous path, obstructed at every step by huge fragments of rock, and occasionally arrested in your progress by some deep hollows, you reach the borders of a vast *maquis*, a retreat, which, forming the dominion of a tribe of shepherds, has become a refuge for those who may have quarrelled with the Corsican government.

It is the custom of the peasantry of the Island, in order to save themselves the trouble of manuring the ground, to set fire to a certain portion of land, (so much the worse if the conflagration extends farther than need be,) and a good crop is the unfailling result of sowing in ground thus fertilized. The ears of corn are reaped, but the straw is left, as its removal would cause trouble. From the roots which have not been consumed, vigorous shoots sprout up in the ensuing spring, which, in the course of a few years, attain a height of seven or eight feet; and this almost impenetrable under-wood, mingled with different kinds of trees and shrubs, becomes what is termed a *maquis*, through the untrodden ground of which it would be in vain to attempt to pass without the aid of a hatchet; and in some of these *maquis* the mass of vegetation is so thickly interwoven as to defy even the horns of the mountain goat.

If you have killed a man, speed you to the *maquis* of Porto Vecchio, and, provided with a good gun, plenty of powder and shot, not forgetting a brown cloak† with a hood, which will serve in the day for a cloak, and in the night for a mattress, you may make yourself comfortable. The shepherds will furnish you with milk and cheese, and you will have nothing to fear from the myrmidons of justice, or the relatives of the dead,

† Ruppa.

except it be when necessity compels you to seek a fresh supply of ammunition in the town.

Mateo Falcone, when I was in Corsica, in 18—, lived at about one mile and a half from this place of refuge. He was a man esteemed wealthy for the country, living on the produce of his flocks, which, under the guidance of careful shepherds, dotted the mountains in all directions. When I saw him, two years after the event which I am about to narrate, he had attained the age of fifty, and bore testimony, by his personal appearance, to the land of his birth. Of middle height, but of robust proportions, with thick black hair, aquiline nose, thin lips, large sparkling eyes, and deep olive-tinted complexion. His abilities, as a marksman, were celebrated even in that country. An enemy, or a mountain goat, was brought down to a certainty, at any distance under three hundred paces, by his murderous aim. By some extraordinary instinct he used his carbine as well at night as in the day. The following instance of this was related to me:—At eighty paces, a candle was placed behind a transparency of the circumference of a small plate. He took his aim, the light was then removed, and in complete darkness he shot through the transparency three times out of four. With such abilities as these (in Corsica) it is not surprising that Mateo Falcone enjoyed a high reputation. He moreover passed for being as staunch a friend as he was a dangerous enemy. Thus he lived in peace and harmony with all his neighbours in the vicinity of Porto Vecchio. But it was rumoured that at Corte, where he had sought for a wife, he had evinced no scruple in ridding himself of a dangerous rival—the mysterious shot, however, which struck the sad luckless suitor, was attributed to him. The affair was nevertheless hushed up, and Mateo married. His wife, Guesepa, had successively given birth to three daughters, when at length, to his joy, a son was born, whom he named Fortunato—the hope of the family—the heir to his name!

His daughters were, in process of time, married, and he could at need depend on the carabines and stiletos of his sons-in-law.

On a certain day, one autumn, Mateo, accompanied by his wife, sallied forth to inspect one of his flocks, for the time being collected in a clear space in the maquis. His son, who by this time had attained his tenth year, and was considered a lad of bright promise, begged hard to be of the party, but the distance was too great; independent of which some one must stay to keep house. The father's refusal, therefore, was positive. It will be seen in the sequel if he had not cause to repent this.

Falcone and his wife had been absent several hours, and little Fortunato lay extended at full length on the grass, listlessly regarding the blue mountains in the distance, and luxuriating in the anticipation of dining on the ensuing Sunday with his uncle, the Caporale,\* when suddenly his meditations were disturbed by a discharge of fire-arms in the vicinity. He sprang up, and turned eagerly towards the plain beneath him, from whence the sound had arisen. The firing was repeated at irregular intervals, and each succeeding shot was evidently nearer, until at length, on the path leading from the plain to Mateo Falcone's residence, a man appeared, bearing the pointed cap peculiar to the mountaineers; his wretched attire in the utmost disorder; dragging himself heavily along, supported by his carbine, and evidently wounded in the leg. He was one of those unfortunate men, signalized at the commencement of this narrative, who find safety only in a state of existence resembling that of the solitary Indian, (the last of his tribe,) wandering alone in some desert region of the far west. During the hours of obscurity of the preceding night, he had ventured to steal into the town to procure some ammunition; he had been surprised by a party of Corsican sharp-shooters, and, after a vigorous defence and masterly retreat, during which he had been shot at as his pursuers caught sight of him from rock to rock, he had effected his escape thus far. The soldiers were now close on his track—his wound impeded his flight, and there appeared but a remote chance of his reaching the maquis in safety.

"You are the son of Mateo Falcone?" exclaimed he as he came within hearing.

"Well?"

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\* Caporale, the designation given to a man, who, in right of property, or connections exercises an influence, a species of active magistracy, over a *priva*, or canton. The Corsicans divide themselves, in accordance to ancient custom, into five classes, or castes:—Gentlemen, (of whom some are styled *Magnificos*, others *Signori*;) the *Caporali*, the Citizens, the *Pebleians*, and the *Strangers*.

"I am Gianetto Sampiero. The yellow collar† are on me; save me, conceal me, for I can go no farther!"

"And what will my father say, if I hide you without his permission?" objected the boy.

"He will say you have done well."

"Who knows?"

"Quick! quick! or they will be here!" exclaimed the pursued man in accents of intense anxiety.

"Wait until my father returns," coolly replied Fortunato.

"Wait? Malediction! in five minutes they will be here. Don't you hear them, boy? Hide me, or I will shoot you," hurriedly exclaimed the nearly frantic man.

"Your gun is not loaded, and you have no more cartridges."

Gianetto seized his stiletto. "Nay, you cannot run as fast as me," continued the boy, with one bound placing himself out of the wounded man's reach.

"Go! You are not the son of Mateo Falcone!" indignantly exclaimed Gianetto.

This appeared to move Fortunato. "What will you give me if I hide you?" inquired he. Gianetto drew a piece of five francs from the leathern bag which hung at his belt, a trifle, no doubt, reserved for the purchase of ammunition. The sight of the money produced instant effect on Fortunato, who smilingly took possession of it, saying, "Fear nothing!" and immediately making a hole in a provision of hay which stood at the door, he pushed Gianetto into it, and covering him up carefully, so as to leave him only a little space for breathing, it would have been impossible to suspect that the fugitive was concealed there. He moreover, with the cunning of an Indian savage, placed on it a cat with her kittens, in order to convey the idea that the hay had not been disturbed for some time; then, having diligently covered all traces of blood on the path with sand, he quietly resumed his position, extended at full length, basking in the sun.

Not many minutes elapsed before a party of six men, in brown uniform, with yellow collars, commanded by an adjutant, stood before Mateo Falcone's door. The adjutant happened in some way to be related to Falcone, (for in Corsica, as in Scotland, the ties of blood are marvellously extended, and all are cousins;) he was an active man, who had rendered himself redoubtable to the fugitives in the island by the zeal and ability he evinced in their pursuit.

"How fare you, little cousin?" said he, in a friendly tone, on recognizing Fortunato; "how you have sprung up since I last saw you! Have you seen a man pass by here?"

"I am not as tall as you yet," said the boy, with the air of a simpleton.

"You very soon will be. But tell me, have you not seen a man pass by here?"

"If I have seen a man pass by?"

"Yes! a man with a pointed cap, and jacket embroidered in red and yellow."

"A man with a pointed cap, and jacket embroidered in red and yellow?" repeated the boy.

"Yes! yes! reply quickly, and do not repeat my questions," exclaimed the adjutant impatiently.

"This morning, his reverence, the curate, passed by our door, mounted on his little horse, Piero; he asked me how my father was, and I answered——"

"You little rascal! tell me instantly which way Gianetto (for it is him of whom we are in search,) is gone! I am convinced he took the path to the left!"

"Who knows?" quietly observed Fortunato.

"Who knows? I am sure that you saw him," exclaimed the angry soldier.

"Can one see people in one's sleep?" grumbled the boy.

"You were not asleep, you little villain; the firing must have awakened you!"

"You believe that your guns make a terrible noise; my father's carbine beats your's hollow."

"The devil take the little imp," passionately exclaimed the adjutant. "I am confident you saw the man pass; nay, you have perhaps concealed him. Forward, comrades! let us search the house, he is probably there. With only one stump left

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† A body of men raised a few years since by the Corsican government, and which acts in common with the gens-d'armes in the maintenance of order. The uniform is brown, with a yellow collar.

it is not likely he would be mad enough to attempt to reach the maquis; besides, look! the traces of blood end here."

"And what will my father say?" enquired Fortunato, mockingly. "What will he say when he hears that you have searched his house during his absence?"

"Now, let me see," exclaimed the angry adjutant, seizing him by the ear, "whether twenty or thirty well applied strokes from the flat of my sword will not open your mouth, young sir."

Fortunato laughed outright. "My father is Mateo Falcone," said he with emphasis; and at each renewed threat he contented himself with repeating the emphatic sentence.

"Adjutant!" whispered one of the soldiers, "it will never do to quarrel with Mateo Falcone!"

Gamba stood irresolute, evidently much puzzled as to his plan of proceeding. He held apart a whispered consultation with his men, who had already searched the house, a labour soon terminated, as the Corsican houses consist but of one square room, wherein a table, which serves the purposes of bed, benches, chests, or cupboard, constitutes the whole furniture. Little Fortunato meanwhile caressed the cat, evidently enjoying the perplexity of the soldiers, who were preparing to depart, when their commander, having come to the conclusion that threats were of no avail with the son of Mateo Falcone, determined upon trying the effect of a different mode of attack. "You little rogue," began he, "you are as cunning as a fox! You are playing me an ugly trick, and were it not for my cousin Mateo, the devil take me if I would not carry you off a prisoner!"

"Chet! chet!" saucily laughed the boy.

"But when I have informed your father that you have told me a falsehood, rely upon it he will punish you severely."

"We shall see."

"Yes! you will see. But come now, my man, be a good boy, and I will give you something you will like, I know;" saying which he drew slowly from his pocket a silver watch, worth about six crown pieces, and held it dangling by a long steel chain before the dazzled eyes of little Fortunato.

"How would you like such a watch as this," continued he, "to sport in the streets of Porto Vecchio, and excite the envy and admiration of your comrades?"

"When I am a man, my uncle, the Caporale, will give me one."

"Yes! but your uncle's son has one already," rejoined the tempter. The boy sighed a sigh of mortification.

"Well! will you have the watch?"

Fortunato regarded the prize from the corner of his eye, as does a cat, to whom one offers, yet holds out of reach, some tempting morsel. The adjutant seemed in earnest. "Why do you mock me?" at length exclaimed Fortunato, with a bitter smile.

"By all the saints! I am in earnest. Tell me where Gianetto is, and the watch is yours."

Fortunato smiled incredulously, fixing his dark eyes full on those of the adjutant, as if to read in their expression what faith he could place in his words.

"May I lose my epaulettes, if this watch is not yours, on the condition named. My comrades are witnesses, and I cannot retract." As he spoke he held the watch still close to the agitated child, whose varying expression of countenance fully betrayed the tumult of his mind; his chest heaved convulsively—the watch dangled before his eyes; at length he raised his hands to it, his fingers touched it, he held it! The adjutant let it rest, still however retaining hold of the chain. The face was enamelled in blue, the back was newly burnished; both dazzled in the sun. Fortunato, no longer able to resist the temptation, seized the prize, pointing, as he did so, with his thumb over his shoulder, to the hay against which he was leaning. The sign was immediately understood by the adjutant, who released his hold of the chain, and Fortunato, in possession of the glittering toy, sprang away like an antelope, and stood at some distance, whilst the soldiers searched the hay. Their search was not long, for almost immediately, the wounded man came forth, stiletto in hand, determined to sell his liberty dearly; but the sacrifice of his wound having become congealed, he fell. The adjutant darted on him, as a wild cat on its prey; soon was the stiletto wrested from his grasp, and in despite of a most powerful resistance, he was secured. And thus bound, and lying on the ground,

he turned his head slowly towards Fortunato, who had gradually approached the scene of his treachery. "You are not the son of a Corsican! You are not the child of Mateo!" Fortunato threw him the piece of five francs, feeling that he had no right to retain it; but the prisoner heeded him not.

"My dear Gamba," said he with much apparent calmness, "I cannot walk, you will have to carry me."

"You were not long since coursing it as fleetly as the hare," replied the conqueror. "No matter! I am so well satisfied to have you in safe keeping, that I would gladly carry you myself on my back for a league; we will soon make up a litter, and at the next farm we shall find horses."

Whilst some of the soldiers were employed in constructing the litter, and others binding up the wounds of the prisoner, Mateo and his wife were despatched approaching; Guesseppa bending under the weight of a large sack of chestnuts, her husband walking gaily by her side, a carbine slung over his shoulder, and another in his hand,—for it is deemed unworthy a Corsican to bear other burthen than his arms. At sight of the military Mateo's first impression was that they were in search of himself. But why that fear? He was a man well famed in the island. He was, however, a Corsican, and a mountaineer; and some little peccadilloes suddenly started to his recollection, such as certain deadly shots, thrusts of his stiletto, and other trifles! But still Mateo had comparatively a quiet conscience. Ten years, at least, had elapsed since he had raised his carbine against a man! However, his prudence did not forsake him; he placed himself on the defensive, determined, should it be necessary, on a stout resistance.

"Woman," said he to Guesseppa, "throw down your load, and hold yourself in readiness," and giving her the carbine he had borne slung over his shoulder, which would have interfered with his movements, he loaded the other, and slowly pursued the way to his house, keeping close to the trees, that he might, as circumstances should require, be enabled to post himself behind one of them, so as to aim *à couvert*. His wife followed him closely, carrying his second gun and his cartouche box; it being the duty of a good wife in a fight to load her husband's arms.

On the other hand, the adjutant stood by no means at his ease as he observed the hostile approach of Mateo—his gun ready cocked in his hand, his finger on the trigger! If perchance, thought he, this Gianetto should be related to him—or if he were his friend—or even if he were to take it into his head to defend him, a discharge from each of those carbines would lay two of us low, reaching their aim as surely as would two letters addressed to us by the post. In this perplexity he thought it would be better to take the bull by the horns, and to advance courageously to meet Mateo, and relate to him the affair; but he found the distance between them was much greater than he supposed. He hurried forward—

"Hallo! hallo!" at length shouted he. "How are you? It is I, Gamba, your cousin!"

Mateo, without replying, stopped short, and as the other spoke, quietly rested his gun so as to calm the fears of his cousin. "Good day, brother!"† now said Gamba, who had approached sufficiently near to extend his hand amicably; "it is long since we met!"

"Good day, brother!" coolly responded Falcone.

"We have had a hard day's run, but have made a capital affair of it, we must not therefore complain of fatigue;—we have taken Gianetto Sampero!"

"The Saints be praised!" charitably exclaimed Guesseppa; "he stole a goat from us last week!"

These words fell as balm on the ears of Gamba.

"Poor devil!" murmured Mateo; "he was hungry."

"The rascal defended himself like a lion," resumed the adjutant. "He has killed one of my men, and severely wounded Corporal Chardon; but that does not much signify, as the Corporal is a Frenchman. Then he concealed himself so cleverly, that the devil himself could not have discovered his hiding-place; and but for my little cousin yonder, I should not have caught the fox."

"Who! Fortunato?" exclaimed Mateo, in a voice that startled the adjutant.

"Fortunato?" falteringly repeated Guesseppa.

† Buon giorno, fratello! the usual Corsican mode of salutation.



"Yes; he was so well concealed under that heap of hay, that we never should have found him, but Fortunato pointed out the rogue, and I hold myself indebted to him; he may rely that I shall tell his uncle, the Caporale, who will, without doubt, send him a handsome present, and his name and yours, cousin, shall figure in my report to the Attorney General."

"Malediction!" muttered Mateo, between his teeth.

By this time they had come up to the detachment, which, with Gianetto bound to the litter, was ready to move forward.

When Gianetto caught sight of Mateo advancing in the companionship of Gamba, he smiled bitterly, and pointing towards the house, exclaimed,—“Cursed be the house of a traitor!” None, but one resigned to die, would have dared to pronounce the word “traitor,” coupled with the name of Mateo Falcone. One thrust from a stiletto, which it would have been unnecessary to repeat, would instantly have avenged the insult. But here Mateo made no reply, and pressed his hand to his brow as one totally overcome.

Fortunato had retreated into the house on seeing his father, and now emerged from it, bearing a cup of milk, which, with downcast eyes, he presented to Gianetto.

“Away!” contemptuously shouted the prisoner. “Away, vile spawn of a traitor!”

The adjutant now gave the word of command, saluted Mateo, who made no return, and the whole troop were soon out of sight.

Full ten minutes passed in unbroken silence. The boy during this time stood with his eyes alternately directed to his father and mother, with an expression of keen anxiety. The former, leaning on his carbine, regarded him with a look of concentrated fury.

“You begin well!” at length exclaimed he calmly. But there was something fearful to those who knew him, in the cold measured tone of his voice.

“Father,” murmured the boy, approaching towards him, as if to beseech forgiveness.

“Approach me not!” shouted Mateo, and the boy, bursting into tears, stood at some paces from him, as if transfixed to the spot.

Guesepa now approached, having just observed the end of the watch-chain peeping from under her son’s jacket, “Who gave you this?” inquired she sternly.

“My cousin, the adjutant.”

Mateo seized the watch, and dashed it with force on the stone pavement, shattering it to atoms.

“Woman! am I that child’s father?” exclaimed he.

The brown cheek of Guesepa reddened to the hue of her crimson vest. “What say you, Mateo; do you know to whom you speak?” said she haughtily.

“Well! that child is the first of his race who has merited the name of traitor!”

Fortunato’s sobs redoubled, and Mateo’s kindling eyes remained fixed on him, till at length he struck the butt of his gun forcibly on the ground, and then, slinging it anew on his shoulder, he turned his steps in the direction of the maquis, and bade his son follow. The child obeyed.

Guesepa, after a pause, followed also, and staying her husband’s progress, her large dark eyes fixed imploringly on his,—“Remember,” said she in a voice trembling with suppressed emotion, “he is your child—your *only son*!”

“Leave me,” rejoined the stern Corsican; “I do not forget that I am his father!”

Guesepa folded her son in her arms, and in tears returned to the house, where, on her knees before an image of the virgin, she prayed long and fervently.

Meanwhile Mateo continued to penetrate deeper into the maquis, until having reached a clear spot in a hollow, he arrested his steps, and pointing before him,—“Fortunato,” said he, “go to that stone yonder.” The boy did as he was bid.

“Kneel, and repeat your prayers.”

“Oh! my father! my father! do not kill me!” burst from him in a voice of deep terror.

“Say your prayers!” shouted his father at the full power of his strong voice.

The boy commenced in a tone scarcely audible, to recite the *Pater* and *Credo*, and his father joined “*amen*” at the conclusion of each prayer.

“Are these all the prayers you know?” inquired he sternly.

“I know the *Ave Maria*, and the Litany, my aunt, the nun, taught me.”

“All that is very long; but no matter, proceed!”

The child at length ceased, his voice having sunk at the end down to a whisper.

“Have you finished?”

"Father! I intreat—have pity!—forgive me! I will never do so more; and I will beseech my cousin, the Caporale, so earnestly, that I am sure he will not punish Gianetto."

Whilst his son was thus speaking, Mateo was loading his carbine, and now, taking aim deliberately, he solemnly exclaimed,—

"May God forgive you!"

Fortunato, in despair, and overpowered by terror, made an effort as if to rise and approach his father. Mateo fired! One convulsive pang—and all was over!

Without casting one look on his dead son, he took the road home, but had not proceeded far, when he met his wife, hurrying to meet him. On observing his countenance, conviction of the truth flashed on the mind of the Corsican mother.

"Mateo! my husband!" exclaimed she in accents of piercing grief. "What have you done?"

"An act of justice!" replied he sternly; and slinging his carbine, paced slowly from the dell. Gueseppa rose from her knees, on which she had sunk, and followed him.

On reaching a turn in the road, he stopped, placed his hand kindly on his wife's shoulder—one long look was exchanged between them. At length, "Gueseppa," said he, "the body must be interred in the grove. Let our daughter Bianca's husband be sent for,—he henceforth must be considered as our heir."

## NINETEEN MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN COLOMBIA.

### CHAPTER I.

It is nearly (if not entirely) impossible to describe the feelings of one about to leave his native home for a far distant and foreign land; if he be a young man, he probably has friends—father, mother, brothers and sisters—whom it pains him to leave; or probably there is one friend, whom it grieves him worst of all to part from—the friend who has promised on his return to be his, to share with him his joys and sorrows in after life. The anticipation of a happy union with her on his return alone supports him in the hour of trial; he pictures to himself the happiness reserved for him should he again be blessed with a sight of her in whom all his earthly hopes are centered, and musing on this picture in a sort of unconscious revery, he at length (without seeming to know it) loses sight of his "father land,"—alas! perhaps never to be blessed with a sight of that dear land again. On the other hand, we will suppose the wanderer to be a married man, the father of a young and helpless family, compelled by the pressure of hard times to transport himself for a time to a foreign clime to earn bread for the wife of his youth, and their children. What, I would ask, must be his feelings on such an occasion? He is leaving behind him all he holds dear in this world—the wife of his bosom, who has shared with him the pleasures of youth, and who he expects will also travel with him through the downhill of life—he is also leaving his children, the hopes of his old age. It is true, he, also, has anticipations of a happy meeting with them should he be spared to return; but then, he looks to the dangers he must undergo—the dangers of the sea, the dangers of a tropical climate, and perhaps more than all, the well-known treachery of those amongst whom he is going to reside. He does not fear these dangers so much on his own account, as on that of those whom he has left behind him, and who he knows must, in case of his premature death, be left nearly destitute of the means of support; and to secure a little independency for them, he is about to banish himself to a foreign land. Such, reader, was the case with the writer of this article two years ago; Providence has spared him to return to his family, and the happiness of meeting them has more than repaid him for all the toil and sickness he has suffered, and the anxiety he has felt in their absence in a tropical and sickly climate.

We sailed from the Mersey on the 12th of June, 1841, in the barque E—, of Liverpool, and after beating about the channel for four days, the shores of old England began to fade away from our view; and it will be utterly impossible for me to describe my feelings as we at length lost sight of land. After several days of contrary wind, and a heavy head sea, we at length got a fair wind and fine weather, and on Saturday, the 26th of June, passed Puerto Santo, one of the Madeira islands. We here got the trade winds, and as we were bound for Venezuela, on the Spanish main, we kept the trades to the

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end of the passage. Little worth notice occurred on the voyage, except the visit paid us by old Neptune, as we crossed the tropics; this is highly amusing to parties who have never seen it, but as the ceremony has been so often described, I should only be trying the reader's patience by any lengthened description.

On the 10th of July, we made the English Island of Tobago, and on the 17th, we could distinctly see the Silla of Carracas, which rises to a height of about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and at the foot of which stands the sea port town of La Guayia, where we came to anchor, on the morning of Sunday, the 18th of July, after a passage of thirty-six days. La Guayia is one of the principal sea ports in Venezuela; the town is something in the shape of the letter L, running up a large ravine to the south, and extending along the sea shore to the west; the streets are very narrow, and generally so much crowded with the mules and donkeys which bring the produce down from the interior, that on some days it is nearly impossible to pass along them. The market place is a square, well shaded with fig and other broad-leaved trees; and the market is held every morning, commencing at day light, and is generally over by eight o'clock, a. m. There are two posados, or hotels, in the town, one is kept by a Creole, named Delfino; and the other (which is the principal one) is kept by an Irishman, named Scarlan; this is called the "Posado del Vapor," or steam boat hotel. At both these houses there is a public breakfast at ten o'clock, and dinner at five o'clock every day; and billiard tables are also kept at both. The natives, and in fact, the European residents and Yankees, seem all very fond of billiard playing.

The harbour of La Guayia, (if harbour it can be called,) is certainly a very bad one; vessels are anchored out at sea, some more than a mile from the shore, without any shelter whatever on the windward side, and the disadvantage of a projecting cape, (Cape Blanco) right under their lee. There is, besides, always a heavy sea rolling into the little wharf, and it frequently happens that ten or a dozen ship's boats are upset in a day in attempting to land at the wharf; but as there is only about five feet of water at the out end of the wharf, it seldom happens that any lives are lost, although boats are broken to pieces every day. To the west of the town, on the Carracas road, is the long straggling village, called Maicata; and on the east of the town, the first place is a fine looking house and grounds, called Guenappe, belonging to an Englishman, who, it appears, went out from this country some years ago, and who, (by lending money to the government of the country, in times of embarrassment, at five per cent. per month,) has amassed a considerable fortune. It is a beautiful situation, and nothing can exceed the splendour of the grounds around it. A little to the east of this there is a pretty little village, called Macuta; and further on is an extensive sugar estate, called Waindees, which belongs, I believe, to William Ackers & Co. The appearance of those places, when viewed from the sea at the distance of a mile or two, presents a scene rarely met with; and the Silla of Carracas towering above the whole, with its head looking over the "gathering clouds," which are spread "round its breast," altogether forms a spectacle which, so far as my limited experience goes, is unequalled.

### CHAPTER II.

ON the 25th of July we sailed for Puerto Cabella, and after a very pleasant passage of about eighteen hours, we came to anchor in the bay at the entrance of the harbour. Here I landed my luggage, which was taken to the custom house to be searched; and I certainly must in justice say that the *oficiales* performed this duty in a much more delicate and gentlemanly manner than their brother chips did in Liverpool, on my return to this country. From the custom house I was conducted to the "Gefé Politico," or chief magistrate, to present myself and my passport, and also to get another passport for my destination. The "Gefé Politico," is a person of great importance in every town, no vessel can sail without a license from him, and on vessels entering the port, the captain must present himself, his license, and passengers, (if any) within twenty-four hours of his coming in, or subject himself to a penalty of from twenty-five to one hundred dollars, and in some cases more. Having passed through all the forms required by law, I was next conducted to the posado, or hotel, which is kept by as bright a sample of his country, as the sister isle ever produced. Mr. Timothy M'Carty, mine host of the *Posado-y-Billar*, in Puerto Cabella, is certainly a very honest, respectable man, and his peculiar manner of relating some of the Irish tales, gives them a richness which it is impossible to describe.

This posado, or inn, is the principal one in town, and is the general resort of the

merchants in the evening, (after dinner) to play at cards, or billiards. There are two billiard tables and several card tables, all of which are generally occupied from seven in the evening to eleven; but to the credit of Mr. Timothy McCarty, be it said, he does not, under any circumstances, allow gambling for money in his house; the stakes at the card tables are generally glasses round of grog, and at the billiard tables, the looser pays for the table, fivepence a game.

Persons accustomed to the comforts of an English inn, can have little idea of the South American *posado*. There is no sitting down to chat with a friend over a social glass of ale or grog, but every thing is drunk off at once at the counter. In very few inns which I have seen is there such a thing as a sitting room to be found, and even where there is one it cannot be said to be a private room, for there is no glass in any of the windows, and of course it is perfectly open to the street.

The principal room in these *posados*, is the billiard room, which generally contains two tables, and at the sides half a dozen card tables; and at the end of the room is the counter, (where the drink is served out) covered in most cases with a marble slab. In these places men of all nations meet for mutual amusement in the evenings. Here you will hear one group speaking Spanish, another English, German, French, &c.: in fact, in most of the commercial towns in South America, nearly all the European languages are spoken.

The town of Puerto Cabella is very different in appearance to La Guayia. Puerto Cabella is built on a low plain, not more than four or five feet above the level of the sea, and consists of three towns. The outside town is composed, for the most part, of private dwelling houses and small inns; the middle town chiefly of shops, and at the upper end of it is the market place, where the market is held every morning from sun, rise until about eight o'clock. The town next to the harbour is the most important, in it are nearly all the merchant's stores and country houses, the custom house, church, &c. On the opposite side of the harbour is the Castle Island fort, a strong old battery, built by the Spaniards, the former masters of the country; in it are all the guns still remaining, but the building itself is in a sadly dilapidated state, with the exception of the armoury and the captain's house, which are a little better.

The harbour itself is much superior to La Guayia; it is a sort of creek, or entrance to a lake, and is sheltered by the Castle Island, which is to windward of it. The commerce of this place, like La Guayia, consists chiefly in cotton, coffee, indigo, and hides. Some of the copper ore, from the mines of Aroa, is also shipped here; it is brought down from the *Boca de Aroa* in a sloop, and put on board the English vessels, for Liverpool.

The above-mentioned mines, which have for several years been worked by the "Bolivar Mining Association," are not now in work; the company, after spending many thousand pounds, were at length, through bad management on the part of the agents, obliged to give up, and to allow Messrs. Ackers and Lyers, the former carriers of the ore, to take the immense stock in hand, to pay themselves for carrying ore, and for money advanced in the shape of goods, in the truck shop. Had this company had only *one* honest man at the head of their affairs, the works might have been now yielding immense profits; instead of which the company will never receive one-twentieth per cent. upon their outlay.

*Mechanics' Lodge, Lanely District.*

[To be continued.]

H. RIDLEY, P. G.

## INFLUENCE OF MANUFACTURES UPON HEALTH AND LIFE.

THERE is nothing of deeper interest to mankind than an inquiry into the causes which have a prejudicial effect upon health, and tend to shorten the period of existence. From remote ages dreamy and speculative men have been engaged in studying how to attain the grand secret which should confer upon them an eternal vitality; and writers of fiction have frequently taken for their chief personage some one supposed to have achieved this wonderful discovery. Like the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life is still undiscovered, and as soon may we hope to be possessed of the power of transmuting baser metals into gold as to accomplish the difficult task of teaching men how to live for ever. In modern times immortality on earth seems to be generally treated as an absurd chimera, but there are not wanting those who take every opportunity of per-

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suading the public that they are in possession of some newly-found panacea, which, if it have not the power of conferring immortality, has yet the virtue of imparting to those who take large doses of it, the means of attaining a most patriarchal age. It is really astonishing how eagerly mankind pursue even the shadow of what seems to lead to a realization of their desires, and no sooner does one prove to be an illusion than they are ready to chase the next that comes across their path.

Leaving the speculations of the visionary and the nostrums of the quack, we must speak of that which more immediately comes under our notice in the present instance, viz., the "Influence of Manufactures upon Health and Life." It has been the general belief that death is greatly accelerated amongst those who are employed in our large manufactories by the confined and unwholesome atmosphere in which they labour, and by the nature of the employments themselves. This is a subject which has of late engaged much attention both from private individuals and from government. One of the best treatises on the question is the work whose name gives the title to our present article. It is written by Mr. Noble, a Surgeon, residing in Manchester, and a member of our Order. The writer has evidently been aided in his labours by patience and perseverance, an unbiased judgment, and a luminous and logical intellect. He very properly commences by taking a retrospect of previous views and researches, and ably points out the fallacies which have been broached by different authors who have preceded him. The following remarks occur in the first section of the work:—

It were indeed a strange proposition to maintain that an extension and enlargement of human capability should operate, inevitably, to the prejudice of the race; and, whatever be the evils that do actually accompany a high degree of civilization, they ought surely to be regarded, not as something inseparable from and inherent in such a state of things, but as the temporary result of that human imperfection which allows man to become enlightened, not in all things at once, but only progressively. The immense development of mechanical skill within the last half century, the great consequent extension of manufactures, and increase in the number, size, and density of our modern towns, furnish an excellent illustration of that puzzling combination of good and evil which leads some minds absolutely to condemn all human improvement in this direction, and to maintain the paradox that the condition of man is deteriorated by the steady increase of his natural powers. Would not a sound wisdom, however, apply itself to discover, by cautious analysis, the source of the attendant evil, and to see if its rectification could not be accomplished without the necessity of acting upon so contradictory a doctrine as would seem to be involved in the position just referred to?

These observations are dictated by sound sense and right feeling. After taking a brief glance at the various investigations which have come under his notice, he concludes the section by referring to the volume of Dr. Cooke Taylor, who, he says, was first led by what he had heard to believe that cotton "mills were places where young children were, by some inexplicable process, ground—bones, flesh, and blood together—into yarns and printed calicoes;" and that the proprietors of these mills were "the living representatives of the ogres and giants of our nursery tales."

The second section is appropriated to a notice of the "general facts of the case," and the following passage occurs:—

In speaking of the sanatory condition of the factory operatives, I have stated my own belief that, on several accounts, their position was unfavourable to health and longevity; but that, in this respect, they differed but little, if at all, from other classes of workpeople who were exposed to the same injurious influences, excluding the effects, whatever they be, flowing especially from the factory system; now, Mr. Chadwick's tables show that the value of life at birth is greater in the rural than in the town districts; and that, on the average, the families of professional persons and gentry attain a higher age than do those of tradesmen and farmers; and that these latter again have better chances of life than the working classes. Now these facts are most valuable, as showing the source of many fallacies that have arisen in the discussion of such questions as the present one; they show that a high average mortality may prevail in a particular locality, not because it is the seat of some special department of industry, but because its labouring population, irrespective of the particular employment, may unduly preponderate. They show that, as a rule, the lower the position of any individual in the social scale, the less favourably situated may he be presumed to be in relation to the conditions of true health; and, upon detailed examination, they show that, as the peculiar evils of the "great-town system" abound, the value of life diminishes accordingly; and assuredly, Mr. Chadwick's figures do not make an unduly unfavourable exhibition of the towns where manufactures prevail, when contrasted with non-manufacturing towns similarly conditioned in all other respects.

I shall here select a few examples, in illustration of what has been just set forth; thus, in the returns of the average age of death amongst the different classes of people in manufacturing Manchester and agricultural Rutlandshire, the figures stand so:—

	Manchester.	Rutlandshire.
Professional persons and gentry, and their families.....	38	52
Tradesmen and their families (in Rutlandshire, farmers and graziers)	20	41
are included with shopkeepers, .....		
Mechanics, labourers, and their families.....	17	38

Now, if in the exhibition of the relative mortality of the two districts, no account were taken of the different positions in life of the various classes of the population, but the low average of life

## INFLUENCE OF MANUFACTURES UPON HEALTH. 55

in Manchester set forth in comparison with what obtains in Rutlandshire, manufactures in all probability would be referred to as the cause of such a state of things; and, indeed, this was the actual mode of proceeding adopted by Mr. Saddler's committee; certain returns, very imperfect in themselves, were adduced, and contrasted with others not for their professed purpose legitimately comparable, because not similarly related with the exclusion of the factory system to the other possible causes of disease and early mortality.

The analysed results of our national system of registration have now clearly demonstrated that, in this country, a densely-populated district is less favourable to life than one but thinly inhabited; and the figures just quoted show that, so far at least as the instance extends, the result occurs, in a greater or less degree, in all ranks of life; and thus, in Manchester, where human beings are densely congregated, influences unfavourable to longevity extensively prevail; for we see that the value of life with the most favoured classes is not greater than with the least favoured in Rutlandshire. If it had appeared that in the higher grades there was little variation in the average age of death in the two localities, the difference in the pursuits of the workpeople in these places might, to some extent, have confirmed the idea regarding the specially injurious tendencies of manufactures; but the above facts, with many others of a like character, go to show that the evil appertains to *towns* rather than to *factories*.

Bethnal Green, a compact and thickly-populated part of the metropolis, a district where the existing evils of the great-town system, so far as the poor are concerned, prevail to a very great extent, exhibits a highly unfavourable picture of human longevity, especially in the instance of those peculiarly subject to the evils in question. The following applies to Bethnal Green, from a population of 62,018:—

Average age of death.	
101 Gentlemen and persons engaged in professions, and their families.....	45
273 Tradesmen and their families.....	26
1258 Mechanics, servants, labourers, with their families.....	16

From the above it seems that, whilst in the first and second divisions the chances of life are greater in Bethnal Green than in Manchester, with the third—that representing the working classes—a lower figure is attained. There are yet no factories in this place, the manufactory being chiefly domestic in the department of silk-weaving.

As bearing upon the question relative to the prevalence of disease and death in manufacturing towns, and as tending to decide whether these evils flow essentially from the factories or from other causes, the instances of Manchester and Liverpool seem of all others the most aptly comparable; they have a somewhat corresponding amount of population, and the towns occupy very nearly the same superficial extent; the one has been created and lives by the factory system, the other contains, I believe, but one factory, and that of very recent construction, and situated in the suburban locality. The parliamentary report on the health of large towns, in complaining most justly of the sanitary condition of Manchester, observes, however, that “the habitations of the working classes are described as better than those of Liverpool;” for, as an illustration, it may be stated that, whilst that opprobrium of modern civilization, cellar-residence, extends in the former place only to about 15,000 of the working population, in the latter, so many as 40,000 are subjected to such miserable inhumation in life. Now, the returns of the Registrar-general have ever exhibited a higher rate of mortality, and a presumably greater prevalence of disease in Liverpool than in Manchester, and Mr. Chadwick's analysis displays the following figures:—

Average age of death.	
137 Gentry and professional persons and their families.....	35
1738 Tradesmen and their families.....	22
5597 Labourers, mechanics, servants, and their families.....	15

The third section of Mr. Noble's work consists of an examination of “the specific ills alleged to result from the atmosphere of cotton mills.” After bringing forward many interesting facts bearing upon the question, he concludes “that no particular evils attach necessarily to manufacturing pursuits,” but that “the evils afflicting the working-classes, appertain to their *domestic* rather than to their *industrial* relations.” The suggestions which terminate the work are well deserving of the mature consideration of the philanthropist, and, if acted upon, would do much to ameliorate the condition of the artisan.

### Presentations.

October 23, 1843, a silver lever watch, gold guard, key, and ring, value £14, to d. g. m. Francis Smith, by the Highland Laddie lodge, Salford district.—March 17, 1843, a splendid gold watch guard and brequet chain, together with a silver snuff box, value £10. 10s., to p. g. John Melling, of the Cumberland lodge: also, October 13, 1843, a handsome patent lever watch, value £6. 6s., to p. g. James Wild, of the Providence lodge; both by the Heart of Oak lodge, and in the Manchester district.—October 3, 1842, a handsome silver medal, with gold centre, to n. g. Cleaver, by the True Friendship lodge, Northampton district.—October 4, 1843, a valuable silver medal, and a splendidly framed widow and orphans' emblem, to p. g. Thomas Bleazard, by the Friendly lodge, Kirkby Lonsdale district.—June 20, 1843, a splendid rosewood writing desk, value five guineas, to p. g. Richard Arrowsmith, by the Lord Hatherton Lodge, Stafford District.—October 3, 1843, a handsome silver watch, to p. g. m. John Edwards, by the Lord Hill Lodge, Leominster district.—April 12, 1843, a valuable silver snuff box, to p. g. m. Johnson: also, a richly chased silver snuff box, to prov. g. m. Cole.—April 14, 1843, a very valuable patent lever gold watch, to prov. c. s. James Roe; all by the North London district.—May 1, 1843, a very valuable patent lever watch, to p. prov. g. m. Henry Mercer, by the Earl de Wilton lodge, Bury district.—June 4, 1842, a very handsome silver snuff box, to p. g. m. William Fox, by the Travellers' Rest lodge: February 13, 1843, a handsomely

framed emblem, to p. p. g. m. and prov. c. s. Joseph Milnes, by the Amicable lodge; both of the Norwich district.—January 5, 1843, a splendid silver snuff box, to p. p. g. m. John Loft, by the members of the Norwich district.—January 2, 1843, a patent lever watch and appendages, value £8, to p. g. George Head, by the Prince Albert lodge, Northampton district.—September 25, 1843, a handsome gold watch, to c. s. George Melins, by the Ap Tewdur lodge, Llandillo district.—April 17, 1843, a rosewood-framed emblem, to p. g. George Downing Martin, by the St. Andrew lodge, Pottery and Newcastle district.—April 24, 1843, a handsome silver medal, value seven guineas, by the Prince of Wales lodge.

### MARRIAGES.

May 24, 1843, p. g. Josiah Ward, of the Victoria Lodge, Wirksworth district, to Miss Fown, of Tansly: June 22, 1843, p. g. John Ellis, of the above lodge, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Hostess Brown, of the Horse-shoe Inn, Matlock.—July 29, 1843, p. g. William Henry Turner, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Francis Marsh, of Sandbach.—July 8, 1843, p. prov. g. m. Thomas Thompson, of the Providential lodge, Northallerton, to Miss Ellen Holmes, only daughter of Mr. John Holmes, host of the above lodge.—September 13, 1843, brother Lot Brass, of the City of Westminster lodge, South London district, to Miss Warmsby.—November 11, 1843, p. v. William Wilman, to Miss Ellen Knowles; and on the same day, brother William Mason, to Miss Nancy Helme; both of the Friendly Drop lodge, Kirkby Lonsdale district.—October 30, 1843, brother Samuel Bretell, of the Britons' Pride lodge, Birmingham, to Miss Maria Ward.—November 18, 1843, brother Matthew Smith Pope, of the Heart of Oak lodge, Wigton, to Miss Mary Graham.—June 25, 1843, brother Elliot Lees, of the Rose of Sharon lodge, Rochdale district, to Miss Lydia Lord.—September 28, 1843, brother John Page, of the Duooeston and Nevills lodge, Birmingham district, to Miss Emma Wilson.—August 4, p. g. John Asbridge Huddart, of the Honest View lodge, Rochdale, to Miss Sarah Buckley, of Middleton.—October 2, brother Isaac Harrison, of the Temple of Friendship lodge, Birmingham district, to Miss Elizabeth Colton, of Manchester.—October 3, 1843, brother William Messenger, to Miss Ruth Falker: October 30, 1843, brother Abraham Walker, to Miss Rachel Poinin; both of the Lord Bray lodge, Rugby district.—November 2, 1843, brother John Sanders, of the Albion lodge, to Miss Wattams; both of Wellingborough.—November 14, 1843, brother Robert Curr, of the Macedonian lodge, Haslingden district, to Miss Grace Smith.—September 25, brother John Whitehead, of the Starlike lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Johnson; both of Castleford.—December 25, 1842, v. g. Senior Holden, of the North star lodge, Lydgate, to Miss Eliza Fielding.—April 27, 1843, p. sec. Thomas Dunbar Harris, to Miss Elizabeth Miller.—August 20, 1843, p. p. g. m. William Cartwright, of the Well of Salvation lodge, Kirkburton district, to Miss Sarah Cudworth.—April 20, 1843, v. g. James Riley, of the Travellers' Friend lodge, Skipton district, to Miss Mary Ann Wilkinson, of Skipton.—October 9, 1843, p. g. George Payer, of the Good Intent lodge, Preston, to Miss Elizabeth Robinson.—June 5, 1843, brother James Ludington, of the Travellers' Rest lodge, Hull, to Miss Ann Eliza Arundale.—August 22, 1843, p. g. James Watson Donn, of the Prince of Wales lodge, Hull, to Miss Elizabeth Chester.—August 5, 1843, p. p. g. m. William Hind, of the Dales lodge, Keeth district, to Miss Harriet Kilburn.—November 9, 1843, brother S. Aldwinckle, to Miss Ann Snow: November 9, 1843, brother William Betts, to Miss Elizabeth Crowther: November 20, 1843, brother J. Barber, to Miss Carter; all of the Britons' Glory lodge, Market Harborough district.—Brother John Waring, of the Philanthropic lodge, Preston district, to Miss Anderton.

### DEATHS.

September 29, 1843, brother Noah Clarke, Junr., of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester district. The above individual, to the time of his death, received upwards of £280 for sick pay, to which must be added £24 14s. for his funeral money; making a sum of upwards of £300 received by him from the Cumberland lodge.—April 1, 1842, the wife of brother Septimus Tutin, of the Earl de Grey lodge, Ripon.—April 23, 1842, brother Joseph Brigham, of the St. Peter lodge, Brafferton.—May 12, 1842, brother Robert Walker, of the Earl de Grey lodge, Ripon.—May 24, 1842, the wife of brother Robert Vest, of the Earl of Ripon lodge.—May 26, 1842, the wife of brother Fryers, of the St. Peter lodge, Brafferton.—June 1, 1842, brother William Jackson, of the Resplith Glory lodge, Sawley.—July 9, 1842, the wife of brother William Richmond, of the Ploughboy's Glory lodge, Nidmby.—July 30, 1843, the wife of brother James Chapman, of the Resplith Glory lodge, Sawley.—September 12, the wife of brother William Dalton, of the Benevolent lodge, Langthorp.—September 22, 1842, the wife of brother George Jackson, of the Earl of Ripon lodge, Ripon.—November 29, 1843, brother John Brown, of the Hope lodge, Dishforth.—December 8, the wife of brother Fowler Smith, of the Hope lodge, Dishforth.—February 16, 1843, brother Josephus Atkinson, of the Ploughboy's Glory lodge, Nidmby.—March 2, 1843, the wife of Fernando Eagle, of the St. Wilfred lodge, Ripon.—March 28, 1843, brother Thomas Craven, of the St. Peter lodge, Brafferton.—April 17, 1843, p. g. John Calverley, of the Benevolent lodge, Langthorp.—May 11, 1843, the wife of brother George Rumfit, of the Earl of Ripon lodge, Ripon.—May 21, brother John Kilburn, of the Earl de Grey lodge, Ripon.—July 20, 1843, the wife of p. g. Bains, of the Hope lodge, Dishforth.—August 2, 1843, the wife of p. g. Poole, of the Hope lodge, Dishforth.—August 17, 1843, brother James Close, of the Resplith Glory lodge, Sawley.—August 24, 1843, prov. g. m. Joseph Gregory, of the Earl of Ripon lodge, Ripon.—November 8, 1840, brother Thomas Lancaster, of the Benevolent lodge, Langthorp.—September 4, 1843, p. g. John Bradshaw, of the Rockingham Forest lodge, Northampton district.—July 5, brother William Pearson, of the North Star lodge, Brompton district.—September 1, 1843, brother James Beaumont, of the Heart of Oak lodge, Kirkby Lonsdale district.—September 24, 1843, the wife of p. p. d. g. m. James Atkinson, of the Providential lodge, Northallerton.—October 26, 1843, brother Samuel Prosser: November 9, 1843, brother George Collins; both of the Lord Hill lodge, Leominster district.—March 28, 1843, n. g. Anthony Ward, of the Dales lodge, Reeth district: also, brother William Hindmire Gill, of the same lodge.—July 28, 1843, at Toronto, at the residence of his uncle, sec. John Robson, of the Phoenix lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]







*James Mansfield Esq.*

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[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1844.

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MEMOIR OF JAMES MANSFIELD, G. M.

A MEMOIR of Mr. Mansfield having already appeared in the Magazine for December, 1835, we must refer our readers to that Number for a detailed account of his progress and services in the Order. We may, however, state that he was born in July, 1808, and joined the Order in March, 1829. It will be seen from this that he has been a member of our Institution for fifteen years, and during this period his time and talents have been uniformly employed in furthering the interests of our members. We need not tell our readers that his duties have frequently been of an extremely arduous and trying nature, for even the most inexperienced will be aware of the difficulties which must be encountered by one who undertakes offices of high importance to many thousands of individuals, with a determination to exercise his functions in a just and correct manner. However pure may be a man's motives, and however conscientiously he may carry them into effect, it is impossible for him to satisfy all, but that Mr. Mansfield has been eminently successful in his endeavours to please will be at once admitted. Those who have the pleasure of knowing him personally will readily bear testimony to his kind and conciliating manners, and the anxiety which he invariably manifests to avoid giving pain in the discharge of unpleasant duties.

We know of no person in the Order who is better qualified to preside over an assembly than Mr. Mansfield; his excellent judgment, nice discrimination, and admirable tact peculiarly fit him for such an office, and his abilities have frequently been put to the test on occasions where superior talents only could have been effective. When the Memoir, above referred to, was written, Mr. Mansfield was the chief officer of our Institution, and he again fills that enviable but onerous situation. He has, too, with the exception of a very short interval, been one of the Board of Directors since 1835, and he is still as active and diligent as ever. We have nothing to add to the terms of eulogium bestowed upon Mr. Mansfield by his previous biographer, and, in fact, we are anxious to avoid anything which may have the appearance of fulsomeness; we shall, therefore, terminate this notice with the plain and simple words of truth. Mr. Mansfield is respected, and deservedly so, and is as unassuming in private as he is efficient in public; he is universally esteemed for his upright and gentlemanly bearing, and he is alike courteous and affable to all classes of his brethren. He has not yet attained what is termed the prime of existence, and we trust that for very many years he may be spared to employ his energies in behalf of that cause to which he has been so long ardently devoted.

VOL. 8—No. 2—F.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SANATORY CONDITION OF THE  
WORKING-CLASSES.

AT the conclusion of our article on the Stability of the Order, in the last number, we intimated our intention of resuming the subject. Some observations, which appear in another portion of the present Magazine, have induced us, for various reasons, to withhold any further remarks bearing immediately on the matter at present. Our attention has been drawn to another subject, of vital importance to the community at large, but more especially so to members of Institutions like ours, which have for their object the amelioration of the evils incident to humanity. We allude to the inquiry which is now set on foot for the purpose of ascertaining the causes of sickness and death, and which has already attracted the attention and secured the support of a great number of those whose exertions have been most efficient in promoting good and salutary measures. The members of our Order are not actuated by that narrow and sordid policy which prevents men from looking beyond their own circle, and which makes all their actions centre in self. They have shown, on more than one occasion, that they were anxious to extend their charities to those who were not admitted within the pale of their society, and the public Institutions of many of our large towns can bear witness to the munificence of Odd Fellows. We would have our benevolent fraternity always in the front rank where good deeds are to be done, and the happiness of mankind can be added to. It is not enough for us to assist in removing evils when they have arrived; we must avail ourselves of all legitimate and practicable means to prevent their approach; we must neglect no opportunities of placing effectual barriers in the way of their progress. Odd Fellowship has this peculiar characteristic, that it would willingly take "the wide world in its embrace." Because we have great and peculiar claims upon one another, we do not forget that the rest of mankind are also our brethren; when we become Odd Fellows, we do not cease to be members of the great human family, and we are at all times ready to render assistance both with words and deeds, when we can do so without abandoning that neutral position which it has so long been our proud and distinguishing boast to occupy. If we provide funds for the relief of the sick and suffering, we consider it equally incumbent upon us, as philanthropists, to aid by every means in our power in removing the predisposing causes of disease and misery. Knowing that this obligation is universally acknowledged by our brethren, we feel that no further preface is necessary to call their serious and attentive consideration to the following observations.

A very peculiar feature of English benevolence, as indeed of everything English, is the number of private institutions for carrying out its schemes. These, however munificently endowed, or zealously supported by annual subscriptions, are certainly not sufficient for all the wants of the population. It is also certain that many who suffer from sickness or other evils brought on by poverty, suffer partly from their ignorance of the true cause, and partly from the want of any means of attaining redress with moderate resources, otherwise than by humiliations to which, very properly, they cannot bring themselves to submit. The society of Odd Fellows is an institution which has arisen from the feeling that there are certain circumstances in life, not always very easily explained in general terms, but severely felt when they arrive, and requiring

immediate and efficient assistance. Evils also of various kinds, irremediable but by an unusual wealth, are submitted to daily; we see them and feel them, but they are reckoned amongst those which are necessary accompaniments of human life in all places. When a father dies, his widow and children suffer; when he is sick, they suffer: and when he is poor, and a convenient dwelling cannot be got, they suffer still more, because there are produced the beginnings of many future troubles. Hitherto, legislation has done little to remedy evils of this kind, and no wonder; the task would seem to be superhuman, and the very idea of bringing even the smallest degree of comfort into the house of every claimant for it, in such a populous country, might at first be looked upon with ridicule.

The evils alluded to have been pointed out as partly remediable, and a Commission has been instituted to obtain such information as will be sufficient to guide the state in devising means for effecting a cure. The evils which have been brought before this Commission are all which are in any way connected with the health and physical comfort of the inhabitants. It is known that the peculiar condition of a soil may have a powerful influence over those living upon it: on some soils we see men strong and active, on others, weak, pale, and languid. A climate of the latter kind has been changed to one of the most healthy description, merely by draining the land, and regulating the vegetation. Around Rome, and in many parts of Italy and other countries, the inhabitants have suffered from the effects of disease and want for many centuries, without even attempting a cure. The banks of the Niger are productive of such an atmosphere, that it is scarcely possible to visit them and return alive. Many parts of America are in a similar condition, and several portions of Britain experience it to a great extent. Such places are marshy, and the vegetation of a certain kind is abundant; the removal of the marshes and the redundant vegetation has been found effectual in removing the evils, whether tried in more extreme cases in warm climates, or on a small piece of ground constituting an inconsiderable portion of an English or Scotch farm.

To understand in some degree the effects produced, we may introduce a quotation from Dr. Lyon Playfair:

Both decaying and putrefying matters are capable of introducing their own state of putrefaction, or of decay, to any organic matter with which they may come in contact. To take the simplest case—a piece of decayed wood, a decaying orange, or a piece of tainted flesh, is capable of causing similar decay or putrefaction in another piece of wood, orange, or flesh. In a similar manner the decaying vapours evolved from sewers occasion the putrescence of meat, or of vegetables, hung in the vicinity of the place from which they escape. But this communication of putrefaction is not confined to dead matter. When tainted meat, or putrescent blood puddings, are taken as food, their state of putrefaction is often communicated to the bodies of the persons who have used them as food. A disease analogous to rot ensues, and generally terminates fatally. The disease, little known among us, is not unusual in Germany. The decay, or putrefaction, communicated by putrid gases, or decaying matter, does not always assume one form. If communicated to the blood, it may possibly happen that fever may arise; if to the intestines, dysentery, or diarrhoea, might result, &c.

If these effects are perceptible in open land, where there is every opportunity given to the vapours to be carried away upon their formation, it may naturally be expected that in a population so dense as that of many of our large towns, the effects would be more severely felt. It has long been a subject of dispute whether the town, or the country, was most favourable to life; although a greater glow of health was seen on the face or the rustic, there have not been

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wanting men to contend that the town had other advantages which made it preferable. Mr. Chadwick has thrown the statistics of several towns and counties into tables, so that further speculation on the subject seems unnecessary, at least as to the actual state of things; of course, it is impossible for us to know to what extent improvements may produce a change.

### AVERAGE AGE AT DEATH.

	Metropolis.	Herefordshire.
Gentry .....	44.....	45
Tradesmen, or Farmers.....	25.....	47
Labourers .....	22.....	39
Average of all classes .....	27.....	39

From this we see that the diminution in the average age occurs principally among the middle and lower classes, and the cause must no doubt exist in their habits, or in some circumstances connected with their mode of life. To remove those circumstances, as far as they are known; to preserve in our towns, and in our private houses, a pure atmosphere, removing by efficient sewers all offensive matter; building in such a manner as to give a sufficient ventilation; supplying every inhabitant with water, that the houses and persons may be no longer exposed to filth and consequent disease; these, and many other points, have been the objects of inquiry of the Health of Towns' Commission.\*

Dr. Duncan has shown that there are some parts of Liverpool in which there exist so many as 460,000 persons to a square mile, and Mr. Farr has given 243,000 as the number to a square mile in the East and West London Unions. The existence of disease and misery in many of the manufacturing towns, has by many been considered as a necessary consequence of the occupations. Mr. Noble, of Manchester, (a member of our Order,) whilst he does not deny the results, has contended that they are not necessary, but accidental and avoidable concomitants, an opinion which the state of many other places, not inhabited by a manufacturing population, certainly supports, if not fully demonstrates. The unhealthy parts of a town have been shown to be courts and alleys, low and badly drained and ventilated streets, places uncleansed by fresh air and water, places hidden from the light and warmth of the sun, where the atmosphere, impregnated with unwholesome exhalations, is never removed, but left to act as the putrefying gases alluded to in the above extract. The unhealthy classes are those who, sunk in ignorance and poverty, have no idea whatever of looking to any change in their habits or condition for an improvement, but seem to consider it a matter of chance. Very few of these classes are members of our Institution, because they are either deficient of the means to pay the requisite subscriptions, or are destitute of the requisite prudence which would prompt them to join our body; but we have heard of cases in Manchester where officers of Lodges have been deterred from visiting the sick, on account of the filthy state of the locality, and the noxious atmosphere of the dwellings. We would impress upon the surgeons of Lodges the propriety of their pointing out to parties so situated, the necessity of their houses being cleansed and fumigated as far as practicable; and in case of their refusal, the medical attendant would only be performing a duty to the members by bringing the circumstances before the Lodge. Disease and filth are so closely allied,

\* This Commission is a measure utterly apart from politics, and is composed of practical and scientific men of every shade of feeling, who, on this neutral ground, zealously co-operate to improve the sanitary condition of the working-classes.

that it is almost impossible to remove the former without getting rid of the latter; and in justice to their funds, Lodges ought to distinguish those who willingly exist in the midst of impurities, from such as are cleanly in their habits.

The only part of the report published is that which Mr. Chadwick has prepared relating to interments in towns. He begins by showing that the vapours from decaying bodies are exceedingly noxious, and that such persons as are much exposed to their influence are certain sufferers. During the plague in Paris, the disease lingered longest in the neighbourhood of the Cimetière de la Trinité. In 1737, and 1746, the inhabitants near the churchyard of St. Innocens loudly complained of the stench. In 1779, in a cemetery which yearly received from 2000 to 3000 bodies, they dug an immense common grave, fifty feet deep, and made to receive from 1500 to 1600 bodies. But in February, 1780, the cellars of the houses in the adjacent street were so affected, that a candle being taken in was extinguished, and those who approached the apertures were immediately seized with the most alarming attacks. Many similar cases show the effects of such exhalations, and it is clearly proved that the same effects, to a greater or less degree, occur amongst us in the neighbourhood of burying grounds.

Professor Brande states that he has "frequently found the well water of London contaminated with organic matter and ammoniacal salts," and refers to an instance of a well near a churchyard, "the water of which had not only acquired odour, but colour from the soil;" and mentions many other instances of which he has heard, as justifying the opinion "that as many of these wells are adjacent to churchyards, the accumulating soil of which has been heaped up by the succession of dead bodies and coffins, and the products of their decomposition, a filtering apparatus is formed, by which all superficial springs must be more or less affected."

Professor Liebig also has discovered nitrates in the town wells of Giessen, whilst the country wells are free from them. These salts are the produce of the decomposition of animal matter, and if they are found in a town where the living only are, how much more must we expect them where thousands of dead are always decomposing. In Giessen, the burial ground is nearly a mile from the town.

Many interesting facts have been gathered from the continent, where the subject has been investigated, and the result has been that the churchyards have been removed from the towns, whilst wells are not allowed within a certain specified distance. Mr. Chadwick also shows that some amendments which have been proposed to the present mode of burying, such as insisting on a certain depth of grave, are, from experiment, insufficient. It must be remembered that a body in decomposing is almost entirely converted into gaseous products, which gases are many times the bulk of the body itself, and, permeating all the surrounding soil, must necessarily be carried to a great distance, part carried away by the natural drainage of the ground, where the soil is porous, and part exhaling from the surface. As to the evils of interments in towns, we have said as much as our limits will permit,—the practice is an unnatural one. No animal will allow the dead to remain in the abode of the living: no savage nation, however low in understanding, suffers the presence of the dead in their dwellings. The early nations never permitted it; the Egyptians sent

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their dead to be embalmed before any decay took place; the Jews avoided a corpse, which they considered to make the whole house unclean for a time; they bore it away from the city, and were anxious to remove the "dead out of their sight." Everything sacred was considered, by all ancient nations, to be polluted or desecrated by the presence of the dead, a life was safe in a temple on that account; and so far had the feeling gone, that the exposure of the body was considered as a curse to the dead, and a crime to the living. The necessity for the speedy interment of the dead has been seen by those who regulate that portion of our Institution which relates to funerals. There can be no charge brought against our body that any delay is occasioned by a want of funds, because the sum allowed for a funeral is always promptly paid—mostly the day after death has occurred, and in some cases on the very day of departure.

The expenses attendant on funerals are very severely felt by many, although they are cheerfully paid as a supposed respect to the dead. The average cost of funerals, of every rank above paupers, in the metropolis, is calculated at £14. 19s. 9d.; the funeral of an artizan costs £5, besides the expense of mourning. The cost of funerals to the gentry is seldom below £150, and ranging to £400. To persons of rank and title it is from £800 to £1500.

Were these expenses necessary to show a becoming respect, the propriety of them could not for a moment be doubted; but when much of the sum goes to form a ceremonial, once solemn but now without life, failing to call up into our minds the feelings originally intended to be expressed, the necessity of change becomes more pressing. Can the members of our own society say that they are in all instances entirely free from blame in these matters? Is there not often money expended in decoration and display, which might be laid out for the benefit of the survivors? We know that such things are done from the best and most praiseworthy feelings, but the utility of them may very properly be questioned. Few people are aware of the incongruity for which the expense of modern funerals is incurred.

The array of funerals, commonly made by undertakers, is strictly the heraldic array of a baronial funeral; the two men who stand at the doors being supposed to be the two porters of the castle, with their staves, in black; the man who heads the procession, wearing a scarf, being a representative of a herald-at-arms; the man who carries a plume of feathers on his head being an esquire, who bears the shield and casque, with its plume of feathers; the pall-bearers, with batons, being representatives of knight-companions-at-arms; the men walking with wands being supposed to represent gentlemen-ushers, with their wands.

Such is the origin and type of the paraphernalia for which the higher classes expend so much money; but the undertaker "provides what is customary," and they are satisfied. In the metropolis there are no less than 730 persons who follow the business of undertakers, and as there only 114 daily deaths, between six and seven undertakers are on the alert for every private funeral, and large sums are given to head servants to secure the profits to particular tradesmen.

The licentious conduct of many officers of burial clubs is deserving of exposure. As an example, the large sums paid are often much curtailed by the practice of drinking a certain portion. In one society, the Wallsall, the sum annually expended on eating and drinking is £1239. 3s. 4d. "If one year's expenditure on drink, feasting, and decoration money, were placed out in the Savings' Bank, at interest, together with the amount of losses from mismanagement, the amount due to the contributors to this small group of societies would, at the end of ten years, have amounted to £5328. 19s. 3d."

It is shown that three or four pounds should completely cover the expenses of an artisan's funeral, omitting nothing which will make the ceremonial of a becoming character, but leaving out those disgraceful scenes of drunkenness and disorder too often occurring.

The practice of trading in burial grounds is one which at first view must appear in its only character, as revolting. In the report before us we have public cemeteries advocated. In Germany, where these exist, the funeral of a working man costs about fifteen shillings. The cemeteries are removed from the town, tastefully laid out, and planted with flowers, a scene which certainly is more becoming than our desolate town burying grounds.

Other evils also are consequent on the present system; infectious diseases are allowed to spread their ravages from want of proper preventive measures; houses from want of cleansing and fumigating have been found to harbour disease, and communicate it to several successive tenants. We must now speak of the point on which Mr. Chadwick so much insists—an officer of health.

In Massachusetts, every nuisance, source of filth, or disease, is required to be removed within twenty four hours after an order from the health officer. Such will be the duties, in a more extended sense, of the officer proposed. The first consideration, and it is an important and a most humane one, is, that there should be a trustworthy person who may be looked up to for counsel and direction in the event of death. Those of our Order who have seen such cases must know of very many circumstances which occur at that time to harrass minds already in suffering, especially where a widow or other female is left to manage. The advice of a man of education and experience, in such circumstances, would be of the greatest importance, not for the time only, but probably, by bringing him in contact with the working classes, would have a permanently beneficial influence. It would be a benevolent act, causing a bond of union, at a time when it would be more than usually felt, and is suggested by the same spirit as that which governs the actions of the members of our own fraternity.

"The verification of the fact, and cause of death," is another duty of the proposed officer, "thereby protecting the interests of the community in cases of death which have occurred from circumstances of suspicion, or criminality." The officer of health will give notice of every death, and its cause; he will regulate interments, and check extortions; he will order means to be taken to prevent disease arising either from the infected living, or the dead, or from public nuisances, as inefficient sewers, unclean streets, or public works; and, in fact, it will be his constant study to protect the population from every deleterious physical influence. As an improvement on our present system of coroners, the office will be valuable, and by giving us fuller and more accurate registers of death, and its causes, than can in general be obtained by the mode in use. The latter point is one of great value; peculiar positions in life, peculiar trades and localities exercise a distinct influence on the constitution, and health is yearly lost by thousands who are ignorant of the cause, or if acquainted with it, unable to avoid it. A correct register will probably, in the course of years, show us the cause, and with it suggest the cure.

"Every efficient measure of sanatory improvement must be, in its mere pecuniary results, a measure of large economy." We may give an example or two. "If the proportion of deaths to the population of the Whitechapel Union were reduced to the proportion of deaths of the population of Herefordshire,



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then, instead of 2307 burials, there would be only 1305 per annum. And if the cost of the funerals were reduced fifty per cent. of the present cost, the saving of the funeral expenses to the Whitechapel district would be at the rate of more than £2300. or nearly £3. per house, half of which would pay the expenses of the proposed structural arrangements. Were the burials in Liverpool reduced to the same proportion, 1 in 56, instead of 1 in 30, at the rate of expenses for funerals in London, more than £50,000 would be annually saved to the population." A remarkable example of the economy of sanitary measures is that of vaccination. "Throughout the whole country, the deaths from small pox in 1840, were 10,434, as compared with 16,268, in 1838, on which, if the reduction may be ascribed to the extension of vaccination solely, pounds of immediate expenses must have been saved by the expenditure of half crowns; in other words, upwards of £90,000 has been saved by the expenditure of about £12,000 in vaccination."

We have, then, before us, not only all the unhappiness caused by disease and death, but vast expenses, necessary, we might almost say, to keep the system in motion; for, besides those already spoken of, we have the expense of excessive births, which really occur to supply the places left by the excessive deaths, and the several hundred thousand cases of sickness in excess implied in the 30 to 40,000 deaths in excess above mentioned. This is shown by the fact that every case of death implies about twenty cases of sickness.

In conclusion, we have been anxious to give the substance of the Report, and exhibit somewhat of the general objects of the Health of Towns' Commission. As many of its views have already been entertained by the members of our own society, it must, in a great degree, be interesting to them, and as a real benefit to the many thousands who stand in need of its aid, we cannot but admire the humanity and sagacity of those with whom it originated. It is true that Odd Fellows are very differently situated in sickness and distress to the many thousands who have not experienced the blessings which spring from that prudence and precaution which lays up a provision in health and prosperity for less fortunate days. When disease weighs down the frame, and subdues their energies, they, at least, have the consolation of reflecting that the stings of want cannot be added to their other afflictions. They know, too, that in the event of death, an adequate fund will be furnished in order that the last rites may be paid to their remains; but still the husband is always anxious that the partner of his bosom should have every possible advantage which may be derived from the bounty of his brethren. It will then be a matter of no small import to him that a correct and just economical supervision should watch over and protect his death-gift from the cupidity of those who scruple not to prey upon the substance of the bereaved widow and the fatherless infant. In another light, too, the objects which the legislation have in view must be exceedingly satisfactory and gratifying to the members of our Order; for when means are devised to diminish sickness and mortality, our funds must be benefited in a corresponding degree, and the stability of our Institution must, as a natural result, be improved and strengthened. Believing that the sanitary measures, to which we have directed attention, will, if carried into effect, operate not only for the benefit of the working-classes, but all other grades of society, we sincerely hope they may receive the aid and furtherance of all those who have at heart the good of their fellow-creatures.

## ON THE MAGAZINE, AND ITS UTILITY TO THE ORDER.

I AM sure it must be apparent to the most sceptical mind that the Order is gaining, indeed I may say has gained, the good-will and best wishes of a great portion of the community at large, and added to its ranks numbers of those, who, at one time, and that not very long ago, viewed the Institution in no very favourable light; but whose scruples having been removed, now rank among its most earnest and warmest supporters. Many causes may be assigned for this pleasing, but at the same time most extraordinary, change that has taken place in the public mind with respect to our Order. It may be said, I am aware, in the first place, and with every degree of justice, that its prosperity is to be mainly attributed to the charitable and philanthropic principles which it professes, and which are so extensively disseminated and carried out to the manifest benefit of so many thousands of our fellow-creatures, and in some cases to the evident relief of the public generally, in the various localities where the Order may be established, in many ways, but which it is not my intention either to particularize, or enter into anything like an explanation of in detail, as that subject is foreign, in one sense of the word, to the one on which I write. I merely wish to shew that it is this provident feeling exhibited on the part of our members, and the great amount of good which is done, individually as well as collectively, that has gained for our society the approbation, support, and countenance of many great and good men, and which, as I said before, is one cause of its prosperity.

There is, however, another cause to be assigned for that prosperity, and, in my opinion, of equal weight, in many cases, to that which has been previously stated, inasmuch as it is almost co-extant with the commencement of the *extraordinary* increase of the Institution,—I refer to our Magazine. I believe it is now some eight or nine years since this publication was more prominently brought before the notice of our members, and I know in the short space of twelve months it increased in circulation some five or six thousand in number; and it still continues to keep pace, both in interest and numbers, with the rapid increase of our Society.

It is a well-established axiom, that as we enlarge our intellectual capacities by improving the mind, and creating in it a thirst for literary pursuits, it has the effect of rendering it more susceptible of being impressed with the better feelings of our nature, and, of course, causing us to feel more desirous to render our aid in carrying out any object which is intended to benefit our fellow-men. Such objects the Magazine is calculated to aid in accomplishing; for I am of opinion that the manner in which it is conducted, the ability displayed in the various papers of its contributors, (some of them the fruits of self-cultivation,) together with the immense number of its readers, is a complete answer, and a convincing proof of the untruth of one very strong prejudice that was formerly entertained against the Order, namely, that it was chiefly invented by, and composed of, men who met together merely for the purpose of enjoying themselves by drinking and smoking.

I am aware that it may be alleged that the increase in the readers of the Magazine is to be attributed, in some measure, to the support it gives to one very laudable branch of our Institution—the Widow and Orphans' Fund, as its entire profits are given towards aiding the various funds that may be established in any District or Lodge belonging to the Order; and though I am ready to acknowledge that this feeling may have the effect of influencing some of our members to take the Magazine, yet I cannot agree in opinion that such is by any means the general rule, for it would be paying a poor compliment to the intellect of our members, as well as a reflection upon their benevolent feelings, in supposing that they merely read and take the Magazine for the support it gives to the Widow and Orphans' Fund.

The Magazine, as the recognized organ of the Institution, if properly conducted and supported, which I think is the case at present, is calculated not only to benefit the Order, but to confer credit upon it, standing forth as it does to the world at large an evidence of the general feeling of its members, and proving at the same time that the honest and industrious artizan, after the toils and labours of the day are concluded, is not insensible to the charms of indulging in literary pursuits, and thus creating in himself a feeling which cannot be gratified without rendering him a better and a wiser man, and likewise elevating himself in the scale of society. That such a feeling is rapidly gaining ground amongst the members of our Institution, cannot be denied, and

the more that feeling is fostered and encouraged in every possible way, and by all the means in our power, the greater chance there is of continuing the unity and ensuring the stability of the Order; because, if the mind is improved and cultivated, the man is better able to take right and correct views upon any subject that may be brought before him, and, therefore, I do conceive the Magazine is a powerful lever in the hands of the Order if properly and judiciously wielded, for improving the intellect and elevating the ideas of its members.

A great deal more might be said in furtherance of the opinions and views here expressed; but I have only just glanced at the subject at present, with a determination if it be not taken up by some more qualified correspondent, of recurring to it again at some future period; merely remarking that the only object I have in view is that of endeavouring to place the Magazine in its right and just position, and to claim for it that credit which I think is justly and deservedly its due.

GEORGE RICHMOND, P. G. M.

### Lines on a Lady's Miniature.

METHINKS, while looking at that face,  
 Instinct almost with life and grace,  
 It must have been some dream of bliss,  
 Some form of fancied loveliness,  
 That fill'd the painter's glowing thought,  
 And charm'd the pencil as he wrought;—  
 All is so exquisitely fair,  
 That truth and beauty, mingling there,  
 With mystic and impassion'd spell,  
 Of love do eloquently tell:  
 Love, such as angels only know,—  
 Unstain'd by sin—undimm'd by woe—  
 Such love as blooms not here below!  
 Yet in those eyes so mildly bright,  
 Flashing with intellectual light,  
 Something akin to earth appears,  
 Something allied to secret tears,  
 Which, like a shock of mortal pain,  
 Snaps rudely thought's electric chain,  
 And wakes the "sternness of the brain;"  
 Whether for love or pity shed,  
 Or for the living, or the dead—  
*Those eyes have wept!* and with the token  
 Rapt fancy's witching spell is broken.  
 But oh! I love thee better now,  
 And mark with kindlier eye thy brow,  
 For thought, ay human thought, is there,—  
 Not such as tells of gloom and care—  
 But serious thought, as if to show  
 There beats a living heart below,  
 Across whose aspirations high,  
 (Like light clouds on a summer sky,)  
 Some shade hath pass'd, and half withdrawn  
 The hope thy spirit fed upon.  
 How oft will Fancy's sportive wing  
 That cherub form and features bring!  
 How oft to Memory's glowing urn  
 Sweet soothing thoughts of thee return!  
 In weal or woe—whate'er my lot,  
 Whether in palace or in cot;

So long as reason holds her throne—  
 So long as life keeps wearing on—  
 The highest joy my spirit feels,  
 The deepest grief that time reveals,  
 This hour shall gild with hope and pride,  
 More than aught else on earth beside!

J. P. DOUGLAS.

*Maryport.*

### THE SORROW OF ALICE.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

(Authoress of "*The Enchanted Opal*," "*A Legend of Mona*," &c.)

Sincerity—  
 Thou first of Virtues! let no mortal leave  
 Thy onward path, altho' the earth should gape,  
 And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,  
 To take *dissimulation's* winding way!

HOME.

THE most romantic fiction cannot picture more startling incidents, or deeper tragedies, than are for ever around our very steps, flowing on with the perpetual under-current of human life; each hour, laden with its mystery and sorrow, passing, like dim phantoms, through the arch of time, and burying its fearful records in the oblivion of the abyss. How few of the floating wrecks are snatched from the darkening tide!

A humble curate, attached to the parish church of a large and populous town, I devoted myself to the service of Him who said to the demoniac,—“Be whole!” by going forth on a self-elected mission, through the dreary regions, the close and crowded streets that exist, like a plague ground, in the very heart of that concentration of wealth, pleasure, and distress, a manufacturing district. They have an atmosphere of their own. Those delapidated courts, those noisome alleys, those dark nooks, where the tenements are green with damp, and one shudders to think of the horrors of such abodes, the breath grows faint, and the head throbs with an oppressive pain; and yet here hundreds of our fellow-creatures act the sad tragedy of life, and the gay crowd beyond sweep onward without a thought of those who perish daily for want of the bread of eternal life. Oh! cast it upon those darkened waters, and it shall be found again after many days! Here we see human nature in all its unveiled and degrading nakedness. The vile passions, the brutal coarseness, the corroding malice, the undisguised licentiousness, are all here. Education, circumstances, have smothered the weeds in your hearts, ye, who look on and despise, who pass like the Pharisee, and leave the wretch by the wayside, but the *root* is still there—the share of the evil are in the descendants of Adam. Blessed are those who shall never know the fearful experience how want and degradation can blunt the finest sympathies, and change, nay brutalize, the whole train of thought and action. How have I shuddered to hear that fearful mirth with whose wild laughter blasphemy and obscenity were mingled—that mockery of my sacred profession, which I knew too well lurked under the overstrained assumption of reverence for my words when I was permitted to utter them, and the shout of derision that followed my departing steps, knowing that those immortal souls must one day render up their account; and humbly have I prayed that my still unwearied ministry might yet scatter forth the seeds which the “cares and anxieties” should not choke, nor the stony soil refuse!

Passing one dreary evening through one of those delapidated streets to which the doors half torn from their hinges, the window panes broken, and admitting the raw, cold, gusty winds, gave so comfortless an aspect, I turned at a sudden angle into a district which I had never before visited. Through the low arch of a half-ruined bridge, a black turbid stream rolled rapidly on, augmented by the late rains; a strange-looking building, partly formed of wood, black and decaying with age and damp, leaned heavily over the passing waters. It was composed of many stories, which were approached by an outside staircase, and evidently inhabited by many families. The lamenting wail of neglected

children, and the din of contention were heard within, and I hesitated whether to ascend or not, and leaning over the bridge, I perceived an extensive area beneath the ancient tenement. Many low browed doors (over whose broken steps the water washed and rippled,) became distinguishable. As I gazed one of them suddenly opened, and a pale, haggard woman appeared, shading a flickering light with her hand; I descended the few slippery wooden stairs which led to these strange abodes, and approached her. As I advanced she appeared to recognize me,—“Come in, sir,” she said; “there is one within who will be glad to see you,” and turning, she led me through a winding passage into a dreary room, whose damp and blackened floor of stone bore strong evidence that the flood chafed and darkened beneath it. In an old arm chair, beside the rusty and almost fireless grate, sat, or rather lay, a pale and fragile creature, a wreck of blighted loveliness.

“Alice,” said the woman, placing the light on a rough table near her, “here is the clergyman come to see you.”

The person addressed attempted to rise, but the effort was too much, and she sank back as if exhausted by it; a blush mantled over her cheek, and gave to her large dark eyes a faint and fading gleam. She had been beautiful, *very* beautiful; but the delicate features were sharpened and attenuated; the exquisite symmetry of her form worn by want and illness to a mere outline of its once graceful proportions;—yet even amidst the squalid wretchedness that surrounded her, an air of by-gone superiority gave a nameless interest to her appearance, and I approached her with a sympathy that seemed strange to my very self. After a few explanatory sentences respecting my visit, to which she replied by a humble, yet a silent movement of acquiescence, I commenced the simple yet fervent prayer, which the occasion seemed to suggest. As I concluded, the faint chorus of a drinking song came upon my ears from some far recesses of this mysterious abode. Doors were suddenly opened, and closed with a vault-like echo, and a hoarse voice called on the woman who had admitted me; she started suddenly from her knees, and with a look of fear on her countenance left the room. After a moment’s hesitating pause, the invalid spoke in a voice whose low, flute-like tones, stole upon the heart like aërial music.

“I thank you,” she said, “for this kind visit—those soothing prayers. Oh! how often in my wanderings have I longed to listen to such words! Cast out, like an Indian pariah, from the pale of human fellowship, I had almost forgotten how to pray; but you have shed the healing balm of religion once more upon my seared and blighted heart, and I can weep glad tears of penitence, and dare to hope for pardon.”

After this burst of excitement, she appeared more calm, and our conversation assumed a more placid character, until at length she drew from her bosom a small manuscript, and gave it to me with a trembling hand.

“Read it, sir,” she said. “It is the sad history of a life of sorrow. Have pity as you read the record of human frailty, and remember that you are the servant of the Merciful.”

She paused suddenly, and her cheek grew pale, as if her ear caught an unwelcome but well-known sound; a quick step was now heard in the passage, the door opened, and a man entered with a light. He paused a moment on the threshold, as if surprised, then hastily approached her—a model of manly beauty. His haughty features bore the prevailing characteristics of the gipsy blood; the clear, pale, olive cheek, the lustrous eyes, the long, silky raven hair, the light and flexible form, the step lithe and graceful as the leopard; yet were all these perfections marred by an air of reckless licentiousness. His attire, which strangely mingled the rich and gaudy with the worn and faded, added to the ruffianism of his appearance, and as he cast a stern look upon the pale girl, who shrank beneath his eye, I read at once the mournful secret of her despair. With rough words he bade me begone, and, as the beseeching look of his victim glanced meaningly towards the door, I bowed silently and departed. A cold drizzling rain was falling without, and I walked hastily homewards, musing on the strange scene in which I had so lately been an actor. Arrived at my little sanctum, I drew my table near the fire, arranged my reading lamp, and commenced the perusal of the manuscript which had been confided to my charge. It was written in a delicate, Italian hand, upon uncouth scraps of paper, and appeared to have been compiled without any arrangement, and at long intervals; but my curiosity led me on to connect the leading events, and I gradually began to take a deep interest in the mournful history:—

"How happy was my childhood," it began, "I can scarcely remember a sorrow through that sunny lapse of years. We dwelt in a beautiful abode, that mingled the verandahs and covered porticoes of more southern climes, with the substantial, indoor comforts of England. The country around was romantic, and I grew up amidst its sylvan solitude almost as wild and happy as the free birds and graceful fawns that were my companions. I was motherless; my father, on her death, had retired from public life, and devoted himself to her child. Idolized by him, my wildest wishes were unrestrained; the common forms of knowledge were imparted to me, for I had an intuitive talent of acquiring anything which contributed to my pleasures, and I found that without learning to read and write, the splendid books and enamelled desks in my father's library would remain to me only as so many gilded baubles; but a regular education, a moral and intellectual course of study I never pursued,—I read as I liked, and when I liked. I was delicate in appearance, and my father feared to control my spirits, or rob me of a moment's happiness. Fatal affection! How did I repay such misjudging love? He saw me grow up bright and beautiful as the sunshine and flowers around me, and looked to me as the casket that contained the bright jewels of his earthly bliss. Time flowed on, and I had already seen sixteen summers, when the *little cloud* appeared in the sky that was so fearfully to darken my future destiny. In one of our charitable visits to the neighbouring cottages, we had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman who had become an inhabitant of our village; a fall from his horse had placed him under the care of our worthy doctor, and he had hired a small room attached to Ashtree Farm, until he recovered from the lingering effects of his accident. Handsome, graceful, and insinuating in his address, he captivated my ardent imagination at once; unaccustomed to the world, I looked upon him as the very "mould of form." A new and blissful enchantment seemed to pervade my being in his presence, and my girlish fancy deified the passion with the name of love! My father was delighted with his society; he possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and strange adventures; was an excellent musician, and had the agreeable tact of accommodating himself to the mood of the moment. He was a constant visitor, and became, in some measure, domesticated in our household. He was known to us by the name of Corrie, and spoke of himself as the younger son of a noble house, who, to indulge a romantic passion for rural scenery, had come forth on a solitary pilgrimage, and cast aside for a while what he called the trammels of society. How sweet were our moonlight walks through the deep forest glens, (for we had many secret and stolen interviews,)—how fondly we lingered by the well of the fairies, (as I had fancifully named a small basin of pellucid water, that lay in a green hollow of the wood,) to watch the single star that glittered on its surface,—and oh! what passionate eloquence, what romantic adoration was poured forth upon my willing ear, and thrilled my enthusiastic heart! Before my father he appeared gracefully polite in his attentions to me; but not a word or glance betrayed the passion which in our secret interviews worshipped me as an idol, and intoxicated my senses with the ardency of its homage. This he told me was necessary for my happiness, as my father might separate us if he suspected that another shared the heart hitherto devoted to him alone. This was my first deception—oh! fatal transgression! The angel guardian of truth departed, and the tempter had cast a blight upon the roses of purity and innocence! Winter began to darken around us, and our fireside circle was ever enlivened by the presence of our accomplished guest. On the eve of my natal-day he spoke of the birthday fêtes he had witnessed in his continental rambles; complimented my father on the antique beauty of the gold and silver plate which on that occasion decorated the sideboard, and admiring the pearls which gleamed on my hair and bosom, spoke so learnedly on the subject of jewels, that my father was tempted to unlock an Indian cabinet that stood beside his bed, and to bring from a hidden drawer my mother's bridal jewels—diamonds and emeralds of exquisite lustre and immense value. It was the first time that I had beheld these treasures, and our guest joined in the raptures of my admiration. "They will adorn my daughter," said my father with a sigh as he closed the casket, and retired with it to place it in its safe receptacle. "Yes, fair Alice," said my lover, "they shall glitter on that fair brow in a prouder scene—when thy beauty shall gladden the eye of England's nobles, and create envy in her fairest daughters." I listened with a smile, and on my father's return passed an evening of happiness—my last! We retired early, and oh! how bright were the dreams that floated around my pillow—how sweet the sleep that stole upon me as I painted the future an elysium of splendour and of love! I was

awakened by a wild cry that rang with agonizing horror upon my ear;—it was the voice of my father! I sprang hastily from my couch, and throwing on a wrapper, seized the night lamp, and hurried to his chamber. Ruffians opposed my entrance—the Indian cabinet was cast shattered upon the floor, and I beheld my father struggling in the fierce grasp of a man who had clasped his throat to choke the startling cry;—with maniac strength I forced my way to the couch, and seizing the murderous hand, called aloud for help—the robber started with a wild execration—the mask fell from his face, and I beheld the features of Gilbert Corrie!

\* \* \* \* \*

“When I recovered consciousness I found that I had suffered a long illness, a brain fever, occasioned by some sudden shock, the nurse said. Alas! how dreadful had been that fearful cause. Sometimes I think my head has never been cool since, a dull throb of agony presses on my brow yet; sometimes it passes away—my spirits mount lightly, and I can laugh—but it has a hollow sound. O! how unlike the sweet laughter of by-gone days.

\* \* \* \* \*

“We were in London; my apartments were sumptuous. All that wealth could supply were mine; but oh, what a wretch was I amidst that scene of splendour. I had become the irremediable victim of the destroyer, who was now the arbiter of my destiny. I knew his wealth arose from his nefarious transactions at the gaming table—I knew my father was dead, the severe injuries he had received on that fatal night, and the mysterious loss of his daughter, had laid him in the grave. Gilbert Corrie was virtually his murderer, yet still I loved him; a passion, partaking of delirium, bound me to his destiny—I shrank not from the caress of the felon gamester—I cast myself into the abyss of perdition, and was the slave of a demon. So long the associate of villany, the plague stain of sin was upon me—the burning ploughshares of the world’s scorn lay in my path, and how was the guilty one to dare the fearful ordeal? For woman there is *no return*! No penitence can restore her sullied brightness—the angel plumes of purity are scattered in the dust, and never can the lost one regain the Eden of her innocent youth;—the world can pity—can pardon, but never more respect. And, oh! how dreadful to mingle with the pure, and bear the mark of Cain upon your brow!

\* \* \* \* \*

“A change came suddenly upon Gilbert. There was no longer the lavish expenditure, the careless profusion; his very looks and tone were altered. A haggard expression sat upon his handsome features, and the words of endearment no longer flowed from his lips; a quick footstep beneath the window made him start; strange-looking men visited him; his absences were long; his garments changed—the veil was about to be lifted from my real position. One night he entered hastily, snatched me from the luxuriant ottoman on which I rested, and led me, without answering my questions, to a hackney coach; we were speedily whirled away, and I never again beheld that home of splendour. By by-paths we entered a dilapidated and murky street, the coach was discharged at its entrance; I was hurried over the dark muddy road, and passing through a court yard, the gate of which closed behind us, was led without ceremony into a wretched apartment, thronged with coarse, ill-looking men, seated round the table, well supplied with ardent spirits and wines. Our entrance was hailed with shouts—Gilbert was called, by the name of noble captain, to the head of the table, and I was left to weep alone, and disregarded. I seated myself at length by the blazing fire, and then first knew the horrors of my destiny. From their discourse I gathered that Gilbert had committed extensive forgeries, and had, by a miracle, escaped the hands of justice; bumpers of congratulation were drank, plans of robberies discussed, and the gipsy captain chosen as the leader of the most daring exploits contemplated. Since that night, how fearful have been my vicissitudes! Sometimes as splendidly dressed mistress of private gambling rooms, I received the selected guests in a luxurious boudoir, decoying the victims, by fascinating smiles, into the fatal snare spread for them by Gilbert and his associates—sometimes encamping with the wild gipsy tribe in some hidden spot of dell or woodland ground, where their varied spoils were in safe keeping—anon the painted and tinselled queen of an itinerant show, where Gilbert enacted the mountebank, and by the brilliance of his fascinating eloquence drew into the treasury the hard earned savings of many a rustic gazer. To all these degradations have I submitted, and now, oh! now, more than ever has the iron entered into my soul. He has ceased to love me. I have become an

encumbrance, my beauty has faded from exposure and neglect; I have shrunk beneath his blows, have writhed beneath the bitterness of his sarcasms; his brutal jests, his scornful mockery of my tears. I have struggled with want and disease; endured the agony of hunger while he has been rioting in luxury; and yet, if the old smile lights up his countenance, the old look shines forth from his radiant eyes,—he is again the lover of my youth, and the past is but a hideous dream. Oh! woman's heart, how unfathomable is thy mystery!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The manuscript here ended abruptly. How sad a moral might be drawn from the history of this unfortunate. I returned the next day to the dwelling inhabited by Alice, but it was shut up, and appeared to have been long deserted. To all enquiries, the neighbours answered generally, that it had long been uninhabited, and that its last occupiers were a gang of coiners, who are now suffering the penalty of transportation. I often revisited the same spot, but all enquiries were in vain, and the fate of Alice Corrie remained an undiscovered mystery.

A few years since, when on a country excursion, I visited a celebrated establishment for the insane, and after passing through many apartments, the keeper paused at the door of one, and began to relate the history of its inmate. It was a female, who had been found insensible and bleeding beside a dark sheet of water, near the town, known by the name of the Dead Man's Pool. The traces of a gipsy encampment appeared to indicate that she had suffered from the ruffianism of some of the tribe, but there were no means of ascertaining the fact. She was an entire stranger, and when recovered from her wounds, in the hospital, was found to be hopelessly insane, and thence transferred to the lunatic asylum. Her madness was said to be of a strange character; she addressed an infant in the fondest terms of endearment and passionate sorrow, and then, starting up with wild shrieks, implored for mercy on her child. "Not there, not there," she cried; "Oh! cast it not into those deep dark waters!" The paroxysm usually ended in a long insensibility. As he concluded the recital, he unlocked the door, and I beheld in the sad inmate of the chamber, the long lost Alice. She never recovered her reason, and I have no doubt that he who had destroyed her early happiness, had murdered her child, and left his unhappy victim to perish in the haunted solitude that surrounded the Dead Man's Pool.

### IMITATION OF DANTE.

BY THE LATE THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

I SAW her and I loved her, for that face,  
 Impassion'd with benevolence, and full  
 Of light and meekness, gentleness and grace,  
 To me was something overbeautiful;  
 There was an inkling of Divinity,  
 Which burst from eyes all insurpassable,  
 Most seemly of her pure virginity,  
 Which struck the heart and gathered round the soul,  
 As clinging ivy winds around a tree,  
 Securing irresistible controul,  
 And winning every feeling with her eyes;  
 Such lightness they perpetually unroll,  
 'Twere folly to compare them to the skies,  
 'Twere madness to attempt comparison,—  
 They were "so dark, so beautiful and wise,"  
 You felt surrounded by a garrison  
 Of might and majesty, and seemed to draw  
 Life from her features, radiant as the sun,



## IMITATION OF DANTE.

But chastened into beauty, for the raw  
 Unshaven glitter of his dazzling beams  
 From out that face of meekness did withdraw.  
 I saw her and I loved her, and it seems  
 As though my soul were wrapt in phrenzied fire ;  
 For nightly the imagination teems  
 With phantomimic love, and wild desire  
 To make her my own dear and cherished bride,  
 Who has become the music of my lyre,  
 And who should walk for ever by my side !  
 Marion, where art thou ?

'Tis but a tale—  
 The phantom of my brain ; but I'll abide  
 And struggle with my fate. I may grow pale,  
 And sink by slow decay ; yet, I'll adore,  
 And worship on the mount and in the vale  
 The being that I love though hope be o'er !  
 For what is life without the soul we love ?  
 'Tis but to breathe and sorrow evermore ;  
 \* 'Tis but to be, our being to reprove ;  
 'Tis but to live, and living on to die ;  
 The old may laugh, and struggle to remove  
 The shadow from my forehead and my eye,  
 And ridicule my love, and call me mad,  
 And sneer to hear the ever vacant sigh ;—  
 'Twill matter not—my bosom must be sad ;  
 Let them smile on, self-loving in their ways  
 Of selfish degradation, and be clad  
 In a world's slavery, disgraced in days,  
 And honorless amid their vaunted fame,  
 And praiseless 'mid their universal praise !

## THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.\*

## A YARN OF THE CAPE.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,  
 I say the tale as 'twas said to me."  
*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

FROM the earliest ages superstition has been found a prevailing feature in human nature. It has been the most powerful engine ever used by ambition, overawing the timid, and leading captive the credulity of the ignorant; even now, when education has expanded the mind, and enlarged the intellect, there are perhaps but few who are entirely free from its influence—even those who pretend to the greatest scepticism on the subject have still a leaven of it within them, although they are not willing to allow it, and may perchance be unconscious of the influence it exercises over them.

Perhaps no class of men are more subject to this feeling than seamen; it seems, indeed, to be a portion of their being. They have an omen to account for everything; There are lucky and unlucky days for sailing, which they hold devoutly to be true; nay, even the slight list which a ship may have after she is loaded, foretells a short or long passage, according as it may be to starboard or port.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the sailor should be so deeply imbued with this spirit, living as he does in constant contemplation of the powers of the Creator. To him

\* I am aware that many stories have been written and published upon this subject, none of which, however, it has been my fortune to peruse, except Captain Marryat's *Phantom Ship*. I hope, therefore, that in relating some of the numerous legends which I have heard, I shall not be found to clash with those who have more worthily preceded me.

the language of the ocean is no mystery, he understands it in all its various moods, and his spirit sympathizes with it in all its changes. He rejoices with it in its gladsome mood, when the light topping wave sends, as in sport, the slight shower of spray over his deck; and when, before the coming storm, he hears deep calling unto deep, the roar of the mighty ocean as it arises from its slumber, and prepares to put forth its uncontrolled power; when, in the rushing of the angry gale, he can almost fancy that he hears the demon of the storm rejoicing in the coming devastation; when, in the hours of darkness and peril, his imagination conjures up dim and indistinct shapes, gliding over the troubled waters, seeming like the angels of destruction ready to sieze upon their prey; when thus solitary on his deck, cut off from intercourse with his fellow-men, he almost identifies himself with the elements amongst which his existence is passed, and claims fraternity with the powers of the storm. Can it, therefore, be wondered at, that, through this familiar intercourse with the howling wind and the rushing wave, his mind should assimilate itself to the warring elements around him, and a tinge of gloomy superstition be the result.

Perhaps there was no legend which so long continued to hold sway over the mind of the seaman as that of the Flying Dutchman; aided, no doubt, as it was, by several of those appearances which are now correctly attributed to the power of refraction; but which, seen by persons unable to account for the phenomenon, were readily and eagerly ascribed to the agency of demons. The wild spirit of retribution also, which was connected with the memory of the spectre ship, spoke home to their feelings, and led them to cling more strongly to the illusion;—nay, even the wild and improbable character of the story only endeared it the more to the imagination of the sailor.

To those who were in the habit of navigating those seas in by-gone years, it formed a never-failing topic of conversation; and whether in the watch below, or in the hours of darkness upon deck, it served for a yarn which could never be spun out, so innumerable were the legends to which it had given rise; and thus with minds constantly filled with remembrances of this strange story, an over-heated imagination might easily give the semblance of reality to the fiction.

It was early in the present century that H.M.S. *Argo* was on her passage round the Cape, homeward bound. The season was the dead of winter in those latitudes, and she had been thrashing for some days against a heavy north-wester; she had got in the second reef in her top-sails, and it was as much as she could do to carry her canvass. The watch had gone below at twelve p. m., but they had scarcely turned into their hammocks, when they were aroused by the cry of "all hands," and the drum immediately afterwards beat to quarters. As the ship was under good regulation, a very short time sufficed to see them all mustered at their stations, and the ship cleared for action; and now they began to look out for the expected enemy, but nothing was to be seen. The officer of the watch persisted that he had a clear view of a large ship upon their weather-quarter, apparently not a mile distant. With such a heavy sea running it was impossible to see objects at any great distance, unless when the ship was upon the top of a wave. Several of the officers were therefore aloft with their night glasses, with which they anxiously swept the horizon, as they had heard at the Cape that a French line of battle ship was in those seas, and it was supposed to have been her that was seen.

The men who would cheerfully have faced an enemy, however disproportionate the force might have been, began to feel jaded with this protracted and useless watching, and the superstitious fears of the times began to exert their influence over them. The captain had perceived this growing feeling, and was about to order the retreat from quarters to be beat, when at once, as if she had arisen by magic from the depths of the ocean, a large ship appeared, scarcely a cable's length distance upon their weather-beam. This sudden appearance paralysed for a few minutes the energies even of British seamen, so plain and distinctly, amidst the darkness of the night, did she at once burst upon their sight. They had hauled up their courses on board the *Argo*, to be ready for any emergency that might arise,—and there lay that strange ship, exactly maintaining her position, and not drawing one inch ahead, although she appeared to have her topsails at the masthead, and top-gallant sails set above them—a press of sail which no mortal vessel could have carried in such weather. Her appearance was that of a large seventy-four; her ports were up, her battle lanterns were lighted, and it seemed as if her crew were all ready at quarters. But yet she appeared to be no opponent of earthly mould; the light that issued from her ports gleamed with a strange, wild, and

lurid glare over the dark waters that separated them; and this, with the unwonted canvass she was carrying, at once forced the conviction upon them that they beheld the spectre ship of the Cape.

The captain was the first to recover from the stupor into which this unearthly appearance had thrown the gallant crew. His speaking trumpet was at his mouth, and he was just on the point of hailing her, when, in an instant, she wore round upon her heel, and appeared to be running right for their midships. "Hard a weather, square the after-yards;" but before the helm could be put up, or a brace touched, the huge mass was close upon them, looming still larger as she bore down upon them with her yards right square. Although they had been convinced before of the character of the ship they beheld, yet the habits of their lives prevailed even over their fears, and they fully expected to feel the shock that was to hurl them to instant destruction. No such shock was felt. A dim haze seemed for a minute to pass over them, and the dreaded phantom was then seen to leeward, careering before the gale, with all the canvass she could spread. That spectral light was gleaming from her still open ports. One strange sound of wild and demon-like laughter rang across the ocean—it ceased, and all was darkness. She had vanished.

It was some time after this strange visitation before the crew recovered their wonted mood, or that the pulses of the bravest did temperately keep time. It was to them the visible confirmation, the palpable realization, of all the wild stories they had heard—if indeed an illusion may be called reality—and from thenceforth superstition exercised over them its most unbounded power. At last, these feelings calmed down, all was secured, and the watch once more sent below. But few, however, closed their eyes that night, and the foundation was then laid for many a strange legend, as each could assist it by the powers of his own imagination, of which the seaman in general possesses more than an ordinary share. But it is not with the gun-deck that we have now to do: the furtherance of our story requires that we should repair to the ward-room. There the matter, of course, formed the universal topic of the moment; and although it might be discussed in a more rational strain, yet it was evident that superstition, even here, held its full power over their feelings. Each had, of course, his own peculiar and favourite version of the subject: the doctor, proud of his scientific attainments, was much inclined (if he could only have formed a probable hypothesis) to have accounted for it upon philosophical principles; but the rough sons of the ocean were inclined to put but little faith in anything which seemed to contradict their own powers of vision. This desultory conversation—if such it might be termed, where all spoke at once, and each endeavoured to establish his own favourite theory,—had continued for some time, when the first lieutenant said,—“What says the marine on the subject: he seems to be the only one amongst us who takes the matter coolly, and who seems to care nothing about it.”

“I don’t see that he has anything to do with it,” exclaimed the third lieutenant.

“Did you ever know him to care about anything, except to see his galoots well pipe-clayed, and every man of them triced up as stiff as if he had swallowed his own ramrod.”

“Avast there,” said the second luff; “I have seen him scudding about, as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, when he had not room on the quarter-deck to square his jollies by the lifts and braces, and put them through their manoeuvres ship-shape.”

The lieutenant of marines was one who held himself in no slight estimation, considering himself as vastly superior to his companions, a dandy in his way; and as there was unluckily no one to admire him but himself, he endeavoured to hide his own sense of superior merit under an affected habit of nonchalance, and therefore seldom took any part in the discussions of the ward-room. However, thus directly appealed to, he had no other resource than to reply. “Indeed you are quite mistaken, gentlemen; I have thought upon many other matters beside that of keeping H.M. Royal Marines in perfect discipline, which, however, I flatter myself that I do equal to any officer afloat. I have thought upon this very ship, or appearance, or whatever it may be, that you have been now talking about; and I have somewhere a manuscript, written by a relation of mine, who was for some time secretary to the Admiral on this station, at a time when recollections of the old Dutch manners were more rife than at the present, giving an account of the first appearance of this thing. I know I have it, as I put it my trunk before I embarked, thinking it might interest me; but I have had so many important avocations to attend to, that really I have never found time to peruse it. However, I will look for it; although, ’pon my soul, it will be too much trouble for me to read it myself.”

"Never mind that," said the first lieutenant; "only do you find the yarn, and the doctor here shall spin it for us. I should like to know from what stocks this fellow was launched. Get it for us, like a good fellow, and to-morrow after dinner we will have it comfortably over a glass of grog." Next day the MS. was produced according to promise, and as soon as the decks were cleared after dinner, the doctor proceeded to read as follows:—

Those habits which are by common consent attributed to the Dutch character, were never more conspicuous than in their government at the Cape. Removed so far from the check of superior authority, it seemed to be the only principle recognized to carry on the government of the colony with the least possible amount of trouble, consequently the machine was conducted with the regularity of a clock. No inducement could prevail upon the worthy Mynheers to sanction any reform in their mode of procedure, they shrunk from the idea in horror, deeming any attempt at alteration or improvement as worse than heresy. Amongst other regulations there was one that no ship should be allowed to remain at anchor in Table Bay during certain months, but they were always obliged to go round to Simon's Bay, it being considered a more secure anchorage. It was towards the close of an afternoon, during the interdicted period, that a ship was observed standing into the bay. The weather was moderate, but yet she had very little sail set, and it was evident from the way in which she was steered that there was something amiss on board of her. She would at times yaw broad off from the wind, and then again be hove up into it, until you would imagine she would come round upon the other tack, only that it is rather a difficult matter to get a regularly built Dutchman about at any time. At these times, as far as the gazers on shore could perceive, there was no endeavour to help her with the braces, but the ship was left to box herself off as well as she could. These proceedings caused much matter of astonishment to the honest Dutchmen on the beach, and it was an enjoyment exactly suited to their tastes, as it called for no exertions on their part, and left them full time to speculate upon the matter at their leisure.

As the ship, notwithstanding these strange manœuvres, still continued to approach, it was at length thought necessary that the master of the port should be informed. It took no little time to rouse that important functionary from his afternoon nap, nor when he was roused was it to be supposed that he would move otherwise than with due official dignity. At last, however, this portion of the machine of government was put in motion, and his first order on arriving was, to fire a gun, and hoist the usual flag to warn the ship off. This, however, had no effect upon the movements of the apparently crippled ship; and when another gun had been fired, and still no notice taken, the astonishment and indignation of the worthy dignitary was fully aroused, and he ordered his pinnace to be manned with all despatch, swearing with many a strange three-cornered oath that he would make them pay proper respect to the regulations of the port.

With good Dutch haste, the gaudily-painted pinnace was manned, her flag duly hoisted, and with slow and measured strokes they pulled from the shore towards the ship, which was not now two miles distant. As they neared her, the strangeness of her appearance overcame even the indifference of the phlegmatic Dutchmen. A strange sight indeed was that. Half wreck—half ship;—her sides were green with the slimy verdure of the ocean, even almost justifying the description of grass growing on them; the clang of the pumps was heard for a few minutes, and then would cease, to be again renewed, and again to cease, as if the expiring energies of the seaman were contending to the latest moment to keep his bark above the surface of the waters. As they approached closer to her, the disordered state of her rigging told at once her condition. Several of her shrouds were carried away, and no attempt had seemingly been made to repair the damage; and those which still remained were hanging in a slack bight, showing how severe a strain they had suffered. Her running rigging was hanging loose in every direction; her top-gallant yards were up, but they were swinging about in a strange fashion; here a lift gone, and the yard topped over-end, and another with the braces parted, and swaying with every motion of the ship; her jib-boom had gone close to the cap of the bowsprit, and the ropes which had been attached to it were towing under her bows. The top-sails were double reefed, and the slackness of the earings and points showed how long it was since that reef was taken in. The ship still continued her wavering course, and not a soul had yet appeared on board of her. The boat's crew laid upon

their oars, and hesitated to board her; at length a form slowly raised itself above the bulwark, and waved them to approach.

When they arrived alongside, the spleen of the worthy dignitary was considerably increased by finding no accommodation-ladder ready, nor any one at the gangway to pay him that respect which he considered his importance demanded. However, finding no other alternative, he contrived to hoist his unwieldy carcase up the ship's side, puffing with the unpwonted exertion, and the sense of wounded dignity. But what a sight met his view. If the appearance of the ship outside testified to her wrecked condition, when on deck the sight was such as for a few moments to upset even his sense of official importance. That deck was green as the sides, with accumulated masses of filth in all directions. There lay the carcase of a dog, of which a portion had been roughly cut away, leaving the intestines still adhering to the remainder. All around lay figures in every variety of posture, and the stench which pervaded the deck told that the sufferings of some of them had long since been over. But there were others in whom the breath of life still remained, and these made feeble endeavours to raise themselves from the deck, in the hope that assistance was at hand; whilst their looks were fixed in eager and imploring gaze upon him. There were some whom insanity had happily deprived of the power of feeling their hardships; and one of these, as he stood gazing in stupefaction on all around, half sprung from the deck in the last effort of expiring madness, and with a shrill, wild yell, sank back a corpse. There were a few still stationed at the pumps, and they raised from time to time a faint clank; but their exertions were too feeble, and no water followed the stroke. It was fearful to see these men, faithful even unto death—even now, scarce conscious of existence, using their frail efforts for safety; it seemed as if the body was exerting its functions even after the mind was gone. Further aft, on the quarter-deck, appeared a group huddled together, evidently passengers, amongst whom the garments of several females were apparent; but there was not the slightest motion amongst them, to tell whether they were living or dead. At the wheel stood two men, whose gaunt and attenuated forms, spoke of the last degree of human suffering; they were vainly endeavouring, with their expiring energies, to keep the ship her course. Strange and ghastly did those figures appear—they looked like the emblems of death guiding that floating charnel house over the waters.

But not even this dreadful scene could long disturb the equanimity and self-importance of the Dutch dignitary. In a loud tone he inquired for the captain, and strange did that human voice sound amidst this congregation of the dead and dying. It was not until after this summons had been several times repeated, that a figure slowly emerged from the companion; in his hand he held a letter, and in tones scarcely above a whisper, he requested him to advance and take it. It was with considerable reluctance that he ventured himself along that dismal deck, and his first salutation was,—“Are you not aware that you are infringing the regulations of the port, and that you cannot be allowed to enter the bay during this month?”

It was with a hollow voice, like one speaking from the grave, that the captain, with many an effort, replied,—“Good God! can you speak of regulations when you see the condition to which we are reduced—our last biscuit is shared—our last drop of water exhausted—my ship is leaky—and my men are dying!”

“All this may be, captain; but the laws of the port must be enforced; it is a good old custom, and cannot be departed from.”

“I know the law; but if you will only take this letter to the governor, I am sure he will relax it in our favour. I require but a little present help for my starving crew and passengers, and with some little assistance I can then sail.”

“I will take no letter to the governor; my own authority is sufficient in my own department; and who knows but that in your present situation you may bring the plague with you.”

“And can you thus see your fellow-creatures perish for want of a little assistance, which it is easily in your power to bestow? Then I will run the ship upon the beach, as the only chance left of saving our lives.”

“If you should attempt to do so, I shall immediately order the fort to sink you. The regulations of the port shall not be infringed upon whilst I am in office.”

During this short colloquy the spirit of the captain had revived, as if he were rallying his departing energies for the last chance of salvation for his helpless crew and passengers.

"Once more I implore of you to take my petition to the governor."

"I shall not—nor will I allow you to enter the port."

"Then I will take my chance; as well be sunk here in the very harbour, as perish at sea." He paused a moment. "But no,—since man is thus obdurate, I will throw myself upon the mercy of my God! But mark me," and now he seemed restored to all his former strength as he stood erect beside the companion; "mark me—if we do not reach our port in safety, *I will cruise these seas until the resurrection gun fires.*"

"Up with the helm—square the main-yard." At the sound of the well-known voice which they had so long been accustomed to obey, those spectral figures left the pumps, at which they were mechanically continuing their exertions, and with slow and noiseless steps glided along the deck; those at the wheel, roused into momentary activity by the sudden energy of the command, also performed their part of the duty. The helm was up—the main top-sail shivering—and the bows of the ship had fallen off from the wind before the astonished Dutchman could recover himself; but when at last he did so, he hurried to the gangway with a speed at variance with all his usual habits.

Before he passed over the sides, he, almost instinctively, gave a terrified glance aft, and there he beheld the captain of the doomed ship, standing still erect, and glaring upon him with a look which he never forgot. His exit was not very dignified. He tumbled headlong into the boat, and when he recovered himself he bade his men pull for their lives, for he believed the devil himself was on board. The men, catching from him a portion of his fear, bent to the oars with unusual efforts, and the gaudy tub was forced through the water at a speed to which she had been little accustomed. Before they had reached the shore, the shades of approaching darkness had hidden from their view the ill-fated ship,—and no mortal man ever knew what was her final doom.

It was scarcely a month after this event, when a ship was again discovered standing into the bay. The worthy master of the port and his boat's crew were again called into requisition to warn the ship off. They got alongside, and as Adrian Von Tillerman, to whom the important office of steering this illustrious craft was confided, afterwards said, they boarded her on exactly the same spot where they had overhauled the other ship. None of the usual ceremonies were here neglected, all honours were paid, and he ascended the side in due official dignity. All was prepared for his reception, but he had scarcely time to give a glance around, before the scene was changed, and he again stood on the deck of that ship he had doomed to destruction.

There he stood as once before,—amidst the dead and dying,—and there stood the captain with the same glance which he had last cast upon him, and which had haunted his imagination ever since—there he stood with that letter still held in his hand, and although the words were not spoken, yet they seemed branded upon his senses in characters of fire—Will you take my letter to the governor? With a strange cry the horrified man leaped into the boat, and the crew, to whom the transformation was visible at the same time with himself, needed no stimulus to excite them to exertion; but even before they could betake themselves to their oars, or had time to raise their eyes to the object of their terror, she was no more to be seen! They raised the form of their patrol, and placed him in his usual berth in the stern-sheets. No word did he utter during the time they were pulling to shore, yet this excited no surprise in those used to his habits; but when the boat had touched the beach, and they came to assist him ashore, the master of the port was dead!

Since that time the Flying Dutchman, as the ship was soon named, from the crowd of canvass she was generally seen under, has often been seen by those who circumnavigate the Cape; but there is this difference to be observed, that she is seldom seen under the same canvass as a mortal ship. If the weather be fine, she is under her storm canvass; if, on the contrary, it be a gale, she is seen gliding along under all the sail she can spread. Sometimes she appears in the trim of another vessel, and on these occasions she hoists out her boat, and boards any ship she may fall in with. At such times, he in command of the boat, on reaching the deck of the other vessel, always offers a letter; but he has never been known to speak; and this, with the strange, unearthly appearance of the boat's crew, always causes the letter to be refused. There is a notion prevalent amongst mariners, that should that letter be once received, the doomed crew will at last find rest; but no one has yet been found hardy enough to hazard the experiment. Perhaps, unless that event should take place, the words of the Dutch captain will be made good, and he "will cruise those seas until the resurrection gun fires."

H. B.

## THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to thee, my native land!  
 Far o'er the ocean I must roam—  
 Farewell to thee my homely cot,  
 No longer thou wilt be my home!  
 I lately hoped to end my days  
 Within thy lowly, white-wash'd walls;  
 But all such hopes have pass'd away,  
 And sorrow urges, duty calls  
 Thy humble tenant far from thee,  
 To lands which lie beyond the sea!

Oh! happy, happy have I been  
 Beneath thy roof,—e'en from a boy  
 Few days of sorrow have I seen  
 But what were sweetened with some joy;  
 Here on thy hearth in early days  
 I listened to instruction's voice,  
 Seeking the light which love displays  
 To those who hail her as their choice;  
 And here upon thy floor of clay  
 My mother taught me how to pray!

'Twas here within thy chimney nook,  
 At eve when daily toil was done,  
 My father used to read the book  
 From which our greatest good is won.  
 And here my faithful wife and me,  
 When all our little ones were sleeping,  
 Would picture scenes of future glee,  
 Or gaze upon each other weeping,  
 As Hope's sweet sunshine, or Despair,  
 Wakened our souls with joy or care!

How many hearts of sterling worth  
 Now mingle with their kindred clay,  
 Who often joined our harmless mirth,  
 To sweep the clouds of care away;  
 Those days were blythesome, blest, and sweet.  
 Health, peace, and plenty, hither hied,  
 For labour earned enough to eat,  
 And all our wants were soon supplied;  
 But now fell want and poverty  
 In sorrow make us weep and sigh!

Farewell! my humble, homely cot!  
 Alas! from thee that I should part;  
 But thou shalt never be forgot  
 So long as life warms in my heart!  
 Perchance my far-off dwelling place  
 May be more fair to view than thee,  
 But there my ken will never trace  
 Those beauties which thou showest me:  
 My mother's wheel will not be there,  
 Nor yet my father's elbow chair!

Farewell ye friends who stay to brave  
 The storms of ire which 'gin to blow  
 On this side the Atlantic wave,  
 Where discord is begetting woe.

Oh! may ye brave the tempest well,  
 May lasting comfort with ye bide—  
 May health and plenty with ye dwell  
 To bless and gladden each fireside:  
 I may not tell how beats my heart  
 To think that we must shortly part.

And fare thee well, my father-land!  
 Thou spurn'st me from thee, and I go  
 In sorrow to a foreign strand,  
 Where I shall end my life of woe!  
 Thou art misgovern'd, and I mourn,  
 And weeping wish thy troubles past;  
 That thy lost gladness would return,  
 That all thy children may be blest!  
 Though thou wert neither fair nor free,  
 My father-land, I'd weep for thee!

And this shall ever be my prayer,  
 And thus I'll bid my children pray,—  
 That thou may'st heaven's blessings share,  
 Till all earth's glory pass away;  
 May virtue, right, and reason reign  
 In every soul that dwells in thee;  
 May freedom break the biting chain  
 Which binds the slave in misery;  
 May all the nations of the earth  
 Greet thee with kindness, not with fear,  
 And for thy greatness, learning, worth,  
 May all mankind thy name revere!  
 Land of my love, my father-land!  
 My heart is fraught with bitter woe,  
 I go to seek a foreign strand,  
 Where thousands of thy children go.  
 Though from thy face thou spurnest me,  
 With my latest breath,  
 On the verge of death,  
 My father-land—I'll pray for thee!

S. SHERIF.

*North Shields.*

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COCKED HAT.

BY JAMES WYATT.

THE nineteenth century teems with memoirs, sketches, anecdotes, and biographies of the distinguished personages who flourish, and have flourished, in this bright isle. Not so with earlier periods. Many important events and splendid actions have been lost to the world for ever, in consequence of the scarcity of historians, and ignorance of the uses of that magnificent boon,—the *press*; so that there are many wide gaps in the history of our country, to the great inconvenience of antiquaries, and vast annoyance of book-worms. To prevent a continuance of this, hundreds of disinterested, unpretending philanthropists record the actions, sayings, and doings of themselves and their neighbours, in order to make complete the great historical chain of the land of their birth. Having at one period of my life taken a very *high* position, I follow in their wake, and venture to add my link.

I came into existence about the year 18—, to all intents and purposes a “thing of shreds and patches.” The ordeal of beating, thumping, welting and dyeing, to which



my young frame was subject, was most severe; but, having been "licked into shape," I was mounted on a block for a considerable period, and kept out of doors, in order that I might experience the benefit of the fresh air; and upon being pronounced convalescent, I was rewarded for all my patient endurance of ills by being dressed in a fine black glossy suit of fur, which had been stripped from the back of an unfortunate little animal in North America, by some civilized individual, on purpose to cover the nakedness of a creature like myself. In this very aristocratic condition I emerged from the vulgar neighbourhood where I had been produced, and became transplanted to the classic regions of Bond Street, where I formed by no means an inconsiderable character in the shop of the bon ton hatter of the street. I was mounted on a pedestal, from which I took a survey of the company by whom I was surrounded. Creatures of every denomination were there. An Anglesey, a Wellington, a D'Orsay, and a Conservative, were cheek-by-jowl with a pale Radical, a Bit-of-Blood and a Four-in-hand, in the most admired harmony; whilst in one corner a capacious Jolliffe was holding a little flirtation with a silk Donna Maria and a gossamer Lady Hamilton; saying nothing of an old Opera-visitor being laid on the shelf above with a Countess, two Varmints, and a Wide-awake, smiling at the opposite shelf tenanted by a Di-Vernon, a Tally-ho, and two Clericals. Below were pegs and stands on which were perched endless varieties of young, middle-aged, and old ramifications of the previously named standard families, many of whom were constantly sold, like other blacks, and carried away to serve cruel and fickle masters.

My first intercourse with society taught me that the main feature in this world was ingratitude. I maintain it, and I will prove it; for I have experienced it throughout my life. I was frequently admired for my sleek proportions, particularly as my master was very kind to me, in brushing my hair, and making me look tidy, two or three times in the day. I remained in this serene condition for a few weeks, when one day a portly gentleman came into the shop, and having cast a scrutinizing glance upon me, ordered me to be lifted down. He examined and admired me for some time, and at length complimented me by raising me to his upper dominions, from which there issued such a greasy odour that, except for the venerable appearance of the individual, I should have judged him to have been a partner in some candle manufacturing concern. This was my first real contact with human nature. The perfume was so strong, and my position so novel, that I became giddy, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep my equilibrium. I was at length, after being nodded about, and squeezed closer to my new sticking place, and examined in a looking-glass by the stout gentleman, taken off and rubbed with the sleeve of his coat, (which process considerably ruffled my hair and my temper at the same time), and handed back to my master, who, in that cold-blooded and mercenary manner for which all hatters are notorious, sold me to "*the old gentleman*,"—of course I do not mean that phrase to be taken in the same sense Friar Bacon or Friar Bungay would use it. Yes, he literally sold me for filthy lucre; and I was hurriedly put up into a box, in the dark recess of which I gave vent to my griefs, and shed tears in the silver paper with which I was enveloped. In this state I was carried away, and after many bumps against the sides of the box, where I ran great risk of being bruised, I at length experienced some rest. I judged from the partial sounds which reached me that our porter, Joe, had conveyed me in my prison to the old gentleman's house, and had left me to the tender mercies of the housemaid; and my indignation was roused to the highest pitch, when I found that even Joe himself felt no compunction at leaving me; but, instead of regretting the loss of me, fell to kissing the young woman into whose hands he placed me. This was the unkindest cut of all, for I always deemed that Joe had some regard for me, as he had so very frequently caressed me. However, I was deceived, and this gave me the grandest insight to human nature;—people will look to their own pleasures and pursuits before they attend to others.

I had rested quietly in my new lodging for about an hour, when I felt myself again carried, and shortly afterwards the box-lid was lifted up, and daylight again shone upon me. I felt myself lifted out, and the old gentleman himself had got hold of me, carefully divesting me of my folds of silver paper to exhibit me to his wife and daughter; and I then learned for what purpose I had been purchased. The stout gentleman had just been appointed Alderman of the Ward of——, and had procured me as the badge of his civic dignity. Nothing could exceed the admiration of the young lady, who took hold of me as tenderly as if I had been as delicate and beautiful as herself; and she smoothed my nap with her sweet hand in such a kind manner, that in the ecstasy of the

moment I literally forgot I was a hat! Her good humour was unbounded, and the darling, after paying me the most flattering compliments on my elegant appearance, confessed my power by putting me on her head, and declaring that I made her look like an Alderman! Some philosophers say "manners make the man," and I add, "and the hat marks the quality."

Nothing could exceed my regard for this young lady, and I began to think that at least there was one person in the world who possessed entire sympathy for the helpless; but even here I was mistaken, for in a few minutes afterwards a gay young man stepped into the room, and no sooner did she observe him than she thrust me into my pasteboard lodging, ran to welcome him with open arms, and received and returned even fonder caresses than she had bestowed upon me. Jealousy, hatred, and every other bitter uncharitableness possessed me at the moment; and if I could have avenged myself, the fellow should have perished on the spot. I felt the most deadly revenge for him, and contempt for her;—in fact, I felt all that an aristocratic hat could feel under such circumstances.

I fell into a kind of stupor, and several days passed over me, when I was again roused by the stout gentleman, who set to work brushing me up, and then, taking me under his arm, got into his carriage, and after a short ride we were ushered into the council chamber. Here I had an opportunity of seeing all the magnificence of the civic functionaries, and was for the time positively lost in admiration. A hat, like myself, that was in the next seat, scraped acquaintance with me, and gave me a great deal of information upon all civic subjects. My eyes were dazzled with the splendour of the robes and badges of office. The Lord Mayor himself was a meagre, unhappy-looking man. He had the appearance of a person who has "bled too freely." His immediate neighbours, two Aldermen, were the very opposites to him in appearance, and looked as if they had not only found what he had lost, but had fattened most gloriously on it in the bargain. Mr. Tuble, the senior Alderman, was one of those fine specimens of municipal dignity—like angels' visits, few and far between—a race now fast approaching to decay, whose "like we ne'er shall look upon again,"—with a face fat, fair and glossy, bearing no semblance of a wrinkle, save in the division of his double chin, and a nose of crimson hue, whereon was kept a fair record of twenty-two Mayor's feasts, eighty-eight corporation banquets, and eight hundred and sixty-four miniature feeds—he set the pride, and pomp, and principal pillar of the civic state.

After many important questions had been discussed and decided, a subject of patronage was introduced, namely, the appointment of a beadle, in the room of Mr. Smithers, deceased. Mr. Councillor Pluffy (a solicitor) apologized for intruding upon the valuable time of the council; but this being a question of vital importance to the nation at large—he thought he might say the nation at large—for their body was looked up to as the fountain-head of municipal law and intelligence) he felt that he could not with justice to that intelligent body of citizens who had elected him as their representative—in justice to himself as a man and a Briton, (hear hear) and in accordance with the declaration he had subscribed to in his first election to this parliament—he begged pardon, he meant corporation—refrain from proposing Mr. Solomon Sprig, as the most fit and proper person to fill the office of beadle. In fact, no person could be so well calculated for it, both from his efficiency as a man of business, and from his very respectable connections. His father was well known to all gentlemen present, as being a highly respectable gentleman in the wholesale gingerbread line, in Anchor Court; and he himself had earned a considerable reputation in the sausage and savilloy department, in Brick Lane. He (Mr. Pluffy) felt proud in being permitted to propose so intelligent and deserving an individual, one whom he felt confident would reflect credit on the corporation, if elected.

Alderman Tubb rose and felt very great pleasure in seconding the nomination of Mr. Sprig. He (Mr. Tubb) had nothing to say on the subject; but this he would say, if so be the corporation did appoint a hoffer of that nater, they ought to appoint a sufficient man; leastways one as could and would keep up the honour of the hoffer. (Great cheering.)

The worthy Alderman having delivered himself of this brilliant effusion, plumped down in his seat, where my master had laid me for a moment, whilst he arranged his neck-cloth and robe before he rose to nominate some other person. This Alderman Tubb, I say, plumped down upon me, and completely crushed me, in defiance of the maxim that too much familiarity breeds contempt. My sides were squeezed together,

and my silver button was driven into my ribs; in fact, although I was one natural, and by vicissitudes of fortune had become *sharp*, I was now to all intents and purposes *flat*. In this excessively degraded and defiled position I remained for a considerable time; how long I cannot possibly tell, as I was so completely stifled that I could neither breathe, see, nor hear; but suffice it to say, I found myself, after a considerable period, lying on the coach-seat between my master and another respected member of the corporation. On our return home I was put in the accustomed crescent-shaped box, where I soon fell asleep, tired and sick of the events of the day. The next day my master took me out and examined me. Finding me much mangled, he expressed regret, and sent for a neighbouring hatter, who, in a very persuasive strain, enlarged considerably on the delapidations, and the utter improbability of such a battered and three-cornered thing ever being brought *round*; at the same time strongly urging my master to try one of his hats of the newly-invented ventilating kind. After some little parley, the Alderman consented, and I was transferred to the hands of the chiselling, time-serving hatter, who immediately walked off with me. As soon as he had arrived at his house he unpacked and exhibited me to his wife and the shopman, who enjoyed the joke exceedingly, and chuckled with delight at the *spicy* manner in which he had done the Alderman. My disgust was sufficiently raised then, but I was doomed to feel still more that evening.

When the shop was closed, there were many raps at the door, and several sly-looking women, and hungry, hypocritical-looking men, with seedy black clothes and white neckerchiefs, smilingly walked in. After a good deal of shaking hands with the men, and kissing and hugging with the women, they assembled round the fire, and supper was ordered in. The boiled leg of mutton, and turnips, and apple pies soon disappeared under the patronage of the visitors. When the cloth was cleared, and the hatter expended five minutes in an extemporaneous grace (for which hypocrisy I would have kicked him if I had had the power) pipes and tobacco, spittoons, a bottle of gin, and some hot water were brought in, and in a short time all the fellows were pulling away at the pipes, and the women at the tumblers of "warm with." The luscious repast had unscrewed all their fine feelings, as I thought, for the women kept calling each other "dear," in their conversation, and the men addressed each other as "dear brother." So-and-so; a wonderful instance of the truth of that theory which advances that certain bad and very unlikely individuals are really possessed of fragments of fine sentiments, but that they often remain dormant a long time, till brought into action by some accidental circumstance. Of course the hatter was the great lion of the feast, and for a considerable time wholly engrossed the attention of the company. After supper, however, considerable attention was paid to a sly, sleek, smooth-faced fellow, of the name of Bale, a grocer, who was telling the company how capitally he played his cards so as to ensure the patronage of all sects. Said he,—“You know I always make a point of attending the preliminary meeting of the high church party, the evening before a church rate is to be introduced to the vestry. I then get beside the vicar, or one of the churchwardens, and tell them that although I am an humble individual, I am a most zealous one in the discharge of my Christian duty in the support of that edifice which has made England the bulwark of the civilized world; and that, humble as I am in society, compared with those great and glorious characters around me, I shall feel proud to be allowed to participate in the work they are engaged in. This course always succeeds in securing all my old customers, and generally in getting two or three new ones of the church party, particularly on the following day, when the vestry meeting is held, and I second the proposition of Captain Bobble, that a church rate of tenpence in the pound be levied immediately. Then I take care to get the churchwarden to present my card to any of the new parishioners that may be present, and introduce me. Then again, I have another scheme which never fails to secure new customers, and to forestall the other grocers. I have two or three acquaintances who have speculated extensively in building, and as the tenants arrive, I get my friends to recommend my shop as the best in the town. I find that a little allowance of one-and-a-half per cent. on these bills to my friends is not thrown away, because this is easily made up in working up the sugar with the potato composition, or by turning two or three ciphers into nines in the accounts. And I never allow a morning to pass without going round to the kitchens of my customers, or of sending my shopman to have a chat with the cooks and take orders. At Christmas I give the cooks and footmen half-pounds of tea, or any other article which I think will

be very agreeable to them; and it is very easy to get the amount dovetailed into the governor's bill. This is a plan I would recommend to all of you—it never fails. If by any chance the customers should leave, the cook will manage the thing for you; she will spoil the *blanc manges*, or some other nic-nac which her mistress prides herself upon, and which has been prepared for a party; and upon being spoken to about it, she will tell the lady that she has never been able to make any decent *blanc mange* since they left off going to Mr. Bale's for the isinglass. This plan may be worked in a variety of ways, and a timely visit to the servants' parties will get you some capital introductions to new customers. Two or three evenings in the week I hold myself disengaged to attend different meetings, and by planning can push the trade a little there. To tell you the truth, dear friends, this system of mine is carefully carried out in a variety of ways, and I find twice a year, upon taking stock, that it reaps golden opinions from all sorts of people; but I would not tell the secret to anybody out of our circle.

The unblushing statement of this smooth-faced Jesuit did not excite more disgust in me, than did the praises that were showered upon him by the illiterate and hypocritical creatures round him, who gave him credit for being an exceedingly clever young tradesman, one who was rising high in society, and one who was likely to make a great figure in the world. A Mr. Hanger, (appropriate name) a tailor, complimented Mr. Bale upon his intelligent mode of conducting his business, and added that he was sure that Bale's was the right "go!" for he had tried it. Sir Johnson Williams used to deal with Glover and Simpson, the fashionable cutters in Regent Street, and when the new footman went to take the cheque for the half-year's bill, he demanded his fee of five per cent. on the account. Glover and Simpson refused it, but offered him half-a-sovereign, which they said was all they could afford; he very properly refused it, and called upon him (Mr. Hanger) to tell him his griefs. He whispered quietly in the footman's ear, who went home directly and rubbed the seams of his master's clothes with a Bath brick, and continued the process each time he had them to brush. This plan succeeded. Sir Johnson was annoyed at such threadbare coats a month after being made, and after two or three more trials, paid his bill, had his (Mr. Hanger's) card put into his hand, and now the patronage of Sir Johnson was secured to the house of Hanger and Co. as long as he lived.

One morning he brushed me up, and set me straight upon a block in his window; and here I felt some little relief. I enjoyed the change of scene, and felt gratified at the flattering encomiums that were passed upon me by the people who looked in at the window. I remained in this comparatively comfortable state for some months; but one Thursday morning, in the month of November, a little, sharp, bustling man came into the shop, and made advances for purchasing me. After some cheapening and haggling he bought and paid for me, and I was again packed up, and sent to the coach office. I was imprisoned in the new box for several hours, and by the occasional motion and jerking, I guessed that I was travelling a long journey by coach. However, at length I saw daylight; my box was opened, and I was taken out carefully by my new master, who placed me on his head, and strutted before a looking-glass, enjoying his own personal appearance very much in the presence of his wife, who was called in to view me. After being sufficiently admired, I was put back into my box, and that was not opened again for several weeks. At the end of this period, however, I was taken out, and put upon my master's head, who now, for the first time, I discovered was a Town Councillor of the borough of——. Having put on the purple robe, he joined several other persons similarly attired, and, headed by the Mayor and the corporation beades, proceeded to church, where they were conducted into a fine-polished oak-raised pew, with crimson velvet cushions. The church was filled with people; and although the clock had struck, still the service did not go on. I could not at all understand this; but presently the organ burst into a loud peal, and a quantity of men in a kind of livery, bearing spears, marched proudly up the aisle. I wondered what dreadful revolution, what disruption of church and state, was afloat; and, gazing intently, I saw several persons in black, bearing white wands, usher two old gentlemen in white overgrown wigs, and ample robes of scarlet cloth, into a capacious pew. My wonderment was soon put to rest by our Mayor calling upon the Councillors to stand up, because the Judges were coming in. From this, and other observations, I found that this was the preliminary to the Assizes; and I began to reflect that, in spite of my hard fate, still there were many in a much worse condition more particularly the unhappy creatures

who would shortly be tried by these Judges. It was a good lesson to me; and from that moment I endeavoured to make myself more contented with my own situation, feeling that happiness is as much dependant upon thankfulness, and a disposition to be happy, as the high and lofty positions of wealth and rank. During the sermon I was laid on the ledge made for the books, and the Mayor amused himself by looking at my button for a considerable time. At length his eyelids closed, and he remained in this happy state until the service was concluded. Not seeing him move, one of the Aldermen stood up and touched him just above the ear, and he instantly struck out with his fist, and called out very loud, "I'll murder you." Of course every one was greatly concerned, and on looking at him they found he was in a state of somnambulency. Some said he was ill, and had fainted; others, that he was in a state of insanity; but at length one of the Aldermen, Dr. Ruff, turning round, said he knew what was the matter, "the poor man was mesmerized—it was that confounded button." Accordingly he took hold of me and fanned his worship for some time, blew upon his face, and then touched his eyes with the button. His worship gave two or three yawns and woke up, exclaiming, "Bless me, is it time to go?" Of course the matter created much laughter amongst silly people, but the scientific ascertained by it that a new light had broken in upon the theory of animal magnetism; that it was not necessary for one person to look in another's eyes to induce the magnetic sleep, but that a metallic button would do as well. Who knows?—perhaps a *spoon* would do even better.

After the service was over I was taken home by my master, who put me in my box, and did not disturb me for many weeks. The next time, however, that I was taken out, I had an opportunity of seeing the "collective wisdom" of the Borough of ——. A special council meeting was held for the purpose of preparing addresses of congratulation to the Queen on the birth of a princess, and all the members appeared in full dress. As soon as the mace was laid on the table, and the roll called over, the Mayor adjusted his scarlet robe, and felt with his thumb and finger if the little curl, which was cultivated in front, so as to shew like a figure of six on his forehead, (after the approved fashion of the waiters at the late City of London Tavern,) was in its place, and having so ascertained, he "proceeded to explain the objects of the meeting," as the papers stereotype all opening proceedings.

*Mr. Alderman Bush* then rose with considerable trepidation to introduce a subject to the Council that almost overwhelmed him, so important was it that—that—that—indeed he could assure the Council it was so important and so dignified a subject that he, *humble* individual as he was—(this from a man who the day before had discharged his servant for not touching his hat to him)—could not do justice to it. In short, it was an approach to Royalty itself (immense cheers, which satisfied the portly Alderman that he had said something clever.) Yes, it was right of gentlemen to applaud, for it showed they valued the blessed and glorious privileges of Englishmen, and more especially the great and glorious privilege of approaching the throne of the mighty monarch of this mighty nation (renewed cheering, followed by renewed exertions on the part of the Alderman to say something more grand.) He repeated it was right of gentlemen to applaud, for it showed they possessed that—that they possessed—that is to say, they felt veneration for the ancient institutions of the country (cheers.) They were aware that Providence had just conferred a blessing on the constitution,—a blessing on all classes, from the peer to the peasant,—a blessing—a blessing he would say,—yes, a blessing upon the corporation of this ancient borough (hear, hear, and cries of "bravo," and "good, good")—the birth of a Royal Princess! (stunning cheers.) Now that most interesting, most delightful, most gratifying event, was the great object of their meeting together that day,—yes, as men and as Britons they met together to congratulate the Royal mother on her being so fortunate as to bless the hopes of all loyal people by giving birth to another princess (hear, hear.) In his opinion it was the most blessed event that ever was recorded in the pages of history (cheers, and cries of "yes, yes.") With these remarks, in which he felt he had but feebly set forth the claims the subject had upon them, he ventured to move that an address of congratulation be presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty. (A round of cheers was then given to the eloquent Alderman as he sat down in an intense perspiration.)

*Mr. Councillor Biffin* next rose with great solemnity, and unburthened himself as follows: Mr. Mayor,—I have often, since the first moment when I drew breath in this noble isle, been placed in trying circumstances, but never was I placed under such pecu-

lar difficulties as are now presented, and I almost sink under my responsibility (cheers of encouragement.) Sir, I have been solicited to second the proposition just made to you, and nothing could have induced me to undertake a duty so important, so sublime in its character, were I not assured, in the words of the immortal Nelson, that "England expects *this day* that every man will do his duty" (boisterous cheers;) and shall it ever be said that William Biffin, the representative of the people, had abandoned his duty in the hour of need? Never! I scorn even the shadow of a shade of such an idea, and disperse it from my mind like an ignis fatuus from the dark unfathomable bogs of Ireland (rapturous applause.) Gentlemen, when I heard of the glorious event just described in such eloquent terms by my friend—if he will allow me the high honour of using such familiarity towards him—I felt that it was impossible for any British heart to receive such tidings without leaping from its stronghold,—tidings that must gladden every inch of British ground, from the bleak points of Cornwall to the rocky shores of Caernarvon (cheers, and cries of "beautiful.") Gentlemen, if my friend felt overwhelmed with the importance of the subject, what must an inferior individual like myself feel? I hesitate not to say, however, that, awful as the responsibility is, there is not a peer in the land who would not envy us our gracious privileges (hear, hear.) With these sentiments, Mr. Mayor, I crave leave to second the address (thunders of applause.)

The address, of course, was unanimously agreed to.

A similar address to the Royal Consort was proposed by Mr. Silké, and carried; and Mr. Jobson then proposed that the Mayor should present the addresses at the next levee, in company with the members for the borough. Mr. Silké, however, moved an amendment, that the proposers and seconders of the addresses should accompany them, to give dignity to the addresses, and ensure respect for this ancient corporate body.

Mr. Councillor Rudlett, who seldom spoke, except to find fault, or peg some enterprising person back, growled out,—"Aye sure, better take your nurses with you too (loud laughter, mingled with cries of "chair, order, and shame.")"

From this point a great debate of cross-firing commenced, which was at last ended by the Mayor putting Mr. Silké's proposition, which was lost by 21 to 2. A vote of thanks was then passed to the Mayor for his "able and impartial conduct in the chair," and the council was then dissolved.

I was put into my box and carried home, much struck with the importance of municipal dignity. This was the last time I ever saw my poor master again. He was carried off by typhus fever, and all his effects were put up by auction—I among the rest. My pasteboard lodging was ticketed "Lot 97;" and as few people wore cocked hats nobody bid for me, except a sly hatter, who put me up at half-a-crown, and the auctioneer immediately knocked me down at the same price, and I was shouldered away to a fresh home. My new master was a very decent person enough; he seemed to be very jovial and cordial, but still he had one crying fault in my eyes—he was a hatter. He seemed mightily pleased with his bargain, and brushed me up very carefully, but he was too good a judge to expose me in his window. In the course of a few weeks he received an order for a cocked hat for the Serjeant of the Mace; so he took me out, and brushed and ironed me, and twisted me up a little sharper, and put a bit of lace and a corporation button on me, and sent me in with the bill pinned upon me,—“To a new mayor's serjeant's hat, best quality, £2 2s. 0d.” This new move was annoying to me. I felt the truth of Dr. Wardlaw's assertion relative to unfortunate people,—“There is a tendency downwards!” I felt I was getting lower, and on the following Sunday I was so cut up that I thought I should never endure my ignoble position. I was afraid of being recognized by the corporation beavers, whose company I so lately enjoyed; but, thanks to my bit of lace, looped up by the corporation button, I was looked upon as a stranger, and passed muster accordingly. I however felt miserable and degraded, and remained some weeks in a state of hypochondria.

Another change, however, came over me. My master retired from his office, and another person was appointed in his room. The new serjeant received directions to get the suitable costume, and accordingly went to the hatter (my late owner), and carried the town clerk's order for a hat. He chuckled gloriously at the order, and, as soon as the man was gone, went to the late serjeant, and drew a hard bargain with him for me, and gave him a Sunday hat in exchange, which Sunday hat he assured him was a "very fine chapeau de Paris;" but in fact it was a "genu—ine four-and-nine." I was again

brushed up, and where I had got a little rubbed, I had some fresh nap stuck on me, a new bit of lace, and another button—the vile badge of my degraded position. I was then sent in, and the bill as before pinned to my lining,—“To a new mayor’s serjeant’s hat, best quality, £2 2s. 0d.” “Well,” thought I, “if this isn’t smart, Yankee, go your hardest and beat it.” My new master kept a public house, and, proud of his office and the honours it bore him, he put me on a peg in the best large parlour on all public days; and oh! what horrid scenes was I a witness to in this house. About every other week a public dinner was given in this room, and occasionally horticultural exhibitions were held here. In this elegant amusement I thought there could be no roguery—no diamond cut diamond—but honest competition with the choicest productions of the garden; but even in this department I obtained some “smart” experience. Upon one occasion a distinguished florist shewed a collection of china asters, and in order to enable him to get the prize for the greatest number of different varieties, he took three flowers of the same kind, and altered the colour to three different shades and tints, by submitting them to the action of sulphur. Another gentleman looked round, and found a collection of pansies better than his own; so he quietly put a drop of vitriol on the two best flowers, which disqualified the whole collection, and placed his lot first. On another occasion a gentleman shewed pinks, and being unable to get the desired number of sorts, he took two of a kind, tweezered all the light petals out, and dressed it out very flat; from the other he took out all the heavy-coloured petals, and dressed the flower up in the middle. Every other flower passed through some such ordeal to make it well-formed, and of course this very *honourable* and deserving gentleman got the prize. Upon another occasion some very splendid flowers were exhibited; the competition was very great, and the judges had some difficulty in awarding the prizes. Whilst the company were at dinner, one gentleman slipped quietly into the show room, took the best of the flowers, and boxed them up. After the dinner was over he went to another place and exhibited these specimens as his own, and actually beat several florists with their own flowers! This was by no means an uncommon piece of *smartness* on his part.

After being in possession of the publican-serjeant for several months, I was again left without a master. Drinking, smoking, fighting, and brawling, damaged his constitution, and at last he saw his error; but it was too late—the gin had got hold of him, his liver was consumed by it, and then it was not satisfied; further inroads were made, and he died, the victim of drink and dissipation. For a time I hung upon the peg neglected and forgotten, till one day a stranger happened to see me and took me down, and after a little chaffing with my mistress, bought me for six shillings. Strange to say, I had fallen into the hands of another hatter! I soon found that this person was a quiet kind of tradesman, but one who never neglected an opportunity. He packed me up, and I travelled many many long miles. At length we reached the town and borough of Bedford, and in less than a month afterwards, I was purchased for one of the mayor’s bailiffs of that corporation; of course being trimmed up with new lace, and the requisite button. With this bailiff I remained a long time, and felt comparatively happy. In his house I saw no scenes of drunkenness and debauchery. My master was a quiet, well-regulated man, rather of a serious turn. In one particular he was deemed somewhat remarkable. There were three books which he had studied intently (this was nearly the extent of his reading,) and he would not believe that either of them were equalled—the Bible, Pilgrim’s Progress, and George Barnwell; and upon no occasion whatever did he venture to give an opinion, or even to take part in an argument, without quoting very largely from one of these books; and he brought his extracts to bear upon the subject with singular quaintness and ingenuity. This man was a great favourite of mine; I can seriously affirm that I never felt prouder upon any person’s head than his. But the best friends must part. At a certain period the corporation had no further occasion for his services, and of course he had no further occasion for mine; so I was quietly lodged in a drawer. From this place of confinement, however, I at length emerged, and was again sold. But this, I venture to predict, is the last time I shall be sold. I was purchased by some members of the Order of Odd Fellows; and on the following evening I was taken to the Maiden Queen Lodge, in Bedford, and mounted upon the head of the worthy Warden Munsey, and I supported him in the dignity of his office as long as he held the appointment. I have seen others out of office too, though I still remain as part and parcel of it. Upon one festive occasion I had a jug of ale spilled into me, which sadly annoyed me, for up to this period I had been a teetotaller; but I cordially forgave the offending

as they pronounced it to be an entire accident. I wish, however, they would not to choke me so desperately with tobacco smoke, keeping every crevice in me so air-tight. Oh! how often have I made the newly-initiated tremble when I added towards them in the first charge, and—but I must not unfold the secrets of Order.

After all my troubles I now enjoy my *otium cum dignitate* with a host of good fellows, among whom there is no trickery, no dishonesty, no disloyalty, no debauchery; merriment and right good fellowship, with Friendship, Love and Truth!  
*Queen's Lodge, Bedford.*

### THE GREY HAIR.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

It is my natal day—how brief appears  
The chequer'd space that now hath fled by!  
Like last night's dream, the scenes of childhood's years  
In shadowy group before my vision lie,  
And shrouded forms rise up unto mine eye,  
But garments of the grave enfold them not;  
With bounding feet o'er hill and vale they fly,  
As though this earth were an enchanted spot,  
Were cloudless joy would smile for ever on their lot.

Shapes I behold that never look'd on death,  
Bright creatures, fresh as blossoms of the spring,  
Whose cheeks have ne'er been fann'd by sorrow's breath,  
Whose thoughts are, bee-like, ever on the wing,  
Seeking to find some honey-laden thing,  
From whose sweet chalice they may quaff new joy;  
They laugh aloud, their merry voices sing,  
No spectral records track them to alloy  
Their present dawn of bliss, or future faith destroy.

Oh! haunt me not, loved spirits of the past,  
Wake not the memories slumbering in my soul;  
The mesh of care around my fate is cast,  
But ye departed to your final goal,  
Ere sin and vain regrets upon ye stole  
To mar the beauty of your first pure dreams—  
The bonds of earth were powerless to control  
Your heavenward flight—ye vanish'd, as the beams  
Of night are seen no more when morn around them streams.

It is my natal day—as if to call  
My mind to pause and muse upon my fate,  
One silvery hair before my gaze doth fall,  
Like meteor light which tells dark paths await,  
Or message sent to warn me earth's estate  
Is but a mansion hastening to decay,  
And bidding me, ere yet it be too late,  
To fit my spirit for that awful day  
When death shall claim its own, and clay return to clay.

Oh, snowy mentor! on my forehead yet  
Locks of an ebon hue are gather'd round,  
And on my form no mark of age is set;  
But in my heart its home hath sorrow found,  
And wither'd hopes within my path abound,  
Thick as the leaves that fall with autumn's blast,  
And high aspirings lie upon the ground,  
The blossoms blighted ere life's May was past—  
The hope which still is mine, will it be mine at last?



Once did I hail this day with wild delight,  
 As that which brought me nearer to the man,  
 When I might proudly claim the long'd-for right  
 To bear my part in many a glorious plan;  
 And o'er Utopian schemes my fancy ran,  
 By which my aid might liberty advance,  
 And I be rank'd amongst the honour'd van;  
 But manhood's day dispell'd my waking trance,  
 As morning mists disperse before the sun's broad glance.

What energies have I not reckless spent—  
 How many fabrics heedlessly o'erthrown—  
 How much of guilty weakness have I blent  
 With deeds where firmness should have ruled alone,  
 And virtuous strength been heard in every tone;  
 How oft have I been sway'd by foolish men  
 To tread the way with tares of anguish sown,  
 And find my journey led but to a fen,  
 Whence I must aidless 'scape, or know not hope again.

The golden moments of my life are gone,  
 And, oh, how small the harvest they have brought!  
 Amid my race what trophies have I won,  
 What worthy deeds, what high achievements wrought,  
 What mighty lesson have I learnt or taught,  
 What creature rescued from dark error's wave,  
 What wretch have I to turn from guilt besought;  
 When the world frown'd, have I stood forth to save  
 The crush'd and sinful man from evil's yawning grave?

What hours of youth have fled unnoticed by,  
 Unprized, uncared for, wasted, and misspent;  
 What vain illusions have allured mine eye  
 From that true point where wisdom's gaze is bent;  
 How hath mine ear to flattery's cheat been lent,  
 When silent scorn hath held truth's tongue in chain;  
 How have I help'd the base with good intent,  
 And found my hope for gratitude as vain  
 As his who sows the sand, or seeks to reap the main.

Thou shalt be, silvery hair, a monitor  
 To lead my footsteps into clearer ways,  
 A beacon pale to warn me from the shore  
 Where I have wreck'd too many priceless days,  
 And cast time's jewels in the whirlpool's maze.  
 Although around me toils and cares are rife,  
 Through clouds of gloom mine eyes see cheering rays  
 That nerve my spirit for the coming strife,  
 And bid me falter not, for death but leads to life.

### SONG.

BY W. G. J. BARKER.  
 (Author of "*The Desolate One*," &c.)

WHEN soft winds are sighing, love,  
 Through the chesnut tree,  
 When daylight is dying, love,  
 Wilt thou roam with me?  
 Whilst flowers are closing, love,  
 On the weary bee,  
 And flocks are reposing, love,  
 Let us wander free—  
 Let us wander free, love!

Where the graceful willows, love,  
 Kiss the stream below,  
 And the mimic billows, love,  
 Murmur as they go;  
 When fresh dews are falling, love,  
 On the daisied lea,  
 And night-birds are calling, love,  
 Wilt thou roam with me—  
 Wilt thou roam with me, love?

*Banks of the Yore.*

### STABILITY OF LODGE FUNDS.

"THE Order of Odd Fellowship is yet but an experiment, and the magnitude of the scale upon which it is conducted only renders that experiment the more arduous. It, therefore, becomes an imperative duty in every member to consider the stability of the Order. Much has been written in the pages of the Magazine on the subject, and although no general rules can be laid down where the individual circumstances differ so much, still it is absolutely necessary that our members should take the matter into their most serious consideration."—Remarks of the Editor "*On the Stability of the Order*," [Odd Fellows' Magazine, Vol. 8, No. 1, page 3.]

The above remarks, Mr. Editor, are well worthy of the manly and enlightened sentiments which have characterized the leading articles of our able Magazine since you commenced your arduous duties as Editor; and they are such as must be most acceptable to all who value the system of Odd Fellowship, so eminently calculated as its machinery and objects are for effecting a wonderful social revolution. May it be equal to the task of fulfilling its noble objects, and infusing permanency into the means provided for carrying out its soul-enlivening purposes, must be the fervent prayer of every Odd Fellow who loves the Order with that keenness of relish, and an ardency of affection, which is the offspring of true love.

Every Odd Fellow must at once observe the justness of your concluding remarks as to the unfitness of Mr. Galloway, evidently unacquainted as he is with many elements of stability peculiar to our Order, to form an opinion on the workings of our Institution as a whole. There is no doubt however, (at least I have none,) that the Northern Districts, (I have little knowledge of others,) do promise their members more than in the end the contributions will guarantee. No doubt, as you justly observe, "much depends not only upon the healthy state of the members of a Lodge, but upon their circumstances and disposition;" but still, bodies of men will generally, in our own, as in every other similar Institution, present similar features and characteristics; and hence, if we find, making ample allowances for the peculiar strength of Odd Fellowship arising from its social and moral character, that accurate calculations deduced from general facts, differ from those upon which ours is founded, then it is important to test the result of such with the best to be obtained from those within our knowledge. I quite agree with you that "Experience is one of the best teachers," and it is this my agreement which makes me anxious to compare the experience of others with our own. To the assertion, founded no doubt upon your experience, that you "generally find that there are amongst our members men possessed of sufficient judgment and forethought to enable them to take proper measures of precaution;" I heartily accede, and I think no stronger proof of the fact can be adduced than the tenor and scope of your whole observations in the article alluded to above, and the general character of the Magazine. But remembering that "The Order of Odd Fellowship is yet but an experiment," and that "the magnitude of the scale on which it is conducted only renders that experiment the more arduous," I will, with your permission, lay before you such observations as have occurred to me touching the matter in question, in the anxious hope, that all who are willing and able, will lend their best efforts to give the important subject a permanent *quietus*.

A few prefatory remarks you will perhaps allow me to make. I must observe that I am not one of those who look upon Odd Fellowship as a mere benefit society. I am with P. G. Alfred Smith, when he eloquently observes, that Odd Fellows ought not to regard it alone "as a desirable investment of some portion of their earnings, from which

they hope at some future period of sickness, or distress, to derive certain advantages, and then think but little more about the matter, further than to keep themselves 'good upon the books.' No! they should study its principles, objects, and advantages; they should attentively examine the machinery, the extent, and the results of its operations. They should mark and practice the morality of its teaching—the scope and tendency of its laws and government, and the sense and aim of its mysteries." These should, and amongst many are, the sentiments held, and objects sought to be obtained.

Hundreds have joined our Order, knowing, as has been eloquently observed, that the "Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows has higher and holier ends than mere pecuniary recompense; it does not seek to scatter temporal blessings only, but teaches us first our dependance on God and our duty to Him. It instructs us to be pious christians, loyal subjects, and charitable neighbours. Its foundations rest on the adamantine basis of piety, loyalty, and love; and wherever its principles have taken root, these virtues have flourished more." Although this, to hundreds, is no overcharged picture, yet in the main, it must be acknowledged, that the desire to provide against the casualties of life—to lessen the present and prospective struggles of the working man—and to fill his mind with a cheerful confidence in looking to the aid and succour which the Order promises—has been, is, and will be, the primary moving cause and object of the vast mass of our brethren. And if this be a correct supposition, the extent of the responsibility of the Order is of the greatest magnitude. It is indeed every man's duty to prove, by the best comparative tests, the likelihood of the Order fulfilling its promises, and to lay before his brethren the result. Stimulated by this feeling—the feeling that it may be possible that our greatness is transient only—that our glory may depart from us—that our chief blessings may in after years become a mere hope unrealized, I have endeavoured to form my own notions of the Order's stability, as they can be gathered from the comparative smallness, in extent, of my experience and observation.

P. G. Alfred Smith, in his anxiety to destroy his opponent—the correspondent of the *Kendal Mercury*—has, I feel, done himself injustice, in so vigorously "pronouncing" against the opinions of Griffith Davies, Esq., simply on the imperfect *dictum* of an ill-informed disciple. This is neither logical nor generous; nor is P. G. Smith a whit more kind to himself than to Mr. Davies. Thankful as he can be of the success of our Institution, I must protest against his deduction from his own premises, that because a brother propounds a certain opinion in opposition to his—even though it be founded on a generally acknowledged fact—it is therefore the result of a "spirit of grumbling anticipation," worthy of being "deprecated" and "detested." Although the correspondent of the *Kendal Mercury* "totally overlooked the making money," the fact that a member "must not only have paid this up, but must have been a subscribing member for six months before he is entitled to any benefits from his Lodge," and that "he takes no account of fines, &c.," or makes "no allowance for honorary members, and hundreds who contribute for years to the funds of the Order and never take one penny from their amount," although, I say, all this may be very true, I cannot for the life of me, divine its bearing upon the point sought to be established, unless at the same time P. G. Smith had put in juxtaposition to the benefits the drawbacks upon Odd Fellowship, viz:—the enormous amount of travelling relief—the expences of processions—presentations of gifts—salaries of Lodge and District officers—delegates expences to committees—allowances to committees—Lodge-surgeons' salaries—printing, &c. &c. &c.; and I regret to add the oft-times want of economy and supervision, and lastly, the number of frauds. These are all important elements in calculations, and, to be honest in our views, we must not omit them.

I place little reliance on resources obtained from fines—very little on that of honorary members; at the same time I cheerfully admit that the character of members, in some places, is a peculiar feature in Odd Fellowship, created by its being more than a mere benevolent fund. Still, benefit societies—act of parliament benefit societies—had many of our advantages, and they have only flourished for a time. Many of their members refused in sickness to receive relief, and in Alnwick, and other Lodges, they are now Odd Fellows. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to contrast our allowances and receipts with tables compiled from general facts for the special government of these benefit societies, we being emphatically a general body, composed as we are of persons of all sects, classes, principles, and characters.

At the very threshold of the question, and the great-used argument against "grumblers," is the undeniable fact, that the Order is in a prosperous and flourishing condition. This I readily admit, so far as appearances go; but the excellency of your remark, sir, that "The Order of Odd Fellowship is yet but an experiment," is to this a triumphant, because *the* true, answer. The Order is seemingly flourishing no doubt: but can this not be accounted for by circumstances obvious as noonday, and apart from her internal government and machinery, namely, in a great degree by the enormous accession of new members, and still greater by the knowledge that the majority of Lodges have not yet found the weight of their liabilities, and will not do so until young men have grown old, and death and sickness, the consequents of age, grasp with an iron hand, the money chests of now shining coffers. When thirty or forty years have rolled over the heads of the majority of Lodges, and when the accession of new members progresses to its limits, and when the additions to the Order become "slow by degrees and beautifully less," which must inevitably be the case in time,—then, and not till then, will the flourishing state of our Order be the subject of satisfactory declamation, and the triumphant answer to well-meant warnings.

I must have already intruded too much upon your space, and therefore I will (promising, with your permission, to discuss the subject in a subsequent number), draw my remarks to a close with some suggestions for the consideration of my brethren. I may, previously to doing this, however, be permitted to remark, as a proof of my assertion, that other causes than the financial correctness of our allowances and contributions do sufficiently account for our late and present prosperity, the facts, that from March, 1839, to March, 1840, 32,723 members were initiated,—the next year, 41,630, making a difference in favor of the latter year, of no less than 8,907 members.\* I have not by me the list of Lodges for 1842, so I cannot quote the difference in amount of funds between that year and the year previous. In the "general summary," however, in the list of Lodges for 1843, I find a fact, which might be called a "great fact," in favor of those who think the present payment in funerals, travelling relief, and sickness, too large, namely, that although there has been an increase of 12,021 members, the amount of funds has decreased upwards of £1177! This is well worthy of attention, and seems strongly to favor the opinions of the "grumblers."

I heartily agree with a writer, Henry Ball, (at page 110 of vol. 7 of the Magazine,) when he says,—"I will only observe, in conclusion, that statistics may be made useful to our Society, but only in detail. Let each member of our Order study well the statistics of his own Lodge—let every one endeavour to make that section of the Order to which he belongs safe and secure—and then, when all our members are sound, the whole body must flourish." I say, I agree in these sentiments; with this addition, that statistics are useful to our Society, and that Lodges and Districts ought to lay the results of their safety and security before the Order, that the whole body may be enabled to "go and do likewise." Indeed, the latter part of brother Ball's advice has, in the North, been acted upon. The Lodge, of which I am a member, has drawn up and presented an elaborate report on its financial state; and at the last quarterly committee of the Alnwick District, it was unanimously resolved that a case be drawn up and stated for the opinion of an eminent Actuary, founded on the statistics of the District; setting out the ages of each member, and amount of fee at admission, together with all rules governing relief. That an abstract of the accounts of every Lodge in the District, from their formation up to the present time, be prepared by the elective officers, and sent, together with all books relating thereto, to the District Officers, before the last week in January next; and that the District Officers, P. Gs. Etherington, J. B. Gibb, and G. Cockburn, and P. V. G. Robert D. Ferguson, be, and they are hereby appointed a committee, for the purpose of examining the accounts of Lodges, and stating such case.

In conclusion, I beg to assure you that, however imperfect my observations, and however impracticable my suggestions may be proved to be, I am fully convinced that something must be done to set limits to the acts of Lodges. For instance, almost every Lodge in this, and neighbouring Districts, has a superannuation fund, *i. e.* a fixed allowance for members in old age, without any extra contributions. This surely cannot be right, and if not, how can it be prevented?

\* Mag. vol. 7, page 52.

I may, and ought to be, asked for a remedy. I answer, let the following limits be considered :—

1. The propriety of enacting a general law, fixing the minimum and maximum of sick allowance, in the same way as it now fixes the minimum of contributions. (Vide 13th General Law.)

2. The like of a general law, which would fix justly and safely by a scale the amount of sick money that ought to be paid by Lodges, when the contributions are a certain sum.

3. The like of prohibiting Lodges, out of the ordinary contributions, paying an old age allowance.

4. The like of creating by separate levies, or say out of fines, honorary members' initiation, or otherwise, a fund, chargeable with all costs of management and incidental expences.

5. The like of making the charges for sick a District fund, the same as in the present funeral laws, and levying accordingly.

6. The like making it imperative on all Lodges in their District to be governed by one code of laws.

7. The like of appointing the C. S. of each District to be a *District Auditor*, to check errors, frauds, and illegal charges, drawing abstracts, keeping registers of mortality and sickness, &c.

8. The like of directing the G. M. and Board of Directors from time to time, as to them may seem best, to draw out and recommend codes of by-laws for Districts and Lodges, for the information and adoption of such Districts and Lodges.

9. The like of a *compulsory* establishment of old age funds, on a certain basis.

10. The like of the amalgamation of *all* District Funds.

11. The like of all Lodges investing their moneys in the names of substantial trustees, to prevent fraud.

I throw these queries out for consideration ; all of them, I think, are practicable, and most of them, in my opinion, could be acted upon immediately with the utmost safety. With your permission, I will discuss their utility in future numbers. In my next paper I will compare *ours* with *other* benefit societies ; and running the risk of being "written down an ass" for my pains, I profess to be one of those *who do not consider the present foundations of the Order safe*,

And am, Mr. Editor,

Yours, most faithfully,

ROBERT DAWSON FERGUSON.

*Percy Lodge, Alnwick District, Jan. 16th, 1844.*

## THE CHILDREN OF THE GOLDEN LYRE.

BY ROBERT ROSE, THE BARD OF COLOUR.

Yes! 'tis a bitter thought! I pray thee go,  
And leave me lonely to my chosen theme;  
Albeit 'tis not of joy, but deepest woe—  
'Tis more than all mirth's mockery can redeem.  
Oh! let me at this solitary time  
Recall familiar shapes unto my mind,  
Still dear as to the swain the merry chime  
Of bells near his blest home, where sisters kind  
Again may thrill him with love's harmony.  
Yet a sad thought will shade his manly brow,  
That those he fondly loved in days gone by  
May be where he, and all, alas! must bow;  
Thus to the children of the golden lyre,  
Such phantom-thoughts oft check the glowing fire.

## NINETEEN MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN COLOMBIA.

## CHAPTER III.

FROM Puerto Cabella we started to our destination, on the 3rd of August, and next morning were landed at the place which was, for the next eighteen months, to be our home; and some idea may be formed of our feelings on seeing the place of our location. It is situated on the sea-beach, without a house nearer than seven miles, and then there is only one house; and on any other side, the nearest habitation is from fourteen to sixteen miles distant. The village itself consisted of a large house, (built with mud and covered with red tiles,) belonging to the works, and about half a dozen mud huts, covered with Indian corn and straw, and some merely covered with mud. It is built on a small semicircular peninsula, of about two hundred yards diameter, and completely surrounded with wood. Here we were in a strange land, where a strange language was spoken, in the midst of people noted for their treachery and cowardly deceit—people who entertain the greatest hatred to Englishmen and everything English, and entirely destitute of the means of defending ourselves against an attack on their part. My companion was entirely ignorant of their language, and I nearly so; and many times, when surrounded by a score or two of Negroes and Mulattoes, all attired with knives, some talking Spanish, which I understood but imperfectly, and others speaking the *papimento*, which I understood nothing of, I think I may say, without being accused of cowardice, that I was quite frightened enough to wish myself in "my own dear land again." After going up from the sea-beach to the houses, the first thing that met our eyes was an old man brought to his home with his back dreadfully lacerated by the kind embraces of a large tiger, which sprang upon him as he was going to work in his conocco, or garden, with his gun on his shoulder. After the tiger had made the first spring, the old man shot it through the head, and in the agonies of death it sprang again upon the poor old fellow, and held him in its dying grasp until his son, who was following him to work, found him lying under the animal in a state of exhaustion, whilst the tiger was quite dead. The same day, in going to see the works, accompanied by Mr. Syers, of La Guayia, one of the partners in the works, (of whom I shall have to speak hereafter) he nearly set his foot upon a snake, about nine feet in length, and from five to six inches round in the thickest part, and of a black and yellow colour; after killing it, we found that its mouth was capable of taking in the largest sized fist. These two circumstances occurring in the same day, and that day the first of our being there, were certainly sufficient to cast a little damp over our European ideas of South American society.

We soon, however, became so much accustomed to snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and other reptiles and vermin of all descriptions, that they began to fall in for a very small share of our attention. The greatest plague in a tropical climate are the mosquitoes; in damp or wet weather they are very annoying. We were obliged to sleep with a mosquitero, or net, made of muslin, over the hammock, or cot, in which we slept, and during the time we were inside of the net we were at ease; but from sunrise in the morning until bedtime, there was "no rest for the wicked."

Amongst the many comforts which an European enjoys in a tropical climate we may first mention what is generally called the "prickly heat." The only complaint at all similar to this is the itch. The body is sometimes entirely, and sometimes only partially, covered with postules, and the irritation is almost unendurable; many people are troubled with this several times in the year, which would be bad in England, but nothing in comparison to what it is in a hot climate. Then comes the list of fevers and agues, yellow fevers, &c.; but as these are generally known to most readers, we will pass them, and go on to mention the reptiles, vermin, &c. First, then, are the numerous family of snakes, by which in all country places you are surrounded; in no place are you secure, within doors nor without. The most destructive snake to human life is one called the *mapanary* snake; it is of a black color, with some streaks of dirty grey. Its bite is generally fatal in from twenty to twenty-one hours. They are most destructive to human life from their being generally about the thatch on the houses, and in the mud walls. On one occasion I was putting on a pair of long water boots, and finding something stirring, I took the boot in my hand, shook it, and out came a large *mapanary*, two feet in length. On another occasion one of my peones, or workmen, was bit on the ankle by a *mapanary*, and died in about nineteen hours. The Creoles pretend to

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have a great many charms to cure the bites of snakes; but I never heard of one succeeding with a person who had been bitten by a poisonous snake. Many have themselves inoculated with the sap of a poisonous tree, which they say prevents the poison of the snake from affecting them so much; but this I fear is only imagination. There are many other poisonous snakes, amongst which may be named the rattlesnake, and some smaller ones, which are very dangerous; but they do not generally come so near to the dwelling houses, although they sometimes do, for I have shot a rattlesnake at the door of a hut in the village, and have seen another killed inside of a hut. Next are the scorpions and centipedes; of the former there are two kinds, the red and black. The bite or sting of the red scorpion is easily cured; but that of the black one is often fatal. I have seen a Mulatto girl, of about nine years of age, die in four hours after having been bitten by one; and a grown up young man, who was bitten in the arm, lived a week or nine days. From the appearance of his arm I fancy mortification must have taken place; but this is only fancy on my part, for I did not see him until he had been dead twelve hours, and being a very black man, I could not judge so well from the colour of his arm. The centipede's is a very painful bite, but not fatal. I was bitten in two places by one about twelve inches long; my arm swelled very much, and was exceedingly painful, but by applying "Fryar's Balsam," (the only thing I had by me,) the swelling was soon allayed, yet the pain continued for some days. There is another creature of the lizard kind, called in Spanish *toceca*; it is generally in the roofs of the houses, and will drop down in the night upon persons sleeping, and bite them; but its bite, although troublesome, is not dangerous. To these may be added the numerous kinds of ants that infest every place, both in doors and out; you cannot sit down to a meal without having your table crowded with them. The walls of your room, your bed, and in fact every place, are completely covered with them. There are also cockroaches, house lizards, and a variety of other insects and vermin, which, although harmless, yet are very annoying, and make an European's residence in a tropical climate anything rather than desirable.

### CHAPTER IV.

The three former chapters having fairly placed us in the mud hut, which was for the future to be our "castle," we may now go on to give some account of the country, the coal and ironstone districts, the manners and customs of the natives, &c. The place of our location was situated on what is called the Coro coast, about one hundred and thirty miles N.W. of Caracas, the principal city of the republic, and about forty miles S.E. of the Dutch island of Curacao. The country with which we were acquainted, namely, from La Guayia and Caracas, to Maricaibo, a distance of more than three hundred miles east and west, and for several miles interior was, with very trifling exceptions, uncultivated, and covered with woods; the cultivated parts merely consisted of the small "conoccos," or gardens, of the labourers, and the sugar, coffee, and cotton estates of the more wealthy inhabitants. Most of the poorer classes have a mud hut, and a conocco around it, which supplies them with plantains, Indian corn, coffee, water, melons, &c.; and all the cultivation they bestow upon it is merely to clear the ground, and then plant the seed, without either digging or manure, and if they happen to get a few showers of rain until the crop covers the ground, they are sure to have a good harvest; but it frequently happens that in certain places there will be no rain for two or three years. Near to Maricaibo, some time ago, there was no rain for nine years, and the consequence of this was a complete failure of all vegetation. In the higher, and more interior parts of the country, they have the regular "rainy season," but such was not the case with us; for at the place where we lived there had been no rain for more than two years and a half previous to our arrival; we were, however, not long there before we had plenty of it. Besides the conoccos, and sugar and coffee estates, the only things having the least appearance of an inhabited country are the savanas, or cattle plains; some of these are of very great extent, and have numerous herds of cattle grazing on them. The person to whom we bought our cattle for supplying the rations to the peones, was owner of ten and part owner of five savanas, on which he grazed from eighteen to twenty thousand head of cattle, horses, mules, and donkeys; the three latter might amount in the whole to a thousand, and the remainder were horned cattle. He guaranteed all our cattle to weigh five hundred and fifty pounds, and the price was only twenty Colombian dollars, or about three pounds six shillings sterling. Donkeys and mules were considerably

dearer; the former from forty to fifty dollars, and the latter from eighty to one hundred, and even more. The price of horses was much the same as in England. Goats and pigs were very cheap; a goat might be bought for one dollar, and a pig for from one to three dollars, according to size and condition.

The principal beasts of burden are mules and donkeys, as being better able to travel the bad roads than horses. The whole of the cotton, coffee, and indigo, is brought down from the interior to La Guayia, Puerto Cabella, Maricaibo, &c., on mules and donkeys, each carrying 200lbs. Every Wednesday and Friday hundreds of loads of the above articles are brought into the seaport towns for exportation to Europe and the United States; each muleteer driving from twelve to twenty mules, or donkeys. The muleteer's dress generally consists of a hat and a long shirt, without any other article of clothing. After disloading their animals, they drive them to the nearest place where they can graze for the night, and then light a fire, and either sleep on the ground, on their covigo, or blanket, or hang up their hammock between two trees. They think nothing of sleeping in the midst of the woods amongst tigers and snakes; and though the fire keeps off the tigers, yet it attracts the snakes; but they say that if even a snake does come when they are asleep, if they do not stir, it will not bite them. This may be true, but it is an experiment that few Europeans would be at all ambitious of proving by their own experience. Sometimes parties are bitten whilst sleeping on the ground, but cases of this kind are not of general occurrence.

Some of our peones were men who had served under Bolivar, the liberator of Colombia, and during the war they were for the greater part of their time obliged to sleep on the ground in the woods, or plains, and several of their companions had been from time to time destroyed in this way; and many were the accounts they gave us of their comrades, or *compañeros*, who had fallen a prey to snakes and tigers. One man, whose arm we have seen, and have every reason to believe his account of the affair, in company with others, was encamped on a savana, and it being a moonlight night, the soldiers were enjoying themselves at their favourite amusement, cards, until late, and when he and his brother went to where they had left their blankets, a large rattle snake was coiled upon one of them, and being a little excited by drink, he immediately grasped the snake by the neck, telling his brother at the same time that he would do what no other man durst attempt. In an instant it had coiled itself round his arm, and broke it in two places, and would have bitten him had not his brother, with the greatest presence of mind, struck off its head with a cutlass. The strength of these snakes is very great. We have seen a snake caught with a noose round its neck whilst asleep, and pinned to the ground with a pretty stiff walking stick, which it broke as if it had been a rotten twig.

#### CHAPTER V.

The Colombian, or Venezuelan, coal and iron district is situated on the north coast of Venezuela, adjoining the Caribbean sea, commencing on the east from fifty to sixty miles N.W. of Puerto Cabella, and extending, westward, to Maricaibo, a distance of from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty miles; its general width is from nine to fourteen miles. In stating its length we merely speak of what is known; for on the east there is every reason to believe that it extends many miles under the sea, and on the west we could obtain no accurate information of the probable extent of the coal mines, for coal is found in the interior of that part of the country. On the east side, where we were engaged, there are several veins of coal rising towards the sea beach, varying in thickness from two to five feet; all of which can be got by levels under the banks. Intermixed with these are many good veins of ironstone, varying from four feet down; several are between twelve and twenty inches in thickness, and many of them, in quality and superiority, are equal to any of those in the great iron district of Wales. The coal is of the same quality as that known by the name of "cannel coal;" and although not possessing the durability of the Welsh steam coal, yet it is very well adapted for steam purposes, or iron making. There being plenty of wood (which can be had for the cutting of it) to make charcoal, such a situation in the hands of an able and spirited company might be made of great value and profit to the parties; but at present it happens to be in the hands of a mixed multitude of English, Scotch, Yankees, Creoles, &c., most of whom have no ideas beyond serving a yard of tape, or a ball of cotton, over the counter; and in such hands it can never succeed. We might give a more lengthened account of the coal district, but it is apprehended that it would be



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uninteresting to a majority of readers, and consequently we stop here, and proceed to the best of our powers to give some descriptive account of the natives, premising that we do not pretend to describe the natives generally, but merely such traits in their characters and habits as came from time to time under our own notice.

It will be known to most readers that the country, since the time of Pizarro, Cortes, &c., had been in the hands of the Spaniards until the year 1811, (I believe) when, by the noble exertions of the brave and patriotic Bolivar, it was declared an independent republic. Many were the battles fought by this brave man, and many were the difficulties he had to encounter through the jealousy and stupidity of his countrymen, from the time he said\* he would free his country, until that object was accomplished. And after it was accomplished, what was his reward? Shame on his ungrateful countrymen! through their jealousy, and the machinations of some of those whom he had raised from serfs to generals, he was sent to Santa Marta to die broken-hearted! But in a few years his countrymen did honour to his ashes, by removing them from Santa Marta, to the capital of the republic, Caracas. This ceremony we had the pleasure of witnessing in December, 1842; and when we saw one of the self-same generals, who had been chiefly instrumental in banishing the liberator from his house and home, shedding tears over his ashes, we could not help thinking of the crocodile, which is said to shed tears over the head of a man after having eaten his body.

H. RIDLEY, P. G.

*Mechanics' Lodge, Llanelly District.*

[To be continued.]

### SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

*Tune,—“Roy's Wife.”*

FARE thee well, my bonnie Mary!  
Since longer here thou wilt not tarry,  
In other lands where thou mayst roam,  
May health and joy be thine, my Mary!

The fairest flowers first fade away—  
The nearest friends, alas! must sever—  
And thou, the beautiful and gay,  
Must leave us now—but not for ever.  
Fare thee well, &c.

A sister's love thou leav'st behind,  
For one, afar, who shall caress thee;  
Though out of sight, not out of mind—  
A mother's parting prayer shall bless thee.  
Fare thee well, &c.

Thy sunny face and placid brow—  
Each look we'll mind, each word thou'st spoken;  
We'll see thee as we see thee now—  
Love's chain, though lengthen'd, is not broken.

Fare thee well, my bonnie Mary!  
Since longer here thou wilt not tarry,  
In other lands where thou mayst roam,  
May health and joy attend thee, Mary!

\*It is stated that at a convivial meeting of the Spanish authorities and citizens of Caracas, the subject was discussed (*pro et con*) after dinner, what were the advantages, or otherwise, of being under the Spanish government. Bolivar strongly advocated the separation from Spain, when the Spanish general laughingly said,—“The man is not yet born who will separate Colombia from the dominion of Spain;” Bolivar immediately said, in the same jocular manner,—“General, I am that man.” How he kept his word is well known to the world.

## ON THE INTELLECTUAL POSITION OF THE ORDER.

PHILOSOPHERS have, at various times, attributed various faculties to man, to distinguish him from other created beings. The graver have designated him a thinking animal, others distinguish him by his taste for reading; whilst some humourously bestow upon him a distinction from his knowledge of the culinary art. Nor must we forget the cynical idea of Buffon, that men were originally a species of monkeys, who had lost their tails through their fondness for a sedentary position. None of these have ever looked upon him in the light in which we should like to consider him—an improving animal. It is a point too generally lost sight of, that man is capable, by a proper direction of his energies, and a due cultivation of his intellectual powers, of arriving at a state of perfection inferior only to the supreme Creator. It has been well observed by an able writer in a late number,—“That *intellectual improvement* is the surest guarantee for the perpetuity of the Order,” and it is a proposition which every one, who has thought the least upon the subject, must be ready to coincide with. If this, then, be the case, and it is one of those self-evident propositions which requires no argument to prove, then do we incur that fearful responsibility of which the same author speaks when he truly says, that to us is committed “the training and elevation of myriads of minds of generations yet unborn.” And is this true? And do we slumber over this fearful responsibility? It is a question of the deepest interest to every member of the Order, and one that should engage his most earnest thoughts.

We have formed a society, founded upon the broadest and most universal principle of philanthropy that ever yet was attempted upon the face of the earth—we have commenced a new era amongst the sons of men, we have shown them the value of mutual assistance, and cemented our union in the bonds of brotherly love—we have curbed the wild demon of political and sectarian rancour, and driven him far from our sanctuary—we have shown that men may throw aside the miserable, selfish, and engrossing cares of this life, and, rising superior to them, spurn a slavish obedience to the customs of the world; freeing themselves from the trammels of those conventional prejudices, which are the bane of society, and forgetting all minor differences, we have taught them to unite heart and hand to give effect to that blessed precept of our Saviour,—“Peace on earth, good-will to man.” All this have we done, and we have seen our society increase, until from a grain of mustard seed, it has become a goodly tree, under the shadow of whose branches *nations* are even now taking refuge. To accomplish this we have used but the simplest means. We have not gone forth, like the Moslem, with the sword in one hand, and the Koran in the other, compelling proselytes. We have deluded no one by the specious arguments of sophistry, nor bewildered their imaginations by the dazzling glitter of eloquence. The founders of our Order were, for the most part, unlettered men, who were content to base our foundation upon Justice, and defend it by the simple and unanswerable argument of Truth. To this height have we attained, and there is a career before us, a bright destiny to accomplish, hitherto unexampled in the history of the human race. And shall we pause when this glorious consummation awaits us? There can be no pause in the Order—we must advance, or our end approaches; with us to stop is to retrograde—we may not lag behind the advancing spirit of the age. What future steps may be taken, as our society advances in numbers, power, and intelligence, it is not now the object to inquire. But let it be hoped, that at some, not distant, period, an extended and well-matured system of education may be adopted amongst us; training the coming generation not only to follow in our footsteps, but by their superior intelligence to carry out far beyond our present limits, the benefits to be derived from our Institution. We should banish from amongst us that narrow and short-sighted policy which looks only to the expediency of the present moment; not that we should neglect the exigencies of the day, but that we should also keep the future steadfastly in mind, and so endeavour to improve and advance our society, that we may bequeath it as a blessing to all succeeding generations.

The present medium through which, in our present circumstances, an endeavour can be made to advance the intellectual character of our society, and refine the minds of our members, is the Magazine. The advantages to be derived, through its medium, in carrying such intentions into effect, are greater than might be imagined upon a cursory view of the matter. It is not, as far as our members are concerned, one of those publications which are to be taken up without interest, and therefore perused without

profit. It has, to them, an interest peculiar to itself—it is *their own*. It is part and parcel of their identity as Odd Fellows, and there is interspersed through its pages that charm which endears to us our home—it is mine. If this, then, be the feeling, how powerful an auxiliary must it be towards assisting our members in the slow and silent march of intellectual improvement; leading by gradations imperceptible even to themselves, to the pursuit of those studies which tend to expand the mind, and enlarge the understanding, and which, as the Roman poet truly observes,—

“Emollit mores, nec sinet esse ferus.”

Education is not the trite maxims of the schools, venerable only from their antiquity—it is not the being able to correct with the greatest accuracy some disputed quantity in an ancient Latin author; nor to trace, through all its intricacies, the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek verb—it is not the being able to read the inscription upon a Runic fragment, nor the power to decipher some mouldy Arabic MS—nor is it that worldly wisdom, which teaches men, by a combination of figures, to gather together riches. But it is that continued cultivation of the intellect, which leads man from the grosser pursuits of our nature, to aspirations after higher and purer sources of enjoyment. Whatever teaches man to think, is education; and it may be safely averred, that no one ever entered upon a strain of deep and serious thought upon any subject, not purely evil in itself, but he arose from it a wiser, and consequently, in a degree, a better man.

The early preparation of the mind to fit it for the reception of future stores of knowledge, must not be undervalued, and especially when many of the antiquated modes of instruction are fast giving way to a more lucid and comprehensive system. The study of the dead languages, forming the principal acquirement of what is usually termed a classical education, is not now, as formerly, a *sine quâ non*, incompatible as it is often found with that encyclopedic knowledge, if it may be so termed, which a man is now expected to possess. He who created us, sent us into this world to improve, and the means of instruction are placed every moment within our reach, if we choose to avail ourselves of them; they beset us in our daily paths, they invite our attention upon earth, and they call to us from the heights of the heavens. It is not more certain that each object with which we come in contact upon earth, or which we behold in the heavens, is fulfilling its part towards the furtherance of the design of the mighty Architect, than that it is also placed there for the instruction of His creatures. How deeply impressed with this idea must have been that close and accurate observer of human nature, he who could

“Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

But it is not with the rising generation that we have now to deal; our publication addresses itself to those whose course of scholastic education, at least, is concluded, and who have now, in most instances, to rely upon their own efforts for self-improvement. To these, it is to be hoped, it may prove a powerful auxiliary in opening to them a newer stream of thought, and a higher source of enjoyment. It may be objected that the matter contained in the Magazine is not of that grave character which some may deem necessary to give a tone to the morals, and an impetus to the intellectual pursuits of our brethren. But it is not always by dry didactic treatises upon morality, wearying perhaps by their repetition, and cloying by their sameness, that the object is altogether to be gained. The simplest tale may contain a valuable moral; a thought, a casual expression, may strike the hidden spring of feelings, hitherto closed, and induce man to enter into the secret recesses of his own thoughts, and there hold converse with that mysterious portion of the divinity within him—his own soul. Thus leading him into a habit of self-communion, and enabling him to store up that wisdom which is only thus to be learned, and which, when attained, is above the world's price. It is no slight advantage, also, that the Magazine has induced many of our members to commence the habit of composition; and although every one may not succeed at first, yet it will be found that practice will make it familiar, and that which was probably commenced as a task, will eventually become a source of pure enjoyment. In the meantime it has opened to him a source of riches, which perhaps he was unconscious before that he possessed—the deep mine of his own thoughts, a possession which will not, like the riches of the world, make to itself wings and flee away; but which will become the richer the more it is worked. It is somewhat strange that our Magazine should be so carefully secluded

within the precincts of our Order, whilst each party in the state, and each different sect of religionists, have their organ, through which they endeavour to promulgate their opinions, and bring themselves before the public in a prominent and favourable point of view; nor is there scarcely a project, which skill and enterprise give birth to, but thus seeks to find favour and publicity. We, perhaps, alone, of all the various bodies which have published a periodical, endeavour to screen it from the public eye, as if we shrunk from the ordeal of general opinion, and feared to submit our principles to its judgment. It is not now as formerly, when the Magazine contained nothing beyond the dry and monotonous record of passing events, which could not possibly interest any except ourselves; then it was in fact, from the nature of its contents, unlikely to attract public notice. But now, when it has attained a reputation beyond our own shores, when travellers speak of having met with it on the continent, and of having found interest and amusement in its contents, we may surely venture to take our station amongst the current literature of the day, and thus embrace the best opportunity we can ever possess of making ourselves duly known to, and appreciated by, the nation at large.

In adverting to the benefits which will arise to individuals in cultivating the art of composition, and thus inducing habits of thought and self-reflection, it must also strike us what a vast amount of literary wealth must yet remain hidden within the minds of the hundreds of thousands which constitute our society, and which requires but opportunity to be brought forth, and shed its fructifying influence upon the minds of our members. A glance at the last volume of the Magazine will show that there are not above sixty contributors, of which one-half at least have not belonged to the Order, being only one contributor in ten thousand of our brethren. What hidden veins of thought, what treasures of mind may yet be brought to light and expanded amongst ourselves, when those energies, now lying dormant and wasting for want of use, shall be once fairly aroused, and mind brought into collision with mind, the only warfare in which both parties can be gainers. But the Magazine, under its present system, holds out no hope of this consummation. Its limited space, and the long dreary intervals between its appearance, must restrain the honourable ambition of many an aspirant, who may be deterred by the fear that room may not be found for him in its pages. But let us give the intellect of the Order fair play, and allow "ample room and verge enough" for its expansion, and we shall not have cause to fear the result. There may be those amongst us who would only view such a matter through the medium of profit and loss; but although a pecuniary result must not be lost sight of, still it ought not to be the sole consideration. But upon this head there can be but little to fear. How many publications of the present day, ephemeral in their character, and attractive only by their novelty, or cheapness, are now made matter of profitable speculation. Surely, therefore, with a body of three hundred thousand supporters to look to, and the character which it may be fairly hoped can be given to such a work amongst us, there can be no probability of a loss.

It has been often observed that there is nothing impossible to a body like ours—with us to will is to do; not only in this, but in matters of higher moment; it requires but active co-operation on the part of our members, and the result is without a doubt. Everything that can tend to exalt the character of the Order, should be strenuously adopted amongst us. In this age of progression, if we cannot go before, we must, at least, keep pace with that advancing spirit; and how can we better attain this object, than by endeavouring to excite and keep alive amongst our members, a thirst for literature, and a desire for intellectual advancement. Much as may have been done towards the improvement of the Magazine, there is much more for us yet to perform. We should never allow ourselves to be satisfied with mediocrity, when we feel convinced we can rise above it; and even if we do not succeed in such an attempt, the failure will be without disgrace, and the defeat without dishonour. It is honourable to attempt great and worthy objects, even although the end be not attained. But here there can be no fear of failure; there is a bright and aspiring spirit amongst our members, which is only now bursting into light, and if duly fostered and encouraged, will sweep from our path the impediments which are yet placed in it, and realise, at no distant time, a more glorious destiny for our Order, than the most sanguine of us have ever even pictured to our imaginations.

CIVIS.

## AN INQUIRY INTO THE IDEA OF THE POETICAL.

It would almost seem a profane task to inquire into the operations of a poetical mind, and with the mechanism of reason to explore the laws which are in action during poetical feeling. It is too near an approach to the most sacred *adytum* of the heart to be pleasing to many minds, for there are minds whose inner movements are to them as the inapproachable Holy of Holies, and deeply must the ancient father have felt this when he compared man to the temple, and asserted the interior and most holy place to be an emblem of a part of the moral creation. Our most holy part, our internal man, is not to be subjected to the rude gaze of all passers by; and call it by what name you please, call it moral sense, feeling, sensitiveness, emotion, heart, soul, or heart of hearts, we have by universal acknowledgment, certain moral movements, which none but at certain periods, and these periods solemn ones, are permitted to see, as with the Jewish Most Holy was the case. To bring these feelings, or sacred thoughts, into distinct forms and expressions, or to tell of what each consists, would be a thankless, if it were a possible, task. To tell, as a simple relation, the number, and the kind of emotions which make up our ideas of the grand, and of the beautiful, has always been found a fruitless attempt; and it will always be so. The feelings are always found to advance before the intellect; the sight and the hearing are always beyond the touch. A thankless labour too, to put into hard forms, the love of the patriot for his country, the wanderer for his happy home, the enthusiasm of the painter, the admiration of the godly man for all that is beautiful, in all its varied senses, in the revelation of the character of God. But we may well inquire what poetry has been, what it has said, and what it has done; and we may well speculate on what it will do, without reducing it to laws so incongruous to its whole being, as those which may be described by words of measure, or of number.

Youth is generally poetical; the early world was poetical; nations, in an early stage of civilization, are poetical; the first movements of mind have poetry in them, and new eras, and ages, begin with poetry. We cannot define the beautiful, and there is something undefined in poetry. A solemn, awful poetry, is written in the description of the creation—physical size, and moral power not to be reached up to, strike us. The individual standing alone in creation before his God, and unaided by his friends, throws an atmosphere of poetry round the early sufferer, Job. Here, in early times, the affairs of man, his history, and his present actions, were not thrust on men, as now they are: the great moral creation which we now see in mankind, was not, or it existed as an infant only, and the equality of man's powers to his present did not avail him; his strength was wasted on the incomprehensible and infinite before him. No one can find off God, but a great and a glorious was seen,—and such made the religion, and the poetry, and the inner life of the earliest men we know. Viewed either with christian, or with infidel eyes, it must be to every one clear that an element of greatness was formed in man by this early relation to the world around him and the unseen. The remnants of the same may be traced in the east; an idea of a lovely, an incomprehensible, and an awful.

Even in early times, poetry did not exist in all the different ages of that period; although the general state of unprogressiveness tended to preserve it in the mass of men. Practical men arose, and formed practical theories. It will be needless to consider their origin; it is unknown to certainty. This, however, we may be allowed to conclude, that it was the necessary offspring of a lively action of some of our most essential faculties, which the congregation of multitudes together always produces, more or less, the tendency to art.

Egyptians, and perhaps their predecessors, called forth an element not known to the surrounding nations in general, and the material seems to have taken the lead for a long time. Many of the vagaries of eastern philosophy were the work of speculation merely, on mind acting unaided; and we may well conceive, that if they even began with the beautiful and sublime simplicity of truth known to a Job, the advance of unaided speculation could lead them into beliefs no less fanciful than they have proved to be. The vast and immeasurable in feeling, and in mind, took, in Egypt, the form of the long and the numerous; infinity of the past was to them a huge finity, and eternity took the form of unwieldy cycles. The sacred took an outward form, and death and immortality received strikingly defined material expressions; the sacred on earth, by gigantic temples; the immortal, by splendid catacombs. Is there no poetry here? Matter is every where

an expression of mind ; and no great work of man can ever be merely material. The moral expression faded dimly away in the sacred buildings of Egypt, and every step gave it a more material form ; and thus ended the earliest material expression of the earliest religious feelings known to us ; the greatness and loveliness of God, the idea of infinity, and a desire to sympathize with it, acting on active minds and bodies. Shall we be excused for calling it the first national sympathy of earth for heaven, the first expression of oneness in the seen and the unseen.

Our earliest perception of things are not material ; they are merely in the mind, speculative and vague ; they begin as feelings, as the vaguest emotions, and they grow by slow degrees to the form of thoughts, which become more and more distinct, till they end in definitely expressible ideas, principles, or, perhaps, laws of nature. The progress of the above ideas may serve as an example. The poet feels, and he feels keenly, and sooner than those around him ; so that we often hear him speak the words of those that are to follow him. It is to be expected, then, that the most spiritual, or poetical men, will be found at the beginning of an age ; and if we take the above as an example, we may see the great difference between the spirituality of the early, and the materiality of the succeeding period.

A somewhat similar course has been taken in other parts of the east. Grand ideas, well carried out, but no successors to bring forward the next scene. The ruins lie, plainly speaking the thoughts, or at least, the reigning, moral feelings of those who erected them ; and the ruins of opinion which oral and written tradition present to us express the same—immensity expressed by vastness, an attempt to conceive the incomprehensible. The researches in the east prove this more and more. The character of their deities are not mere unmeaning fancies, but every one is a clear picture of the grasp of truth, taken by the time which uttered it. The numerous years seems to have been spoken of as an approach to the eternal existence of God ; and, in fact, our own ideas of eternity are strictly of the same class, our only mode of thinking on the infinite is by accumulating an immense number of finites.

If we now begin with another age, in a country better known to us, we shall find the same course of things. Fine feelings were in action among the Greeks ; but, as the present is continually surrounded with temptations, they found it less easy to keep them in action here, than when they lived in the past, or the future. Men began to praise the past. The poets saw its beauties, and Homer sung of better days. But his poems are not a history. We have the ideal of the times—we have courage superhuman, and wisdom, and authority—we have kindness and gentleness of disposition—we have the evils of folly, and the retributions of a Providence. He was the philosopher and poet of his age, and his wisdom was recognised by his people. His works were the very choice expressions of their dearest feelings—not a transcript of the times, but from a view of the times, giving the spirit still more extended, sufficient, and more than sufficient, for the full satisfaction of many future generations, although he himself had seen but an inferior development of many of its parts. Homer is truly Greek—the prophet of the Greek nation ; future poets extended portions of Greek mind, but Homer gave the tendency of the nation, and saw its spirit through the barbarous period of the Trojan war. If the finer mental powers were described by Homer, why did he multiply events so rapidly ? It is not strange. The most abstract opinions are the most difficult to express, and parables often tell the most spiritual truths. As the great works of eastern builders were supposed to be expressions of previous belief, previous feelings, and national character, so may we see the feelings of Homer expressed, whilst he merely relates a simple action. The dignity of Ulysses when he slays the suitors, is surely not the mere telling of a tale, or Homer would not be a poet there ; we see the dignity of man speaking from his features, and the pride of Greece, the pride of its statesmen, and even its philosophers, must have been swelling in the heart of the bard.

As my remarks must be within moderate bounds, I shall not bring forward many instances from one period, nor speak much of the succeeding Greek poets. They expressed their times in a more partial manner, but, in certain directions, more fully, and much so completely, that it is the truth for every age which we have yet seen.

It is true that these poetical feelings are found in men who seem more elevated, and who decidedly have higher tendencies than other men ; but the poetical age is, from this cause, or in agreement with it, a lower age than the succeeding practical. It is true, that in the history of the world we do not always see this in a manner so distinct

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as to strike us at the first glance, because of the many elements continually in contention, obscuring the action of those which were the subject of poetry in the preceding; but if we keep in mind the elements only of which poetry consisted, we should find that they had passed in after times into the rank of ordinary and practical thought. The energy of Tyrtæus passed into a general feeling of pride in Greece, whilst in him it was the unyielding spirit of liberty, or death. The hatred of tyranny, and the defence of each individual's liberty, passed, with Socrates, into the exaltation of excellence and virtue, as a moral power in man, in contradistinction to position; and Aristophanes made it a common feeling by showing it, not as an exalted abstraction, but as a simple truth; another specimen of the descent of the finest poetry to live in social life. True, the goddesses must change their manners when they come amongst men, but they are no less goddesses. Many generations of them must blend in a similar manner with mankind, before the end be gained to which all improvement tends. The unformed thought is in the poet's soul, a full swelling ocean of enthusiasm; but when it has developed itself fully, and attained such a shape that the observative faculties can deal with it, the cause of all his enthusiasm acts as calmly and unconsciously as one of the most common instincts. We hear some men neglect the early poet, Homer, as a teller of tales, a chronicler of blows; but we do not consider that he is the first who saw the propriety and great importance, as well as the exciting interest, in a good description of human character. He sang the wrath of Achilles, and man was his study. The importance of this was long neglected, and Pope was honoured as one who had made a discovery, because, after much study, it had occurred to him. This portraying of human character is a striking feature of Homer, and the Greeks carried out the spirit by histories surpassing those of any other nation. Now it is not asserted that Homer taught them all this; by no means. Homer spoke as a Greek; and it is only desired to shew that Greece was represented by him; that he expressed the spirit of the nation, and by expressing it, kept it in motion, and furthered its progress.

According to the principles on which we set out, it would follow, when the poetical age had condensed into the practical, that in every nation a succession of characters would appear, poetical and practical, in turns, contradicting the stability of national characteristics. This, however, is no great difficulty; poets, or poetical people, remain still as they were; but the enthusiasm seldom, in a well formed mind, remains the same in detail on the same subject, unless it be a subject too high to make any sensible progress towards. When one subject has in time come down to every day life, another is ready to take its place; or the first will renew its position in relation to the mind, by assuming a higher ground. As an instance, we may refer again to the doctrines of the Greek philosophers, which, from the material in their history and mythology, rose to the rank of being in part expressions of universal truth. I take that age for many of these examples, because of its convenience. We have there the best history of any early period; and although the same laws have been in action with tenfold more energy and effect in modern times, their numbers, and their complicated movements, render them less capable of being brought conveniently forward as examples. From these examples we see that poetry is capable of rising and falling in the same nation, that it imbues ordinary life with its influence, and again takes a higher stand in the moral man, which mode of existence is also destined to share the fate of the former. It is like progress of every other kind, a succession of risings and fallings; every step is a work done, a certain amount of ground gone over.

Another example of the passage of the poetical to the practical, and the power and spirit which it infuses into the practical, is seen in still greater purity and simplicity in the Mahomedan religion. The oneness of God;—let there be one ruler, was the spirit which it breathed; and the same was carried out into practice, forming out of a lawless people, a system of government, which, in theory, is surpassed by none. The one idea formed a system beautifully representing unity, and the whole governed country seemed to say nothing but unity—unity. There was poetry in all its glow at the commencement of this nation, or rather system, although the verbal poetic utterance was not given. Poetry had fallen in the historical age of Egypt, but we inferred from their works that poetry had existed; and had we no records of Mahomedanism, we might there have traced the same source of their actions. A glow of feeling from some principle, boundless to the sight, is a spirit of poetry; when it bounds itself, it assumes the form of a physical, or moral duty, and shews itself in corresponding actions. For this reason we

generally talk of poetry as a spirit, as a vague thing, as a mere feeling; and men of precision have considered it closely allied to weakness. Exactness may be found in a poet, as in other men; but there is always a part of him which passes the finite, and which remains poetry till its infinitude ceases. Herein lies the universality of poetry, the endless explanations of a poet's word; it is an arrow on the wing, keeping the original direction, moving forward, but not soon to cease.

A poet does not make his poetry, it is already made for him; he puts the spirit into words. Nature is the poet, and the only poet. This is not the case merely in the sense that the poet is a portion of nature, but it is the case literally. In nature we see the poetry acted, and in poetry we have it clearly spoken; and although it has been said that the poet sees the future, and speaks it before other men, it is not that the spirit of his visions has been in him only, but the quickest perception of them. "The gentle swains of famous Arcady" lived and acted the poetry of their times; and "the smooth enamelled green, where no print of step hath been," spoke of unsullied purity and peace to many a heart, before it spoke fully out in words. As we are not done with early times, let us look at what the poetry in them was. The poetry of Saturnian and Arcadian days, was in those days themselves; and the poetry of warlike periods, in those periods themselves; the pleasure of living in peace and liberty in the one, and the many varied ambitions of the warrior in the other. "The senses maddening play" gave the poetry to both; and the poet uses such words as can recall to us their feelings. His is not the part to make the poetry; except in so far as he exalts the real into the ideal, as otherwise we should hear of nothing but moral sentiments and social principles.

Early times could not always use words in uttering their feelings. Egyptians, and other easterns, used great labour of the limbs; Mahomedans used the sword; later ages, in passing along the infinite line, remove further from physical expression; but the real spirit is the same, the arc is the same, although of a smaller circle. Another example of this we see in the types and shadows of the early scriptures, which, even when expressing the universal spirit found in later revelation, appeared in the strongest sectarian light, and have therefore been called by St. Paul, "beggary elements."

R. S.

[To be continued.]

## A SONG TO THE ABSENT.

BY FREDERICK KEMPSTER.

OH! wherefore hast thou, gentle girl, around me  
 So closely drawn thy beauty's silken chain?  
 Why—why with such a fetter hast thou bound me?  
 Is freedom *never* to be mine again?  
 They tell me thou art grown regardless now  
 Of hours once cherished—of our youth's delight,—  
 But Hope sees Memory smiling on thy brow,—  
 Hope, the moon of sorrow's night.

They tell me there are flatterers bending o'er thee,  
 That fairest flowers along thy path are cast,  
 Thy lot so bright, there never steals before thee  
 A transitory image of the past.  
 They tell me thou art grown regardless now  
 Of hours once cherished—of our youth's delight,—  
 But Hope sees Memory smiling on thy brow,—  
 Hope, the moon of sorrow's night.



## ODD WANDERINGS; OR, THE TRAVELS OF AN ODD FELLOW.

## CHAPTER IV.

I ARRIVED in London on the afternoon of a Tuesday, in the latter part of September. I obtained lodgings in Frederick Street, at the end of Grey's Inn Lane, and in the week following procured work in Bond Street. I believe I have not yet told what trade I was; but now, as I have got once more to work, I must inform my readers that I am an upholsterer, and that I was employed by Messrs. Merino, who had, at that time, an extensive establishment in Bond Street, and were employed by some of the principal merchants in London. I soon obtained the esteem and good-will of my employers by sobriety, diligence, and punctuality as to time.

After being about four months in London, I, with two more men, was sent to a house in Dash Court, Chancery Lane, which we had partly to furnish and fit up for a London merchant. Mr. Pellán, a general merchant, had commenced business, in a small way, about twenty years prior to this; and by a close and steady perseverance, had amassed a small fortune. He had married after he had been about two years in business, and after one year of conjugal bliss, he became a father and a widower at the same time. He had married from pure love, and, therefore, respected the memory of his departed one so sincerely, as never to think of another. He devoted his days solely to trade, with a view of procuring a fortune for his daughter. Owing to the increase of his business and his fortune, he had removed from his house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to a much larger one in Dash Court, Chancery Lane. It was on this occasion that I had to attend, and superintend the furnishing of his house.

On the second day Mr. Pellán came, with his daughter, to view our work. I was struck with her remarkable beauty; I felt as I had never felt before. A thrill of the most pleasing sensation passed through my frame when she spoke; her voice was like sweet music to me, and entranced my very soul. I returned home that night an altered man. During all my travels I had still cherished my first love, without a "wish or sigh for change." Now, a lady above me in society was, by chance, thrown in my way, and at once made a conquest of my heart. She was about seventeen years of age, five feet five or six inches in height, slender in shape; her head was of the finest form, and her face such as any artist might choose to copy a Venus from. Her eyes were piercing, though rather light, but such as could send Cupid's shafts to the very core. An eternal smile seemed to play about her lips. Her hair was of that flaxen kind which seems more congenial to our climate than that jet black, which savours of an Italian origin.

During the time we were busy at Mr. Pellán's, I had frequently an opportunity of speaking with Miss Pellán, her father having entirely left everything to her taste, she was, therefore, present every day. Time went on, however; we finished the house, and I saw no more of Miss Pellán for several weeks. About five or six weeks afterwards, as I was walking in Hyde Park, on a Sunday afternoon, I met Miss Pellán, in company with an elderly lady, and she returned my salutation in passing with a smile so sweet, and a look so expressive, that I felt at once there was a reciprocity of feeling betwixt us.

Two days after this I received an order from my employers to wait upon Mr. Pellán, as he required some alterations in his house. I set off immediately with a joyous heart, in anticipation of again beholding and conversing with one who had made so powerful and lasting an impression upon me. On arriving I was immediately sent to Miss Pellán's private room, where I found her, and the old lady I had seen in the park, and who, I now found, was her aunt.

After a little conversation, Miss Pellán said,—"I do not like this room at all, Mr. Beverley; it is too fiery—too gaudy; not, in fact, pretty, or neat, at all."

"It was precisely in accordance with your directions, Miss; but——"

"Oh! I know it was; I do not throw any blame upon you."

The fact was, the room was papered with scarlet, the window curtains were scarlet, and the whole appearance of the room was, as she expressed it—fiery. I therefore recommended light blue instead of scarlet, which would give the whole a most chaste appearance. The ladies instantly agreed with me, and then left the room. On the table I observed a portfolio containing drawings, as I supposed, for one or two were lying open. While admiring one of these, Miss Pellán came in, and I observed,—

"This is a beautiful little landscape."

"Do you really think so?" she asked.

"I do indeed. How like it is to nature! One would almost imagine that the child on the foreground was speaking to the dog, it seems so pleased. I presume, Miss, it is your own pencilling?"

"Why, yes, it is; but I am afraid it is not so good as you would wish to persuade me. Pray, Mr. Beverley, do you draw? You seem to look at it with the eye of a connoisseur."

"Yes, a little occasionally; that is—I try for mere pastime."

"Oh! indeed! Well, since you *sometimes* draw, though it is for mere *pastime*, do oblige me by pencilling a little. As you have seen my productions, it is but fair I should see yours. Nay, I will have no excuse," she said, laughingly, as I attempted to get out of the predicament, which, unconsciously, I had stumbled into. "Now, I shall expect when I return, to find a picture," said Miss Pellán, and left the room.

"Now, here is a pretty mess I've got into," soliloquized I; "but faint heart never won a fair lady." But—the subject, and that puzzled me for some time. At length I went to work right earnestly, and accomplished, in a shorter time than I expected, a small piece. I made a representation of the room in which I then sat, with a male and female figure to represent Miss Pellán and myself; on the table, near which I stood, were the landscapes, on one of which the forefinger of my right hand rested. Miss Pellán stood at a little distance, and just behind her, peering over her shoulder, was a Cupid with his bow in hand, having just discharged an arrow which had pierced my left side. Shortly afterwards she entered the room; she took up the picture, and became aware in a moment of the subject; her face suddenly crimsoned, and she said, "Mr. Beverley, I did not mean—that is——"

"Madam, I hope I have not offended you. I assure you——"

"Oh, no great offence; only——" and she left the room without finishing the sentence.

I saw her no more that day. To be brief, I improved the future opportunities I had of seeing her; in a week I was her accepted lover—in three months I was her husband. Heavens! what changes since that happy day. By becoming the husband of Miss Pellán I was raised at once to plenty—to riches; surrounded with every comfort, nay with luxuries. Little did I think at that moment of the awful changes that have since taken place.

After being about three months married, and having conducted myself during that time with propriety, and attended regularly at the counting-house of my father-in-law, I gained his *warm* affection. But I now began to mix in company, to keep late hours, and to forget my attendance at the counting-house. The theatres and the gaming table became my constant resort, and at the end of six months from my wedding-day I had become a downright debauchee. My *amiable* wife was evidently suffering from my conduct, and my treatment, formerly so kind and gentle, had now become harsh and unmanly. Oh, ye husbands! if you would profit by the advice of one who has suffered the bitterest pangs of remorse, never, never forsake the domestic hearth in search of momentary joys or amusement. Be assured the day will come when you will wish to recall all those moments so spent. But the wish will be in vain!

In spite of my better judgment I continued in my mad career for about four months longer, when one day, being heated with drink and out of money, I went to the counting-house and demanded a sovereign from Mr. Pellán. He refused, and upbraided me; telling me that I would be the death of his daughter. His refusal and his language maddened me. He called me a villain, and ordered me out. In my madness I struck him! The next moment I was felled to the ground.

#### CHAPTER V.

My interview with Mr. Pellán had been witnessed by one of his porters, and when the man saw what was going on he had gradually drawn nearer, and when he beheld me strike the old gentleman, he immediately sprang forward and dealt a blow that would have levelled with the ground a stronger man than me at that moment.

It was three days after this occurrence before I recovered the proper use of my senses, and I found then, for the first time, that I was the inmate of a hospital. To such a state of physical debility had I been reduced through dissipation, that it was nearly three months before I was able to leave that asylum. During the third week of my confinement the surgeon that attended me brought the following note:—

"Sir,

"THAMES STREET, FRIDAY MORNING.

Wednesday night.

"Mr. Pellan desires me to enclose five pounds, and to state that he hopes never more to see or hear from you.

"I am, &c.

"THOMAS INKHORN."

The cool, laconic, and studied style of this note galled me not a little. "The daughter of Mr. Pellan!" Why not Mrs. Beverley. But no! Mr. Inkhorn, the senior clerk in Mr. Pellan's establishment, wished to shew his contempt of one whom he previously had to look upon as an employer.

After my recovery I was again thrown upon the wide world, again compelled to search for employment. I could not return to my old employers, my fall had been too sudden and too great, and I could not brook the idea of again mixing with those who knew me.

Work is often ill to find in London, and though I husbanded with great care the five pounds I had received from Mr. Pellan, I was soon reduced to the last shilling, without the slightest prospect of employment, or any other means whereby I might replenish my finances. I was now reduced lower than I had ever been before—

"I thought of other days,  
And the home to me most dear;  
Deep sadness was upon my heart,  
And on my cheek a tear."

J. B. ROGERSON.

Wandering one night melancholy and dejected along Great Surrey Street, in company with another "unfortunate," our ears were suddenly arrested by the cry of "fire, fire." We followed the sound, and soon reached the scene of conflagration, which was in Union Street, Friar Street. It was between one and two o'clock in the morning when the fire was first discovered, and we arrived amongst the first after the discovery. The fire had broken out in the lower part of the house, so that the escape of the inhabitants in the upper stories was entirely cut off, except by boldly rushing through the flames. Whilst we were looking on, a young girl suddenly appeared at one of the windows in the upper story, where she wrung her hands and shrieked in despair. A single engine had only arrived, and the flames were rapidly gaining ground. In a moment after the girl appeared, my friend sprang from my side, dipped a handkerchief in the tub of the engine, tied it round his mouth, and with the speed and courage of a wild Indian dashed through the flames, and in a few minutes was seen at the window with the girl. In a minute both were lost. A thrill of horror ran through the whole crowd,—a sudden silence succeeded the hitherto deafening noise, for no one dared to speak. Suddenly, however, the noble hero was seen issuing from the burning building, like Æneas of old, bearing on his shoulders from the flames of Troy the old Anchises, for in his arms he held the now senseless girl, and he himself would have fallen but for the assistance rendered him. A burst of applause issued from the lips of all present. The girl was found to be uninjured, and her brave deliverer had his face and clothes only slightly singed. By this time two or three more engines had arrived, and the fiery element was ultimately subdued. The name of the person, who had rendered such timely assistance in saving the life of a fellow mortal, was John Hall, a native, I believe, of Manchester, and a member of the Independent Order. My friend in two days afterwards received a present of two pounds ten shillings, and on the following day he and I quitted modern Babylon, where for weeks we had suffered the greatest privations.

I had read and heard much of London, but all I had read and heard fell short in giving me a just conception of this vast, this mighty city. Its monuments—its buildings—its bridges, are beautiful,—stupendous; but its immense population—its endless streets—its crowded thoroughfares at all times, and the regularity with which the people move to and fro, like the currents of two mighty rivers, each following its own individual and separate course; as well as the immense number of carriages, hackney coaches, omnibuses, cabs, and carts that are perpetually running through the streets, strike the stranger with wonder and surprise. I felt my heart beat lighter than it had done for some time as we proceeded along Oxford Street on our way to Oxford, to which place we bent our steps.

We slept at Maidenhead on the first night, and reached Oxford on the following day. Here I had the first opportunity of seeing anything of Odd Fellowship. During

all the time I had known Hall I was not aware of his being an Odd Fellow, consequently I knew nothing of it. I understood from him that he had no acquaintance whatever in Oxford, and was therefore not a little surprised when, upon entering a public house in that city, where a number of men were sitting, several of them, on our entering, rose up, and in the most cordial manner shook hands with Hall. I then said,—“You told me you knew no one here.”

“And I was right,” said he, “for I assure you I never saw any of them in my life before.”

“How am I to believe that,” I added. “Here you come to this place a perfect stranger, as you say, and the first house you enter you are treated like a friend or a brother.”

“You have hit it, Beverley, my boy. Here *are* my brethren. The fact is I am an Odd Fellow—these are Odd Fellows—this is a Lodge-house, and this is a Lodge night, and that accounts for so many of them being here.”

“But how in the name of wonder could they know you, or you them, if you had never met before?”

“Were I to cross the broad Atlantic,” said he, “and to meet an Odd Fellow in the back woods of America, we should know each other to be members of one and the same Unity without ever exchanging a single word.”

“But how do you manage all this,” said I; “there was nothing passed betwixt you that I could see?”

“Become an Odd Fellow, Beverley, as soon as you can; and then, my boy, you’ll know all about it. As it is, mum’s the word.”

I was astonished. It was lucky for me, however, to have fallen in with such *odd* company, for it was the means of obtaining me a capital supper and a comfortable bed “without money and without price.”

On that night I was resolved, as soon as I obtained employment, to become an Odd Fellow, and obtain those secrets by which men, who had never met before, should know each other.

Two days afterwards we again took the road by way of Northampton, and on the second day reached Leicester, where I fortunately succeeded in obtaining employment. Hall stayed with me two or three days, and then alone took the weary road.

#### CHAPTER VI.

As my work in Leicester was likely to continue for some time, I determined to join the Odd Fellows as soon as possible, and as there were two or three members of the Order in the shop with me, I soon had an opportunity of doing so.

After being about three months in Leicester I joined the —— Lodge. Here I soon found myself particularly comfortable. There was one thing, however, I was sorry to observe, and which, I fear, from personal observation, is too prevalent in many Lodges; that is, the constant and habitual interference and opposition of certain discontented parties, who, not possessing abilities to enable them to fulfil the duties of the chairs, try, by every means in their power, to throw obstructions in the way of others, better qualified than themselves. It would be well indeed if these men would think more of the interests of the Order than of their own private piques.

When I had been about twelve or fourteen months in Leicester, I had again to resume my wanderings. Being now an Odd Fellow, I travelled with a lighter heart than I had hitherto done. Wherever I went I met with some friend, and was generally well and kindly treated. I passed through Nottingham and Mansfield, and reached Worsop on the Friday afternoon, where I found that the next night would be a Lodge-night, so I determined to remain. While sitting lonely in the tap-room, towards evening, a company began to assemble in the bar, into which place at that time I could not presume to enter. One of the party, however, soon left the company, and came into the room with the air of a P. P. G. M. at least. He was low of stature, thinly made up, with black bushy whiskers, but rather good-looking. He began by saying, in a most imperious manner,—

“You are an Odd Fellow, I suppose?”

“Yes, sir, I am.”

“Ah, I thought as much.”

“Why? I presume the host told you so.”

"Oh, yes, he said you called yourself an Odd Fellow; but we "dunna" believe what every wanderer says."

I felt this to the quick—"the iron entered my soul;" but I suppressed my rising indignation.

At length he demanded,—*"What is the password?"*

"Cabbage!" I roared out at the utmost pitch of my voice, and rising at the same time.

Had Jove at that moment sent a thunderbolt to the feet of my interrogator, he could not have started back with a greater degree of horror than he did when I pronounced the word "cabbage." He dropped back, however, and quickly vanished from the house.

At the time I pronounced the talismanic word, there was a loud and vociferous roar of laughter in the bar, which added to the dismay of my late troublesome companion. This also added to my confusion; I could not possibly conceive what had alarmed the one party, and pleased the other.

Mine host now came in, still laughing, and "waddling like a turtle on its hind fins." When he could gather sufficient breath to articulate, he said,—*"Thou's done him, lad. He, he, he, ha, ha, ha,—he's right served, he is. He be always putting's nose in other pig's trows. But thou's done him, lad—thou's done him."*

Another of the party now came forward, and invited me into the bar, where I was very respectfully treated. I found the worthy who had been questioning me had once filled the important office of left hand supporter to the V. G., and that he was a tailor, to business. This accounted for their laughter, and his defeat.

And here I would offer a little advice to those brethren who are more fortunate in this world than others, never to treat with harshness, nor contempt, those who may *appear* to be objects of charity and kindness. Such conduct is like adding "gall to wormwood." Some wanderers have feelings as sensitive as the most fortunate of those who never knew the want of a "crust, or a drink of water."

After the Lodge was opened on the following night, the poor tailor, whose name I had learned was Green, rose, and after two or three hems, delivered the following oration—

"Most Noble, Vice Grand, Officers, and Brethren, I—I, that is, I do—I object—I mean to say, that person is not an Odd Fellow, because he insulted me last night."

"Hear, hear," from several voices.

P. G. Standingfriend then rose and said,—*"Most Noble, Vice Grand, Officers, and Brethren, I have much pleasure in stating that brother Beverley is an Odd Fellow. I think it reflects anything but credit on brother Green to behave in the manner he did last night to a perfect stranger. A stranger who had just arrived,*

*———"Dry with extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint,"*

might easily, you may conceive, be exasperated by being questioned so harshly by a certain person,

*———"Neat, trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom, with his chin new reap'd,  
Which show'd like a stubble at harvest home."*

He questioned the stranger; and among the rest, demanded the password. Beverley, all smarting from the road, being galled to be so pestered, out of his grief and impatience, answered,—*"cabbage."*

This address was followed by one peal of universal laughter throughout the Lodge; during which poor brother Green slunk out of the Lodge-room.

I left Worsop on the Monday following, having previously made friends with Mr. Green, who will recognize this friendly hint, although, of course, I have used different names.

I determined now to make my way to Manchester, at which place I arrived on the Friday afternoon. Here I remained during the following week, when I visited several Lodges, and was very much gratified at the order and regularity with which the Lodges are there conducted.

I left Manchester and proceeded to Lancaster, and when within about six or seven miles of the latter place, I got behind a carriage which was travelling my way. When we had got about half-a-mile, the lily-white hand of a lady tapped at the window behind, and then threw a paper out of the carriage. How my heart leapt for joy! I sprang from the carriage—seized upon my treasure—opened it, and found—a religious tract!

*Rose and Thistle Lodge.*

ROMEO.

[To be continued.]

## SPANISH REVENGE.

JOSE FRANCISCO CASTILLO was the youngest but one of a family of twenty-two children. His father and mother were Biscayans, and emigrated to Colombia soon after their marriage, and settled at Maricao, where they lived to see twenty of their children grown up to men and women. Six of their sons were brought up to the Roman Catholic priesthood; and of the remainder some were merchants, some soldiers, and some sailors. Amongst the latter, for some time, was our hero, who was sent on board a Spanish man-of-war, which was employed principally on the coasts of Spain and Africa, at the age of fourteen, with which he continued between four and five years, and then returned to Colombia. At that time the war between the Spaniards and the Colombians, under Bolivar, was carried on with the most horrid and savage cruelty; and, during a temporary possession of Maricao by the Colombians, five of his clerical brothers were murdered, at the same time, by the Colombian soldiers. This circumstance at once determined him to leave the sea, and join the army, for the purpose of avenging the death of his brothers. How strongly that determination was kept, and how savagely it was executed, will be seen in the sequel.

Soon after his joining the army he was made a lieutenant, and in this capacity he remained a year or two in various parts of the country where the war was carried on with alternate success. The division to which he belonged was at length ordered to Maricao, and he, by some means, had it so contrived that his company were left about half-a-league from the town, to guard a small lake of fresh water, which generally supplied the town. That his superior officer was aware of the purpose for which he wished to be left at this place there can be no doubt, as future circumstances fully proved it.

He had, from several of his *paisanos*, or countrymen, learned who were the parties chiefly concerned in the murder of his brothers, and rightly judged that, as they were of the lower orders, he would have an opportunity of seeing some of them come to the lake for water. In this he was not disappointed, and for several days those who came for water were kindly treated by the soldiers, which inspired a sort of confidence in the people, who began to come regularly. One morning he noticed some of the friends of the murderers of his brothers, whom he ordered to be detained, and also every one who came. When these parties did not return at their usual time, their friends came to look for them, and as fast as they came, he ordered them into a ring, formed by his soldiers; and towards evening, he, with his own sword, cut down every one of those whom he knew, or their friends, to be the least concerned in the murder of his brothers, and then ordered his men to fall upon the rest, sword in hand, an order which they were too ready to obey. And thus fell between seventy and eighty people, most of whom were women and children; all cruelly butchered in cold blood to satisfy the revenge of a demon. He was tried for it sometime afterwards, by a court martial, and acquitted!

At the time of our residence in Venezuela, Castillo was an overman in the mines under us, and we have frequently heard him relate the circumstance, in which he seemed to enjoy a sort of savage satisfaction. Before the conclusion of the war, he went over to the Colombians, with the hope of retaining his father's property; but in this he was unsuccessful, and was obliged to fly to Curacao, where he remained until a few years ago, when he ventured to return to Colombia, and was not interrupted by the authorities.

H. RIDLEY, P. G.

*Mechanic Lodge, Llanely District.*

## PROPOSED NEW FEATURE IN THE MAGAZINE.

We intimated in the Magazine for October, 1843, that we should occasionally devote a small portion of our space to the notice of anniversaries. We are induced, upon more mature consideration, to carry out our design to a greater extent than we originally intended. Numerous circumstances are from time to time occurring in the Order, which we have often regretted our inability to dwell upon in our leading articles,

and which yet might be productive of interest to our readers if briefly mentioned. The majority of our members know scarcely anything of what is going on in the Order, beyond what takes place in their own District, and many events which happen even amongst themselves are entirely forgotten, or known to a very limited circle, merely because they have no fitting place in which they may be chronicled. These, together with other reasons, have determined us, in future, to set apart a portion of each number of the Magazine for the purpose of treasuring up any matters which may come to our knowledge, and strike us as being worthy the attention of our members. We intend not only to notice the leading points of particular anniversaries, but also to record whatever we may think will be of interest, whether relating to the Order at large, to Districts, or to individual Lodges. We shall give to this portion of the Magazine the title of "THE ODD FELLOWS' CHRONICLE," and the space which it will occupy must entirely depend upon circumstances. It will certainly not monopolize so much of our periodical as to interfere materially with the miscellaneous nature of its contents, and those who are fond of the instructive essay, or the moral and interesting tale, will still be gratified, whilst those whose sole hearts are in the Institution, will meet with many things which will, it is hoped, have the effect of advancing the Magazine in their estimation. We cannot, of course, pretend, unless on very peculiar occasions, to give lengthy, or full reports of anniversaries, or other meetings, in a publication of limited size, and which only appears quarterly, but we will endeavour, as far as in our power, to give suitable abstracts. Our friends must also bear with us if we now and then omit matter which to them may seem important, but which we, from want of room, or other reasons, may leave unnoted. We shall, on all occasions, feel ourselves at liberty to use any information which may be sent to us in such a way as to us may seem best for the purposes of the Magazine, and the interest of its readers. With these few remarks as to our intentions, we respectfully solicit communications for our new department. We shall feel particularly obliged by concise notices of meetings where the proceedings have been of a character tending to advance the interests of the Order; and we shall also esteem it a favour if our brethren will transmit us such newspapers, or other periodicals, as come before them containing any matter appertaining to our society. We humbly trust that we shall be able to do something towards the diffusing more widely the principles of Odd Fellowship, and drawing more closely together the bonds of union and peace. It is impossible for us to define clearly our plan in a brief preface, and we must refer to our next number for a practical proof of the way in which we mean to execute our task. With the assistance of the members of our Order generally, we doubt not that we shall be able to make our "Odd Fellows' Chronicle" acceptable and useful.

### Presentations.

November, 1843, a handsome Silver Lever Watch, to p. g. William Booth, by the Wellington Lodge, Manchester district.—A silver watch, value £8. 0s., to p. g. Lindsay Hodgkinson, by the Offspring of Hope lodge, Wirksworth district.—September 20, 1843, a beautiful patent lever watch, to p. g. George Auckland, by the Philanthropic lodge, Hull district.—October 18, 1843, a patent lever watch, with silver guard chain, value £5 10s., to p. g. William Hilton, by the Earl of Wilton lodge, Manchester district.—September 25, 1843, a handsome gold patent lever watch, value eighteen guineas, to p. g. and prov. c. s. George Williams, by the Ap Tewdwr Lodge, Llandillo district.—September 24, 1842, a silver medal, to p. g. Thomas Chaptor, of the Clavering lodge: November 11, 1843, a silver watch, to p. g. Dodds, by the Eden Vale lodge: November 25, 1843, a silver medal, to p. g. Joseph Smith, by the Robert Hall lodge; all in the Durham district.—February 12, 1844, a handsome silver medal, to prov. g. m. James Porter: also, a handsome silver medal, to p. g. George Shelbourn; both of the Mystery of Providence lodge, Belvoir Castle district.—April 23, 1840, a valuable silver medal, with gold centre, to p. g. George Champion: March 4, 1841, a silver medal, to p. g. Thomas N. Wood: August 4, 1842, a valuable silver snuff box, to p. g. T. T. Des Forges, surgeon; all of the Olive Branch lodge, Goole district.—September 4, 1843, a handsome silver medal, to p. g. William Yeoman, by the Rose and Thistle lodge, Rerwick.—February 13, 1843, the sum of two pounds, to p. p. c. s. H. Roberts: Sep. 30th, 1843, a handsome silver cup, to host W. Beddows; both by the Ridgemont lodge, Horwich district.—Nov. 21, 1843, a silver medal, to p. g. S. Stanley, by the Western Star lodge, Brighton district.—A silver medal, to n. g. Charles Wilks, by the Lord Singley lodge, Tadcaster district.—A handsome silver snuff box, to p. g. John Davies, by the Emblem of Peace lodge, Nantwich district.—April 11, 1843, a beautiful patent lever watch, with guard and appendages, to p. p. g. m. Joseph Wood, by the Key, Clio, Morning Star, Tollemache, and Temple of Odd Fellowship lodges, Glossop district: At the same time, a splendid silver guard and appen-

dages, to p. p. g. m. John Beaumont; also, a splendid silver guard and appendages, to p. p. c. s. Robert Boyer; both by the Clio lodge, Glossop district.—September 30, 1843, a handsome silver watch, to p. p. g. m. Thomas Robinson, by the Stockton district.—November 7, 1842, a silver salver, to p. p. g. m. Thomas Redfern, by the Mona lodge, Isle of Man district.—March 30, 1843, a handsome gold watch, to p. p. g. m. Morris Lemon, by the Isle of Man district.—February 2, 1844, a silver medal, to p. g. Caley, by the North Star lodge: February 5, a gold pencil case, to the Rev. brother John (annel, by the Tynwald lodge; both of the Isle of Man district.—February 14, 1844, a silver cream jug, with a dozen silver spoons, to p. g. Wilson Milburn, by the Countess of Wilton lodge, Manchester district.—November 21, 1841, a silver medal, to p. g. Samuel Pearce, of the Western Star lodge, Brighton district.—September 26, 1843, a gold watch guard, &c., to p. g. James Paterson: November 7, 1844, a patent lever watch, to p. g. John Downs: December 5, 1843, a patent lever watch, to p. g. Michael Leonard, all by the Prince Albert lodge, Manchester district.—February 19, 1844, a handsome silver medal, by the Mechanic lodge, Bedford district, to p. g. Jacob Munsey.

### Marriages.

February 7, 1842, brother Thomas Whalley, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Spick: September 19, 1842, brother Mathew Hishop, to Mrs. Wright: January 19, 1842, brother John Rippon Taylor, to Miss Ann Rippon: March 9, 1843, secretary Shipley, to Miss Mary Gibson: March 9, 1843, brother William Smart, to Miss Eliza Darman: March 27, 1843, brother Thomas Steel, to Miss Elizabeth Steel: December 2, 1843, brother John Bell, to Miss Ann Shadlow; all of the Royal William lodge, Melton Mowbray district.—November 15, p. g. William Fallon, of the Star of Providence lodge, Rochdale, to Miss Sarah Ann Barton.—August 26, 1843, p. g. Hunter, of the Shakespere lodge, to Miss Nash: May 7, 1843, p. g. Remington, of the Star of the North lodge, to Miss Ann Pearson; both in the Durham district.—October 28, 1843, p. g. Richard Thorp, of the Duke of Devonshire lodge, Craco, to Miss Sarah Wilkinson.—October 29, 1843, p. g. Thomas Knowles, of the Clio lodge, Glossop district, to Miss Ellen Hurst.—January 5, 1844, p. p. d. g. m. James Cocker Chadwick, of the Glossop district, to Miss Hannah Rhodes.—P. V. George Humphreys, of the Eagles district, to Miss Ann Liddlesey.—October 7, 1843, n. g. Samuel Kay, of the Edgmont lodge, Horwich district, to Miss Amelia Thwaite.—July 16, 1843, p. sec. James Shuttlebotham, of the Good Samaritan lodge, Compton, to Miss Mary Ann Cotterill: August 11, 1843, brother James Cotton, of the same lodge, to Miss Caroline Shaw: October 1, 1843, p. v. William Baldwin, of the same lodge, to Miss Sarah Gee.—Aug. 19, 1843, brother Charles Tradewell, of the Promoter of Peace lodge, Eckington, to Miss Mary Bell.—February 6, 1843, brother Thomas Wilson, of the Philanthropic lodge, Fazeley, to Miss Mary Spiers.—June 24, 1843, brother John Smith, of the Tyne lodge, Alston district, to Miss Isabella Little: August 26, 1843, p. v. Jonathan Muncaster, of the same lodge, to Mrs. Mary Johnston: September 20, 1843, brother Archibald Bell, of the same lodge, to Miss Phillis Bucket: May 14, 1843, brother John Martin, of the same lodge, to Miss Isabella Wilkinson.—November 12, 1843, p. g. William Johnson, of the Foundation Stone of Truth lodge, Staleybridge district, to Miss Ann Whitehead: June 1, 1843, p. g. Thomas Fielding, of the Bud of Hope lodge, Staleybridge district, to Mrs. Mary Bevan.—November 25, 1843, brother Robert Metcalf, of the Lord John Russell lodge, Eberston district, to Miss Rachel Riby.—November 14, 1843, brother Rowland Parkinson, Esq., of the Prince Albert lodge, Preston district, to Miss Worthington.—August 27, brother William Mayberry, of the Hanbury lodge, Pont-y-Pool, to Miss Elizabeth Davies.—December 5, 1843, p. g. Samuel Jennings, of the Rose of the Valley lodge, Yardley, to Miss Frances Hall.—December 2, 1843, p. g. Jenkins Lloyd, of the St. David lodge, Maesteg district, to Miss Catherine Jones.—November 17, 1843, brother Richard Barker, of the Good Intent lodge, Lynn district, to Miss Martha Kemp: Same day, brother Thomas Rowe, to Miss Mary Ann Plaise.—January 3, 1844, p. p. g. m. William Bennett, of the Earl Grey lodge, Ilkinton district, to Miss Elizabeth Smith.—December 12, 1843, brother Charles Stone, of the Prince of Wales lodge, Newhaven, to Miss Julia Bond.—October 22, 1843, p. g. Thomas Jones, of the Ivor Hael lodge, Newport district, to Miss Ann Harris.—November 7, 1843, brother Thomas Crines, to Miss Mary Blackburn: November 26, 1843, brother William Tash, to Miss Mary Ann Seddon; both of the Victoria lodge, Chester district.—October 23, p. g. William Spencer, of the Lord Ingestre lodge, Stafford district, to Miss Hannah Arthers.—December 31, 1843, p. g. George Tweddell, of the Cleveland lodge, Stokesley, to Miss Elizabeth Cole.—Brother John Maraden, of the Star of Bowling lodge, Bradford district, to Miss Mary Beck.—September 23, 1843, p. v. J. H. Hawkins, of the Rose of England lodge, Berinondsey, to Miss Elizabeth Proctor.—January 28, 1844, brother George Glover, of the Faithful lodge, Sandbach, to Miss Elizabeth Williams.—March 28, 1843, p. p. d. g. m. Samuel Robinson, of the Hope of the Village lodge, Nantwich district, to Miss Mary Barnett.—P. G. Thomas Midgley, of the Rose and Thistle lodge, to Miss Mary Spink: p. g. John Noble, of the Minoral Spring lodge, to Miss Hannah Maclean: p. g. William Hall, of the Lord Bingley lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Franks; all of the Tadcaster district.—December 28, 1843, v. g. Thomas Lancaster, of the Craven Legion lodge, Glisburn, to Miss Anderton.—January 27, 1844, brother William Chapman, of the Lofty Mallham Cove lodge, Glisburn district, to Miss Proctor.—November 27, 1843, brother John Hurst, of the Rutland lodge, Oakham district, to Miss Wigginton.—December 21, brother Richard Kugg, Esq., surgeon to the Burnswick lodge, Brighouse, to Miss Anna Sophia Lowe.—October 17, 1842, brother Thomas Crowley, to Susannah Chetwynd: October 24, brother John Lees, to Elizabeth Lunn: June 1st, 1843, p. a. John Wilkes, to Emma Wildes: September 23, brother Henry Hall, to Jane Hough: October 30, brother John Willis, to Mary Lawless; all of the Welcome Home lodge, Fazeley district.—July 12, 1843, warden Charles Holden, of the Stamford district, to Miss Esther Freeman.—N. G. John Naylor, of the St. Peter lodge, Keighley district, to Miss Sybil Newton.—July 25, 1843, n. g. Thomas Wait, of the Duke of Cleveland lodge, Manchester district, to Miss Mary Ann Glassbrook.—July 23, 1843, brother George Rushworth, of the Woodlands lodge, Keighley district, to Miss Nanny Rhodes: December 24, 1843, n. g. John Southwell, of the same lodge, to Miss Ann Pirth.—February 15, 1844, p. g. Frederick Robinson, of the Lord Hatherton lodge, Stafford district, to Miss Eliza Emery.—October 2, 1843, p. v. John Winterbottom, of the Mount Pleasant lodge, Staleybridge district.



## Deaths.

November 4, 1843, brother Holland Holland, of the Cochrane Lodge, Rury District. Of this deceased brother the following particulars will not be read by the members of the Order without feeling a deep sympathy for the sufferer, whilst they will afford thoughts of pride and thankfulness;—of pride, that he and they were Odd Fellows—of thankfulness, that they were the means of taking away the bitterest pangs from his long and unutterable afflictions—of giving comparative peace and plenty where there must have been strongly felt the miseries of poverty—and of making a home, wherein otherwise must have been found the worst of wretchedness, by their good deeds, the abode of gratitude, hope, and gladness. He was initiated in the Cochrane lodge on the 13th of December, 1828, at the age of 24, and was by trade a collier. On the 1st of August, 1837, whilst at work in the pit, a serious accident befell him, whereby he lost the entire use of his limbs; and from that day, to the date of his death, a period of six years and three months, he was confined to his bed. He had a wife and three small children. The following is the amount of pecuniary assistance he received from sources connected with the Order:—

	£.	s.	d.
Received from his lodge, in sick allowance .....	137	5	0
Donations from various lodges in the district .....	10	0	0
Donations from the A. M. Cs. at York, Isle of Man, Wigan, and Bradford ..	40	0	0
	£187	5	0

March 3, 1843, p. g. Richard Casswell Porter: also, c. s. Henry Smith; both of the Perseverance lodge, Spalding district.—April 21, 1843, p. g. Thomas D. Ladd, of the Haven of Happiness lodge, Pinchbeck: May 7, 1843, g. John Upton, of the same lodge.—July, 1843, the wife of brother Thomas Fayla; also, brother James Sardesons; both of the Welland lodge: September 4, 1843, John Hill, host of the Welland lodge, Spalding district: also, brother William Atkinson, of the same lodge, who was shipwrecked in the heavy gale of the 11th of October, 1843.—February 7, 1843, William Brown, c. s. of the Pontefract district.—June 6, 1843, p. p. g. m. Bradley Pass, of the Prince of Wales lodge, Mossley district: also, October 26, 1843, p. p. g. m. William Schofield, of the same lodge.—September 17, 1843, the wife of brother Thomas Hopkinson, of the Road to Virtue lodge, Mossley district.—March 9, 1843, brother Wm. Fairclough, of the Anchor of Hope lodge: March 28, 1843, p. g. Kurzman, of the Bud of Hope lodge: May 30, 1843, Ann, the wife of brother James Corinth, of the Prince of Wales lodge: July 11, the wife of brother Wrench, of the Victoria lodge; all in the Hall district.—April 18, 1843, brother George L. rone, of the Grand Allies lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne district.—December 8, brother Frances Turner, of the Rutland lodge, Oakham district.—June 16, 1843, the wife of brother Robert Golly, of the Greenwell lodge: June 15, brother John Johnson, of the Greenwell lodge: June 24, the wife of brother Matthew Mackey, of the Byron lodge: July 23, brother Joseph Castelow, of the Shakespere lodge: July 24, brother Edmund Tate, of the Robert Hall lodge: July 26, brother William Ranson, of the Rose of Sherburn lodge: August 17, the wife of prov. d. g. m. Peele, of the Shakespere lodge: September 2, the wife of brother Anthony Guest, of the Byron lodge: September 6, the wife of brother Joseph Clarkson, of the Lyons lodge; all of the Durham district.—September 10, 1843, the wife of brother George Dixon, of the Johnson lodge: October 3, brother Thomas McGregor, of the George McCully lodge, South Shields: November 16, the wife of brother Thomas Clark, of the Rose of Durham lodge: December 1, brother John Maugan, of the Andrew White lodge; all in the Bishop Wearmouth district.—November 19, 1843, brother Thomas Williams, of the Ap Tewdwr lodge, Hlandillo district.—May 9, 1843, brother John Wildgoose, of the Earl of Oak lodge, Belvoir Castle district.—September 17, 1843, p. p. g. m. William Beatty, of the Heart of Oak lodge, Wigton district.—November 21, 1843, brother James Scowler, of the Stockton district.—March 25, p. g. John Gunnell, of the Brunswick lodge, Brighton: July 1, brother Charles Wright, of the same lodge: December 17, the wife of p. g. James Willett, of the same lodge.—November 2, 1843, the wife of p. g. Robert Johnson, of the Globe lodge, Bradford district.—January 3, 1843, the wife of p. g. Matthew Turner: January 4, the wife of brother Thomas Snape: January 14, the wife of brother Hugh Pemberton: January 27, the wife of brother Robert Gabbot: April 26, p. g. John Moorcroft: May 1, p. g. William Tomlinson: May 22, the wife of brother James Pearson: December 4, the wife of p. g. Robert Gilchrist; all of the King George the Fourth lodge, Leyland district.—September 26, 1843, prov. g. m. Robert Birch, of the Greenock district.—June 27, 1843, p. g. William Nicholson, of the Craven lodge, North London district.—December 21, 1843, brother John Williams, of the Temple of Peace lodge, Newport district.—December 30, 1843, the wife of p. g. Snow, of the St. John lodge, Northampton district.—December 18, 1843, the wife of p. d. g. m. Samuel Robinson, of the Hope of the Village lodge, Nantwich district.—November 18, 1843, brother Joseph Watson: January 1, 1844, the wife of brother Miles Kirkbeck: January 23, p. g. Joseph Crowther; all of the Industry lodge, Halifax district.—The wife of p. p. g. m. Joseph Crabtree, of the Archangel lodge: the wife of brother John Stork, of the Rose and Thistle lodge: the wife of brother Calvert, of the Bud of Hope lodge; all in the Tadcaster district.—December 16, 1843, the wife of p. s. James Amos, of the Constitution lodge, Warrington.—August 2, 1843, the wife of Rev. brother John Ellis, of the Lord John Russell lodge, Wetherston district.—September 28, 1843, brother William Smith, of the Philanthropic lodge: October 27, 1843, the wife of brother Charles Johnson, of the Marquis of Westminster lodge; both in the Chester district.—September 28, 1843, p. g. William Falconer, of the Travellers' Rest lodge, Derby.—August 15, the c. s. of the Lancaster district.—February 16, 1844, p. p. d. g. m. William Catherall, of the Hotspur lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne district.—February 16, 1844, brother Joseph Noades, of the Mechanic lodge, Leeds district: January 28, 1844, p. s. John Butterfield Lister, of the same lodge.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]





*Saml. Woodhead, P. Prov. G.*

WILLIAM WOODHEAD

THE  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.  
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

JULY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1844.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL WOODHEAD, P. PROV. G. M.

It is an admirable characteristic of Odd Fellowship that it possesses an exclusive organ for the promulgation of its principles, an organ constantly improving in its literature and usefulness, tending to store the minds of the brotherhood with useful and entertaining knowledge, and triumphantly proving to the world that in Odd Fellowship there is nothing which the most fastidious can condemn; but that its principles deserve to be fostered, encouraged, and maintained, by all who wish to see morality, good order, provident habits, industry, "Friendship, Love, and Truth," spread and supported amongst all ranks and conditions of the people.

It has frequently forced itself upon the writer's mind, that one of the most beneficial, as well as instructive and interesting, portions of this Magazine, is the regular publication of a portrait and memoir of some worthy man, who, from his proceedings, as a citizen and an Odd Fellow, for a term of years, has advanced himself to respectability, gained the good will and estimation of his brethren, and is thus held forth to the Order and the public, as one whose example is worthy of imitation, and whose conduct and character are marked out for emulation to the Order at large. Of all the good and respected Odd Fellows, whose portraits have graced this Magazine, the writer, without any detriment to them, ventures to assert that not one is more worthy of the respect and friendship of his brethren, than P. Prov. G. M. Samuel Woodhead, of the Bradford District, Yorkshire, whose portrait adorns this number of our periodical.

P. Prov. G. M. Woodhead is now in his 42nd year, having been born at Northowram, in the parish of Halifax, Yorkshire, on the 19th of October, 1802. From his birth to his marriage, which took place on the 25th of October, 1824, he resided in various parts of the country, his father having been a toll collector, and the subject of our memoir being, up to that period, a portion of his family, and assisting him in his vocation. About a year before his marriage, our friend's attention was called to the desirability of his becoming a member of some benefit society, or similar institution, and after careful inquiry, he was so far convinced that Odd Fellowship was the best, that he joined the Order, and was initiated in the Loyal Faith Lodge, Bradford, (at that time belonging to the Huddersfield District,) on the 15th of November, 1823. One reason that operated very strongly in bringing his mind to this determination was, that his father had belonged to a friendly, or sick society, for eighteen years, without having occasion to receive the benefits thereof, and that at the end of that long period, when it was likely to become useful to him, it broke up, and each member received about eighteen shillings. Another sick society was then formed out of the ruins of the old one, which, after continuing some years, also broke up, and each member received a few shillings. Thus, in both

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cases, the benefits the members had been paying for years, were denied them at the very time they were likely to be realized. Our friend, with his usual acuteness, saw "there was something rotten in the state of Denmark" with respect to these societies,\* and this circumstance, with the advice of a friend, then an Odd Fellow, and a careful examination of its rules and principles, determined him to become an Odd Fellow. The step was taken, and often has the writer heard him declare, that never had he repented taking it; but was thankful that he had had the moral courage at that time to become an Odd Fellow.

At this period it required no little degree of fortitude to become an Odd Fellow, prejudice, ignorance, pride and scorn, were brought freely into action to condemn its principle. It was unheard, condemned as a political and infidel institution of the very worst character; indeed, so much was it feared, and so bigotted were people generally against it, that parents were alarmed lest their sons should become united with a society which they were told was treasonable against the state, and blasphemous against God and His religion. So it was with our friend. His friends, his mother with tears, and his relatives, remonstrated with him upon the step he was taking, and when he had taken it, they feared he would be for ever ruined; but oh, how different at the expiration of twenty years we find him, so far from ruined, respected by all who know him, and held out in a largely circulated periodical, as an example to others in well doing.

Mr. Woodhead soon passed through all the offices in his Lodge, having, after serving two subordinate offices, been elected V. G. on the 12th of February, 1825, and N. G. on the 30th of July in the same year. In all these he gave the greatest satisfaction to his brethren, never having been absent from his Lodge. In the year 1825 he was also appointed the Examining and Relieving Officer of the Lodge, which was no sinecure; for in 1826 trade was very much depressed, differences existed to an alarming extent between master and workmen, and the Lodges were called upon heavily to relieve travellers. The Faith Lodge at that time consisted of about forty members, ninepence was paid to each traveller, and fourpence for his bed; the demand was so great that the whole of the funds became swallowed up, and a debt of thirty pounds was incurred. Our friend, with others, immediately set about devising a plan to extricate themselves; they reduced their relief and expenditure, advanced money, and by dint of perseverance "weathered the storm." The Lodge has prospered ever since, and is now one of the strongest and wealthiest in the District. It is worthy of remark that when Mr. Woodhead joined the Order, the Lodge (the only one then in Bradford) belonged to another District, and did not number forty members; whereas now, Bradford is a District, containing twenty-nine Lodges, and upwards of 3000 members. The Idle, Birkenshaw, and Shepley Districts, having also been formed from the Bradford District, each numbering several hundred members. This advance of itself proves that there must be a solid foundation.

Up to 1828 our friend continued steadily and unceasingly to devote himself to the cause of Odd Fellowship; but from 1828 to 1835 was unable to do so in consequence of his Lodge meeting on Saturday night, that being a night on which he was engaged in his business of a grocer and flour dealer, which he then carried on, and we are glad to say has continued to do so with success. This state of inactivity in the cause however did not suit the disposition of Mr. Woodhead, and, therefore he, with a few others, having obtained a Dispensation, opened the Loyal Benevolence Lodge, held at the Bull's Head Inn, in Bradford, on the 8th of July, 1835, since which period his untiring and indefatigable efforts have been used to promote the prosperity of his Lodge and the District. He passed the various offices in the Loyal Benevolence Lodge, and in December, 1838, had a splendid Patent Lever Watch and Guard presented to him by his brethren, as a token of their esteem, and a mark of approbation of his conduct. This present only stimulated him to fresh exertions, and did not induce him, as it would too many, to "rest upon his oars."

Mr. Woodhead was now marked out as a District Officer, and he passed through the three District offices with much credit to himself, and benefit to the Order. During

\* The writer of this memoir would by no means be understood as condemning sick or friendly societies, they are excellent in intention, and in many cases in practice; but he has known several similar societies broken up after a few years' existence, and this must have arisen from the want of a good government, and a solid foundation; and he cannot but think that men would do much better by joining the Odd Fellows' society, and sharing in its stability and benefits, than by forming societies so liable to destruction.

the year he was G. M., he, with the assistance of his colleagues and a few friends, got up a District procession, which was attended by a large number of the Order. The parish church was set apart for their use, and a sermon was preached by Dr. Scoresby, the Vicar, after which a collection was made for the benefit of the Bradford Infirmary, amounting to £51 and upwards, which was handed over to that institution by Mr. Woodhead. At the close of his year of office he issued with the minutes of the quarterly report, an address to his brethren, which reflects credit alike upon his head and heart.

P. Prov. G. M. Woodhead was, in the years 1842-3 a member of the Appeal Committee, and he has attended the A. M. Cs. of Rochdale, Birmingham, York, Bradford, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and had certificates granted to attend those of the Isle of Man and Wigan, but was unable from pressure of business. It will be in the recollection of many of our readers how laboriously he exerted himself at the Bradford A. M. C. to make the delegates comfortable and happy; indeed, he added much to the respect he had formerly gained.

At the Bradford A. M. C. our friend was appointed by the Pride of Devon Lodge, Plymouth, as their delegate to obtain for them a Dispensation to become a District. In this he was successful, and the members of the Plymouth District, much to their credit, have, as an acknowledgment for his services and a mark of their esteem, presented him with a splendid Gold Medal. This presentation was not, however, allowed to pass over in silence, but a large number of the officers and brothers of the Order gave him a dinner in the Odd Fellows' Hall, at which the Medal was presented by G. M. Harker, who did ample credit to the occasion. A more enthusiastic party was never assembled, and well deserving has our friend proved himself of the respect thereby paid him.

The Loyal Benevolence Lodge, of which Mr. Woodhead was one of the founders, now numbers one hundred members; it has (greatly owing to his exertions) been most prosperous. One of the members for the borough, William Busfield, Esq., is an honorary member thereof; and the Lodge is celebrated in the District for its benevolence and charity, as well as its high respectability.

There is one subject which we have reserved to the last, and which we think reflects greater credit upon Mr. Woodhead than all the rest, and that is, his undeviating support of the Widow and Orphans' Fund. He has been the Treasurer of this fund ever since its formation in the District, and has been unceasing in his endeavours to promote its success, endeavouring to induce every brother in the District to subscribe to it; and in his own Lodge he has succeeded in this effort. Indeed, he appears determined never to rest from his labour, until every widow and orphan of an Odd Fellow shall be provided for. His exertions in this cause are beyond all praise—many a widow and orphan have to thank and bless him for no few comforts; and in the purity of his own motives, and the reflection of his conscience, will he be brightly and fully rewarded. Oh! that his example in this matter might induce others to follow it! What work, brethren, can you engage in so praiseworthy, and so beneficial, as that of supporting and comforting the husbandless and fatherless? Arouse yourselves, Odd Fellows!—be a "father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow"—be a "present help in time of need" to those who have, through the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, lost their natural protector—let this bright and pure and holy gem of Odd Fellowship shine more and more brilliantly, until there shall not be a widow of an Odd Fellow in the world unprovided for and unprotected, and not an orphan uneducated or deserted!

In concluding this brief sketch of a worthy man, the writer can truly say, that P. P. G. M. Woodhead's character, as a man and a citizen, is unimpeached and unimpeachable—that his exertions in the cause of Odd Fellowship are entitled to the warmest gratitude of the Order at large, and especially of his own District and Lodge—that his efforts to establish, on a sure and permanent basis, the cause of the widow and orphan do him immortal honor—that his example, as an Odd Fellow, is worthy of imitation and emulation—and that it may forcibly be said of him,

"Well may the world imagine he is odd,

for, truly,

"He loves his neighbour, and he loves his God!"

J. A. C.

*Bradford, April, 1844.*

## THE A. M. C. FOR 1844.

THE twenty-second meeting of the A. M. C. was this year held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, when about two hundred delegates were present. The room fixed upon for the assembly was the Music Hall, Nelson Street, but from its spacious dimensions, it was found that it was almost impossible for the speakers to make themselves audible, and the Committee determined that the meeting should, after Tuesday, be adjourned to the large room attached to the Clarendon Hotel, Grainger Street. The proceedings were opened on Monday morning by Mr. James Mansfield, G. M., who spoke nearly as follows:—

Worthy Deputies,—I feel much pleasure in having an opportunity, for the second time, of presiding over the Annual Moveable Committee of the Order, particularly when I contrast its condition at the present period with what it was at the time I had the honour of presiding over the Institution before. I had then much to contend with—the peace of the Order was endangered, and where friendliness and unity ought to have prevailed, there existed anarchy and confusion; but I met the A. M. C. at that time with confidence, knowing that, as an officer, I had done my utmost to preserve the unity of the Order in the bond of peace. They were pleased, by an unanimous vote of thanks, to signify their approval of my conduct; and I trust that when I have finished my labours this week, I may be considered deserving a similar mark of your approbation. I am happy to report to you, that during the past year, we have had nothing to disturb the harmony of our proceedings. We had, in January, 1844, 318 Districts, being an increase of 28; 3461 Lodges, being an increase of 93; and 254,518 members, being an increase of 15,509 over the year ending January 1st, 1843. We have opened Lodges at Port Philip, Sidney, South Australia, and in France; and the most cheering prospects are now open to the Institution of spreading the philanthropic principles of the Order to all the nations of the world. Though the late depression of trade may no doubt have materially retarded the progress of our Order, yet still it will be gratifying to find the increase so great, and it affords us the satisfactory assurance that now trade has revived, we may anticipate a still greater influx of members to join with us in endeavouring to alleviate the distresses of our brethren, to dry the widow and the orphans' tears, and to do all the good we can to our fellow-creatures. We have not been able to fulfil the desire of the A. M. C. by securing a good understanding with the brethren of the Order in America; but I have the pleasure of stating that we have been enabled, during the past year, to open three Lodges in the United States, under the Manchester Unity; and although many difficulties beset our path in that country, let us not relax in our efforts, but be determined to overcome all impediments, and raise the Order to the eminence it enjoys in this country, as second to no Institution in the world for its acts of benevolence and charity. Worthy Deputies,—There are several questions to be submitted to your consideration, of the greatest importance to the future interests of the Institution, inasmuch as they involve the principle of a change in the government of the Order. I trust these questions will have your most serious considerations, and that your decisions may be of that character as to secure the permanency of our Order, and a long continuance of its prosperity. I may, perhaps, be allowed to bear testimony to the value of the services rendered to the Order during the past year, by the C. S. He has been a powerful adjunct to myself and worthy colleague; that office is the most important to which the A. M. C. can appoint any individual, and it requires the greatest discrimination in the choice of this officer. I trust that in transacting the business which has to come before this meeting, every deputy will be actuated only by a desire to advance the prosperity of the Order; and that the feelings of friendship and good-will, which so beautifully characterise the proceedings of the Order, may pervade the minds of the Deputies composing this meeting towards one another. Trusting, worthy deputies, that I may, in the discharge of my duty, as your chairman, have your support and your undivided attention to the business for which we have been called together, I beg to declare the Committee duly opened.

The meeting, as a whole, may be regarded as one of the most important which has taken place for many years; we should, perhaps, not be far wrong if we estimated it as the most vitally important to the Order of any which has

yet occurred. A marked change was observed in the character of the meeting generally from that of previous ones, and the almost universal opinion of those who have had frequent opportunities of attending A. M. C's. was that there was a decided improvement as regards the respectability and intelligence of the deputies. Though the Reports will be published at the same period as the Magazine, it will no doubt be interesting to our readers if we notice a few points connected with the proceedings of the Committee. The following are the 6th and 7th sections of the Auditor's Report:—

6. While we regret to find that in some Districts the number of members is not so great as heretofore, attributable no doubt to the dearth which has pervaded the commercial and labouring interests of the community for so protracted a period, yet we feel a sincere pleasure in being able to record the fact that the Order has, during the past year, realized an increase to the amount of 318 Lodges, and an accession in numerical strength amounting to more than 15,000 members; and it is no less a fact that the concord and unanimity which at this moment prevail generally throughout the Unity, argue so well for its future prosperity, that we confidently anticipate results similarly cheering, when the close of the current year shall bring with it its wonted statistical records and data.

7. We feel that we should not be acquitting ourselves of our duty, if we omitted to remark, that the readiness of Mr. Ratcliffe in clearly explaining any little ambiguity which might be apparent on the face of any of the numerous documents which pass through his hands, and his manifest attention to the duties of his office during the past year, have been such as to merit for him, in our opinion, the approbation of the whole Order. While on this subject, we would beg to advise the appointment, out of the deputies at the A. M. C., of a Sub-Committee, to consist of, at least, five competent persons, investing them with the power of calling for books, papers, and witnesses, with a view of examining into the duties performed, and responsibilities sustained, by him as C. S. of the Order; so that, from their report, a more definite opinion may be formed (for the information of the whole of the members of the Orders) as to whether the present amount of salary paid to him is more than an equivalent for the services rendered by him to the Institution.

Mr. Ratcliffe having been called upon by the Auditors to explain the nature of his duties to the Committee, such explanation was ordered to be printed, and will be circulated along with the Reports.

The following resolution was passed relative to obtaining financial information:—"That the G. M. and Board of Directors be empowered to call for all information necessary for the purpose of ascertaining the present financial condition of the Order, in such form as to them may seem most convenient for classification, and that every Lodge in the Unity be compelled to furnish such information, which shall be laid before the next A. M. C."

It was also resolved "That Districts be represented at the A. M. C. according to the following scale, viz:—all Districts having a number of members less than 1000 to send one delegate; all Districts having more than 1000 and less than 2000 to send two delegates; and an additional delegate for every additional thousand members—each District to pay the expense of their own delegates." This resolution will have the effect of disqualifying Lodges from sending representatives to the A. M. C., and consequently the next meeting will be composed of a comparatively small number of delegates.

It was resolved "That there shall be a firm and Board of Directors, who shall be appointed by the A. M. C., to hear appeals and transact the general business of the Order: to consist of the G. M., D. G. M., and the last P. G. M. of the Order, together with twelve past officers who have taken the Purple Degree, and polled for at the A. M. C. whether present or not, five to form a quorum; that four of the twelve Directors, together with the Officers of the



Order, meet monthly to transact the general business of the Order; that the whole of the twelve meet quarterly to hear appeals, and that the whole retire annually, and be eligible for re-election."

It may be interesting to give the names of the Officers of the Order and the gentlemen composing the first Board of Directors chosen on the above principle:—

*Grand Master*, HENRY WHAITE, D. G. M.

*Deputy Grand Master*, JOHN DICKINSON, P. G.

*Corresponding Secretary*, WILLIAM RATCLIFFE.

JAMES MANSFIELD, P. G. M.

*Board of Directors:*

John Whitehead, P. P. G. M., Rochdale District.

James Roe, P. C. S., North London District.

John Macdougall, P. P. G. M. Greenock District.

William Smith, P. D. G. M., Birmingham District.

Isaac Lucas, P. P. G. M., Macclesfield District.

George Richmond, P. G. M., Manchester District.

Sidney Mills, P. P. G. M., Huddersfield District.

Dixon Croft, P. G. M., Leeds District.

William Candelet, P. P. G. M., Hyde District.

William Machan, P. P. G. M., Liverpool District.

Edward Powell, P. P. G. M., Potteries and Newcastle District.

James Nugent, P. C. S., South London District.

The following proposition was also passed:—

That if the whole of the members of a Lodge, or District, do not join in contributing to a Widow and Orphans' Fund, the contributors shall have power to make their own laws, and to elect from among themselves a separate committee for the management of the affairs of the fund; and such committee shall be deemed a legally constituted District committee, but only so far as regards the particular business of that fund.

The Annual Moveable Committee for 1845, will be held at Glasgow. The Auditor of the accounts of the Order for the ensuing year, will be appointed by the Greenock District. The following parties are to have their portraits inserted in the Magazine:—

Henry Whaite, G. M., Manchester District.

Joseph Woodcock, P. P. G. M., Glossop District.

Henry Ratcliffe, P. P. G. M., Chowbent District.

William Candelet, P. P. G. M., Hyde District.

The sum of eight shillings per week was awarded to P. G. M. Thomas Armitt, to be paid to him during his life. The sum of £10. 10s. was granted to the Newcastle Infirmary, and £5. 5s. to the Eye Institution; and a donation of £10. 10s. was given towards the testimonial to Rowland Hill, whose alteration in the postage, it is calculated, has caused a saving to the Order of £1000. a year.

## SUPPER AT THE MUSIC HALL.

[Abridged from the *Gateshead Observer*.]

ON Tuesday evening, a large company of the members, and several invited guests, sat down to supper in the Music Hall. The chair was occupied by the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Newcastle, Sir John Fife; the Vice-chair, by George Crawshaw, Esq., of Gateshead. There were also present—the Rev. Joseph M'Alister; Robert Plummer, Esq., J. P.; Capt. J. D. Weatherley, Town Councillor; Alderman Brockett, J. P.; W. L. Harle, Esq., T. C.; Richard Medcalf, Esq.; Charles Chapman, Esq.; Mr. B. Matchitt; Mr. James Mansfield, G. M.; Mr. Henry Whaite, D. G. M.; Mr. William Ratcliffe, C. S.; Mr. J. B. Rogerson, Editor of the *Odd Fellows' Magazine*; Mr. John Peiser; Mr. Thomas Harbutt; Mr. John Macdougall;

Mr. John Heriot; Mr. G. M'Kelvin; Mr. Griffiths, P. P. G. M.; and most of the representatives, whose names appear in another page, upwards of 500 persons being present. The hall was decorated with Lodge banners, which gave it a gay and rich appearance; but the chief ornament of the meeting was the gallery occupied by a number of our Tyneside belles.

On the removal of the cloth, Sir JOHN FIFE gave in succession, "The Queen," and "Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," which toasts were drunk with all the honours, "loyalty" being a distinguishing characteristic of the institution. The next toast, said the Mayor, was, "The Queen Dowager," in her high and honourable character of "Patroness of the Widow and Orphans' Fund."

The CHAIRMAN then gave, "The people: may all avoid pauperism by rendering mutual assistance!"

The next toast from the chair was "The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows."

Mr. GAVIN M'KELVIN responded to the toast. He rejoiced that the Order had triumphed over prejudice, and won the favour and support of men of talent, worth, and station. Its origin had been traced back to the times in which Rome reigned supreme in Europe; but although he did not despise the argument of antiquity, it was to him, comparatively, a matter of indifference whether it took its rise in the present century, or could boast of a source that was lost in the gloom of tradition. It recommended itself to his mind more emphatically by its usefulness than by its age—by the certainty of its value, than the uncertainty of its origin. He was content to know that in one year it had received an increase of 30,000 members, and that £130,000 had been spent in the alleviation of sickness and distress.

Song—"The Angels' Whisper," by Mr. PAUL.

Toast by the CHAIRMAN, "The founders of the Institution, and Mr. Thomas Armit.".

Mr. ARMITT, a member of thirty-two years standing, and one of the most active founders of the M. U., acknowledged the honour conferred upon him by the Mayor; and the grey-headed old gentleman was loudly cheered. At the outset, (he said) he visited some of the few Lodges which then existed, and found a fine spirit amongst them, with regard to relieving the distresses of their fellow-men, and lending a helping hand to suffering humanity. He succeeded in uniting two or three Lodges, and they issued invitations to others in various places; and finally, by their joint endeavours, they succeeded in founding the Manchester Unity, and placing it on that solid foundation on which it now rested; and, he was proud to say, it had proved a blessing to this great commercial country, assisted as it had been by good order and the blessings of a kind and merciful Providence.

The CHAIRMAN gave "The Grand Master and Board of Directors."

Mr. JAMES MANSFIELD, in his reply, spoke to the following purport. On behalf of myself and worthy colleagues, I beg to return our most hearty thanks for the kind manner in which we have been noticed in the toast proposed by our Chairman. We have felt deeply sensible of the great responsibility which has devolved upon us, in being appointed to direct the affairs of an Institution of such immense magnitude and increasing importance as the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and trust that our services for the past year have been beneficial to the Order. The executive government are not paid for any services they may render, their only hope of reward being the approval of their brethren; and as a convincing proof that their services have been beneficial, it may be stated that under their guidance the Order has increased in number and respectability; and Mr. Chairman, it is a gratifying fact, that the more we have increased in numerical strength, the more have we increased in peace, harmony, and concord with each other. I am happy to say that the Order never was in a more peaceable condition than at present. It is making rapid strides in the estimation of all good men. Many who would at one time have felt themselves degraded by a connexion with the Order, now rank amongst its best supporters, and its testimony to its worth and usefulness. We claim brotherhood with many distinguished members of parliament, clergymen, magistrates, and other influential parties. We have also in our ranks many distinguished literary characters—all equally anxious with me to promote the prosperity and well-being of the Order. We are glad to have such parties associated with us, inasmuch as from their station in society, they are not likely to become recipients of our bounty, and yet willingly contribute their mite towards raising a fund set apart for the purposes of alleviating the distress of their fellow-creatures. This society had its origin amongst the labouring classes of this country, who have, by their exertions, raised it to the proud position it now occupies, of being the first institution in the world for its acts of benevolence and charity—for the morality of the precepts it inculcates, and the respectability and intelligence of its members.

The VICE CHAIRMAN, (Mr. Crawshaw, of the firm of Hawks and Crawshaw, Gateshead,) proposed the health of the Chairman, with a high and fitting eulogium.

The CHAIRMAN responded to the toast with much feeling, and warmly returned thanks for the kind manner in which it had been proposed and received.

The "D. G. M. and C. S. of the Order" were next toasted with appropriate compliments.

Mr. PERISS rose in response to the toast of "The Past Officers of the Order;" and having gratefully acknowledged the compliment, he addressed himself to a question which has been much discussed, of late, among the brethren, namely, the propriety of having the Lodges enrolled under the Friendly Societies Acts. In his opinion, such a measure would be ill judged; the statute was not applicable to the circumstances of the Order. If the Lodges were enrolled under its provisions, they must each be governed by their registered rules. At present they had the privilege of an appeal to disinterested individuals—men moving in the same sphere as themselves—acquainted with their habits, and who could sympathize with them in every respect. But under the Friendly Societies Act, their grievances must be referred to far different tribunals—tribunals which, with all due deference to the gentlemen of whom they were composed, were by no means qualified to determine differences arising among the working classes.

Mr. ROE, of London, in speaking to the toast of "The Widow and Orphans' Fund," showed the probable results of keeping a donation box in each Lodge-room of the District. [During the

evening the Chairman and Vice-chairman each made a donation of £1 to the fund of the Newcastle District.]

Mr. RICHARDSON, of Cöckermouth, was called upon to reply to "The Deputies to the A.M.C." Having made some appropriate preliminary observations, he remarked that the District which he had the honour to represent was in a remote corner of the island, but its members had an honest pride in saying, that they had been the humble instruments of introducing Odd Fellowship into Scotland—where it was now flourishing in a manner peculiarly gratifying to them. Although, however, he spoke of this service, he said it not in a spirit of boasting; for it was the duty of every member to use his best exertions in the common cause in which they were all united; and if anything were more calculated than another to encourage perseverance, it was the spectacle of the present splendid meeting, presided over by a gentleman so highly esteemed, and so proudly elevated in society, as Sir John Rife. He felt that it was not only a duty and an obligation, but a matter of interest and self-protection, that the industrious classes should receive the countenance and support of those who were placed above them in the scale of society; for life was a shifting scene—a stage presenting continual change and vicissitude; and he who extended the hand of benevolence to-day, might find on the morrow a benefactor in the object of his yesterday's good will. In conclusion, Mr. Richardson proposed the toast of "The Ladies," with an especial compliment to those of them who graced the hall with their presence.

The next toast from the chair was, "Mr. Rogerson, and the *Odd Fellows' Magazine*."

Mr. ROGERSON said, after a few preliminary remarks:—There was one point which previous speakers had omitted to mention, and he was glad, for his own part, that they had made such omissions, as otherwise there would have been absolutely nothing which he should have felt himself justified in occupying their time with. He alluded to the vast sum which had been got together, and was now at the disposal of the Order. Those who were unacquainted with the Institution would be startled to learn, that its funds consisted of upwards of one million of money. And for what purpose was this vast sum subscribed? It was subscribed to help those who were not competent to help themselves—it was subscribed for the purpose of conveying relief to the desolate and bereaved widow—it was contributed to bless the unprotected and fatherless child, and to soothe the pangs of the dying man—for by its means he was prepared to withdraw his thoughts from the cares of earthly existence, and to fix them on "another and a better world." We were in the habit of eulogizing the actions of those who went forth, invested with all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," to destroy their fellow beings; we erected statues innumerable to exalt those whose efforts had been to conquer and destroy; but we seldom thought of employing our means and energies to perpetuate the memory of the philanthropist. But why should this be so? He who devoted himself to doing good—he who occupied himself in alleviating the distresses of his brethren—he who had been instrumental in preserving the life of one human being—was deserving of more honour than all the warriors who had ever existed. How many lives would the ten hundred thousand pounds in the hands of the Institution be the means of preserving—in how many homes would it diffuse comfort and happiness—and how much were those who had laboured so zealously in the cause entitled to the approbation of their fellow-men! It was impossible to estimate the amount of good which might be achieved by them; and a time was fast approaching when the public would do them ample justice. It was by means of such meetings as the present, that the public was made acquainted with their proceedings; and he, therefore, took advantage of that occasion to state the fact, that Odd Fellows had an annual income of £270,000, and expended yearly £230,000 in relieving the sick and distressed. The average annual increase, for the last six years, had been 25,000 members; and it was difficult for the mind to conceive what great point they might eventually arrive at, and what immense amount of evil they might be the means of preventing. Mr. Rogerson concluded with some remarks on the influence of the Magazine.

Song by Mr. GIBSON, "The Fine Old English Gentleman."

Mr. REED, P. C. S., replied to the toast of "The G. M. and the other Officers of the Newcastle District." In five years (said Mr. Reed) the Order had increased in numbers, in the Newcastle District, from 99 to 4000; and they had paid for the relief of sick members £3138. 10s. 6d.; to the funerals of members they had contributed £1778; for the wants of widows and orphans, £308. 14s. 5d.; and for the relief of brethren in search of employment, £274. 9s. 2d.

Mr. J. MACDOUGAL, of Greenock, in responding to the toast of "The Brethren of the Order in Great Britain and Ireland," said,—"The present meeting presented an array of numbers, wealth, intelligence, and influence, that gave cheering indication of a general recognition in Odd Fellowship in this populous locality; and he would ask no surer a passport to its ultimate success, than the simple one of Sir John Rife filling the chair. In Scotland, it could not be said that a Mayor presided over them; but he could state that, in Greenock, the worthy Member of Parliament for the burgh, Mr. Wallace, of Kelly, had done them the honour of discharging that duty. A deep interest was felt in their affairs, even by the honorary members, in Greenock; as a proof of which he could now point to a gentleman on his right, Mr. Heriot, above sixty years of age, who had come at his own cost to see an A. M. C. He rejoiced to have it in his power to state, that having been in the Island of Islay, the western extremity of the Highlands, he had so far diffused their principles, that the chieftain of the island, Campbell of Islay, had patronized the Order; and a Lodge—a flourishing Lodge—was now established there, 150 miles west from Greenock. The spirit of inquiry was so great, that those who did not understand English were learning the language, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the laws of the Order; and he had no doubt that as Welsh laws were now called for, at no distant day Gaelic ones would also be required. The Magazine, under the present able management, had done much to cultivate a spirit of inquiry; and even in the secluded island of Islay, the members, forty in number, each took a copy."

Mr. CRAWSHAY felicitously responded to the toast of "The Vice Chairman," and was enthusiastically applauded.—Mr. W. L. HARLE replied to the "Town and Trade of Newcastle," and said that he had been so forcibly impressed by the speeches of the Chairman, the Grand Master, Mr. Rogerson, Mr. M'Kelvin and other Odd Fellows, that he was determined to become a candidate for admission.

A number of appropriate toasts were given and responded to, and the company broke up at midnight, after spending a pleasant and profitable evening.

## A BACHELOR'S CONFESSIONS; OR, THE ODD FELLOWS' BALL.

BY MRS. CHARLES DEWING TYLER.

(Authoress of "*The Convert*," "*St. James's*," "*The Broken Heart*," &c.)

AFTER a dull, miserable ride, of upwards of eighty miles, through a foggy atmosphere, the evening preceding Christmas Day, partly by that great accelerator to travelling—steam, and the remainder with the assistance of four fine greys, it was with no small pleasure that I found myself in the spacious yard of the Bull Inn, at the small but mercantile town of —, in Norfolk, and received with delight the friendly greeting of my childhood's companion, Frank Hardy.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, dear Seymour," exclaimed Frank, with a cordial grasp of my hand; "after many year's alienation from your birthplace, I hail your return with redoubled pleasure. May this meeting be productive of many such! But come," he continued, "whilst I stand prating here, amidst a drizzling rain, I forget that you must needs be both faint and weary; besides, my mother is anxiously expecting us, and will welcome the son of her lamented friend with, if possible, greater delight than myself." Thus saying, Frank led the way, and a few minutes' walk found us at his snug domicile. I must confess the sight of a well-furnished parlour, a blazing fire, a table almost sumptuously spread, and last, though not least, the cheerful countenance of Mrs. Hardy, (Frank's mother,) who sprang to meet me with almost the agility of youth, was by no means unwelcome, shivering as I was with wet and cold. The tea-urn sent forth its hissing sound, to which puss, snugly curled round upon the warm hearthrug, purred a second—a delicious ham, sausages, and all the necessary adjuncts, seemed indeed inviting; but my appetite needed no further stimulant than it had already received by an eighty miles' ride through a piercing air. The meal being duly dispatched to which I did ample justice, we drew our chairs around the cheerful fire, to enjoy an hour's uninterrupted conversation, ere we retired to rest.

My friend, Frank Hardy, at the time of which I write, was a bachelor, of about four-and-thirty—not so much probably from inclination, as compulsion; for his father, a somewhat eminent country solicitor, dying when Frank was about twenty-five, and leaving several daughters almost unprovided for, my friend, who succeeded his worthy sire in his abilities as well as in his profession, considered himself bound to a life of celibacy, until he saw his sisters, to all of whom he was much attached, comfortably settled for life, and the last of whom had quitted his hospitable home for one of her own only a few weeks previous. His mother, whom he almost idolized, and who was now really a fine, healthy-looking woman, although verging upon her grand climacteric, was his housekeeper, his bosom friend, his all. Gentleman-like in his manners, pleasing in person, and amiable in disposition, his greatest delight appeared to be in imparting pleasure to others.

As St. Mary's chimes told the hour of midnight, we arose to go to our respective chambers. Frank accompanied me to the door of mine, and as he shook my hand, and wished me a hearty good night, exclaimed,—“There, hie to bed, and rest yourself well to-night and to-morrow, for the evening following I have a treat in store for you, and am happy you have arrived in time to participate in it. You used to be, I remember, Seymour, one of Terpsichore's warmest votaries, and on Friday, the members of our Lodge of “Odd Fellows” give a ball to their families and friends, therefore prepare to “foot it on the light fantastic toe;” for I assure you I can promise you an evening's delightful amusement. But if not previously enslaved, you must steel your heart against feminine charms, unless you wish to be caught in the snares of the wily urchin.”

“An ‘Odd Fellows’ ball,” Hardy? The idea of yourself, or myself, going to such a place is preposterous! I thought you were particular as to the society you mingle with?”

“I shall not stop to bandy words with you, Fred, at this late hour,” rejoined Hardy, “as I am certain I could soon overcome your scruples, provided you are as open to conviction as heretofore; therefore, I shall at once say good night, and a calm repose to you.” So saying the door closed upon my merry, light-hearted friend, and left me to seek repose in the arms of Morpheus. Calm and uninterrupted were my slumbers, until I was awoke, as day dawned, by a peal of bells from a neighbouring belfry, welcoming in the return of that auspicious morn that brought redemption to mankind by the birth of Christ.

The day was spent, as all such should be, soberly, yet cheerfully; my friend being surrounded (as I found he made a point upon that day) by his sisters and their families. Delight was enshrined in every countenance, affection glistened in every eye; and never before did I see a family group more affectionate, or more united. Several times the conversation, in the course of the day, touched upon the expected gaiety of the succeeding one; and from all that I could gather, I at once inferred that the proposed ball was indeed likely to be one of great respectability. Used as I had been to hear "Odd Fellowship" treated with opprobrium, I had never canvassed the Order's various merits or demerits, therefore, I was the more astonished to hear of them as a body of men, (to speak collectively) governed by rules, admirable in themselves, calculated to improve society in general, and to render men what they should be to each other, brethren in deeds as well as in words—ready to assist each other in cases of necessity or sickness—ever willing to visit the couch of affliction—to administer pecuniary comfort to the bereaved, and to provide for the temporal wants of the orphan. With sentiments such as these I could offer no objection when requested to become one of the party.

I must confess a slight feeling of vanity impelled me to pay rather more attention to my toilet than was general, for I knew I should in all probability meet many old acquaintances and their families, whom I had not mingled with for some years; and probably the knowledge that many of the fair sex were expected to be there, might lend my vanity a helping hand. The spacious room was thronged with youth of both sexes, as well as those of maturer age. The band was exquisite, and the room tastefully decorated with festoons of evergreens, intermixed with natural and artificial flowers; flags and banners, with the various devices of the Order, were tastefully arranged, whilst a brilliant display of gas gave effect to the scene. When I called to recollection my youthful days, when a club, truly named "Odd Fellows," held their weekly orgies at an inn near my home, and oft awoke me from a peaceful sleep with the noise of their Bacchanalian revels, when to have it said a man was an "Odd Fellow" was enough to stamp his name as a disreputable character, I could but contrast it with the present animated scene—delight beamed in every eye—animation gladdened every countenance. The members of the Lodge were distinguished by their sashes and rosettes, as also its various officers, amongst whom I found was ranked Mr. Hardy. I had much to learn and unlearn that evening respecting the "Manchester Unity," and I freely confess I felt some qualms of conscience at the disrespectful manner I had formerly spoken of it. Frank introduced me to many I had known in boyhood's days, when a

—————"Whining school-boy, with my satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school."

Amongst the rest to whom my friend introduced me personally, was one, the ornament of her sex. "Allow me," said Frank, taking her hand, "to introduce you to one often your companion and playmate at your dame's school, the little, curly, flaxen-headed boy, who used to cull wild flowers to entwine amidst your own golden ringlets—chase the winged butterfly, and essay to climb the tallest trees to rob the warbler of his little family if you but desired it—and stand boldly forth a pigmy champion with another twice his size, had such a one whispered aught of offence against Louisa Allen—behold him now returned a wanderer from foreign shores, again to revisit faces and scenes still dear to his remembrance—allow me to introduce to you, Miss Allen, my valued friend, Frederic Seymour."

"I am, indeed, most happy," said the blushing beauty, "to see Mr. Seymour once more in England, and with others to welcome his return to his native place."

A set of quadrilles being formed, I solicited and gained her hand, much to the chagrin of many who stood around, apparently waiting our conversation to cease, to address her. Graceful in her figure and movements, lovely in her person, many eyes I saw were strained to catch a glance of her graceful movements in the dance; and reigned triumphant in my heart to know the belle and beauty of the ball had consented to be my partner. The dance concluded, I drew her arm in mine, and sauntered in the refreshment room, where we were less crowded and more at ease. Upon a close observation I observed that a sadness at times overshadowed her countenance, or if she smiled, there was a pensiveness in that smile, visible to a casual observer; and oft I saw she struggled to repress a rising sigh. With the freedom of an old acquaintance, I chatted of our school-days, and many trifling incidents, in which we both played

conspicuous parts; to all of which she replied with ease and modesty. Her voice was musical in the extreme, and I perceived that her dark eyes shone with unusual brilliancy at any animated subject, for she appeared well read on all. So much had she interested me, that when she left at an early hour, despite my own and Hardy's entreaties, the scene appeared to me bereft of half its charms, and I soon became weary, listless, and dispirited.

Frank jested with me upon my dullness, which I parried as well as I could, unwilling to own the real cause; in truth I scarce could own to myself, that I, who had withstood the witchery of female charms until I had attained the mature age of thirty—who had flirted with the gay maids of France—wandered amidst Italian skies, with its fairest daughters—and serenaded Spain's haughty dames, should thus suddenly become interested beyond measure, with one of my own country-women, artless, innocent, and uninitiated in fashion's maze. But when I sought repose, Louisa's tall and well-moulded form flitted before my pillow; her musical tones still seemed to ring in my ears, and despite myself, Louisa was the heroine of my dreams. Had she been less beautiful, I think I should have admired her equally the same, for, as our immortal Shakspeare says,—

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."

In the morning when I awoke, I lay sometimes ruminating upon my present position. True, I had vowed a life of celibacy, but I had no one to offend by breaking that vow; then I had a comfortable independency, ample to maintain a wife and small establishment; therefore, by the time my toilet was finished, I had come to the conclusion, that if Louisa would accept me, I would become a second Benedict, a married man; provided the inquiry I intended to make of my friend Hardy, proved satisfactory, and I could engage him in my behalf. Then, I thought again, that

"Friendship is constant in all other things,  
Save in the office and affairs of love;  
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongue,  
Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into passion."

After breakfast, however, sitting with Frank in his study, I ventured to make the intended inquiry, and my interrogatories being satisfactorily answered, as to the family and respectability of Miss Allen, Frank exclaimed,—“As we have a leisure half-hour, and you seem somewhat disposed to *ennui*, I will relate to you Louisa's little history, if it be agreeable?”

“Nothing can give me greater pleasure,” I answered.

“As you are aware,” said Hardy, “that Louisa's father was one of our most flourishing merchants, I need not tire you with an account of their very respectable connections, suffice it to say, all who knew him considered him a man of wealth. Louisa, you know, was an only child, her parents' idol; no expense was spared on her education, masters taught her every accomplishment, and well did she repay their pains and cost; few, very few surpassed her in intellectual attainments, and proud indeed were the parents of such a child. She was not only beloved by them, but by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance; her uniform but well regulated vivacity rendered her society acceptable to all her friends, as she was always ready to forego her own pleasure to promote theirs; from the child to the aged, she made herself agreeable, and Louisa's presence at a youthful party was the sure precursor of hilarity and mirth. About five years since our little town received an addition to its inhabitants in the person of a Mr. George Bevil, a wine and spirit merchant, of apparent wealth and great respectability: he bore with him letters of introduction to several of our leading families, with whom he was soon on terms of strict intimacy; at Mr. Allen's he was a welcome guest, his introduction to that gentleman coming from an influential quarter.”

“I suppose,” I remarked, “our fair friend was also a magnet of attraction?”

“You shall hear in time,” rejoined Hardy. “Bevil had been scarcely a year a resident amongst us ere he became the life of all our parties; in wit and anecdote he abounded, and at every table where he presided, Momus, not Bacchus, was the reigning god; yet, was his wit so well-tempered as not to offend the chastest ear. He was the first promoter of our winter balls, of which he was always one of the stewards; our water parties and pic-nic's owed their commencement to him; at our races he was

umpire; in short, whatever amusement or festivity was on foot, Bevill was the first to be consulted. At first, we gentlemen viewed him with a somewhat jealous eye, but he bore himself with such gentlemanly urbanity to all, that we at length became his warmest partisans. Many a manoeuvring mother spread her net to catch him for her almost portionless daughter; and the fair bosom throbbed with delight and vanity that was the envied partner in the spirit stirring country dance, the lively quadrille, whirling waltz, or romping gallopade. It soon became evident that Louisa Allen was his favourite partner. He was frequently the companion of her walks, drove herself and mother in their pony phaeton, escorted her to and from church, in short,

"Rumour, with her hundred tongues,  
Had married them outright,"

Even before he had proposed, which he eventually did, and was accepted."

"By Miss Allen?"

"And her parents also, for they were completely fascinated by his gentlemanly and polished exterior, and through fancy's vista saw years of happiness for their darling child. Preparations were commenced at Bevill's residence, such as papering and painting, new furnishing, and altering; that betokened in the minds of some, the near approach of matrimony. No expense was spared, and amidst other indulgencies and conveniences, a splendid new vehicle, with two fine chestnut horses, was launched. It was thought by all that he must indeed be possessed of a handsome income."

"And was he not a man of wealth?"

"The sequel will show. About this time Bevill appeared more engaged in business than ever, and it was with surprise that many saw him forego several of his wonted and favourite amusements, his whole mind seemed engrossed by business,

"The multiplication table seemed to be  
His paternoster, and his decalogue."

He became more reserved in his manners, more guarded in his conversation, in fact, he seemed altered to all but Louisa; to her he was still the same attentive and obsequious lover, and she often wondered at the accidental remarks as to his changed manners, which, by chance, met her ear."

"Blinded, I presume, by her affection for Bevill."

"So it appeared. It was now busily noised in our little town that the marriage was decidedly appointed to take place in two or three weeks time, and upon inquiry, as a friend of the family, I found for once, rumour to be correct. The wedding day was fixed, and the one previous some relatives of Miss Allen's, (who, with my sisters, were to accompany her to church as bridesmaids) arrived; the bridal party was invited, the bridecake and favours prepared, and last, though not the least important, Louisa's bridal paraphernalia was all ready. Bevill was to have dined at Mr. Allen's with the newly-arrived guests; as the dinner hour approached they wondered at his non-appearance, at length a servant was dispatched with the intelligence that dinner waited. Mr. Bevill's domestics had seen nothing of their master since the morning; some sudden business it was urged, had called him thus unceremoniously away. Night came, and with it no Bevill; Louisa was as one distracted, her parents little better. The next morning's post brought Mr. Allen a letter, the contents of which were, as nearly as memory will serve, as follows:—

Sir,

Pecuniary embarrassments, which it is impossible to overcome, force me to the step I now take, although repugnant to my better feelings. The mingled feelings of pride and shame will not permit my stay in England, therefore I fly to a distant land, alike to hide my regret and my disgrace. My measures are so well taken, my plans so well arranged, that pursuit will be folly; by the time this arrives, I trust, the "wide sea" will be my home, at least for awhile. Fond of pomp and show, to maintain which, I have speculated largely, and in such speculations failed to meet my exigencies, I have had recourse to bills, and have drawn largely upon my friends' acceptances—yourself among the number; none are yet due, and I probably might have warded off the coming ruin awhile longer, but entangled by my connection with my ever dear Louisa, I must have involved her in my ruin, which my better feelings would not permit, I had therefore no other recourse but flight. I beheld Louisa, and adored her. Love is too cold, too passionless a word to express the intensity of my regard; to raise her to a state of splendid affluence I madly speculated, the issue of which I have already stated. To Miss Allen I dare not, cannot write; amidst the many conflicting rumours she will doubtless hear, I trust her gentle nature will think of me as leniently as possible. I am sure my conduct must of late have been to all exceedingly problematical, to myself no one knows the burning shame and agony I have endured—even now, my brain is on fire—my head reels. Oh! if there be a torture upon earth for the guilty, it is now endured by the wretched

GEORGE BEVILL.

"Heartless, deceitful, systematic villain. But how, Hardy, did Miss Allen bear the shock?"

"Better, Seymour, than was anticipated; her grief was deep, but silent. When the truth was cautiously disclosed to her, she made no comment, uttered no reproach, nor even breathed his name; but her abstracted manner, sunken eye, attenuated form, and often flushed cheek, told too plainly, the insidious disease that lurked within.

"There was a worm i'th' bud, whose hold  
Defied the leech's art;  
● Consumption's hectic plague spot told  
A tale of a broken heart."

About the same time, a lady, a friend of the Allen family, was going for some months to the south of France, being much attached to Louisa, and commiserating her deserted condition, she kindly offered to take her with her, greatly to the delight of Miss Allen's friends, though strongly opposed by her, so much was she wedded to solitude; but overcome by her friends' united persuasions she went. Youth, a good constitution, change of scene, and the salubrity of the air, all contributed to her restoration, and she returned to us as you see her, renovated in health, but a great portion of her former vivacity had left her."

"Did they never hear aught of Bevill?"

"Fair and softly my good sir, you know I am very methodical, therefore, do not divert my thoughts from the direct course of my tale; we shall come to him in good time. Upon Louisa's return she learnt what had been carefully kept from her till then; to her astonishment she found her father was nearly ruined by the villainy of Bevill. So great was the confidence Mr. Allen reposed in him, that he had, at his earnest solicitation, lent him his acceptance to bills of enormous amount, which, having been obliged to honour, had reduced his capital to a mere cypher; his friends rallied round him, so great was the respect in which he was held, and at his daughter's return, prosperity was beginning again to gladden their dwelling. Louisa was at first as if thunderstruck, so totally ignorant was she of the occurrence in her own family; for it had been kept from her by the express desire of a physician, a friend of theirs, who feared reason would desert her throne if this additional calamity were made known to her ere her health was properly re-established."

"Poor girl, this was indeed a severe trial to her."

"Not so much so as you might imagine; she resolutely formed the determination of no longer being a burden upon her parents; but calling into exercise those elegant accomplishments she had learnt as an amusement, by imparting them to others, she not only procured a genteel income, but her mind being occupied, she more quickly forgot, or at least thought less of, her sorrows."

"A most prudent resolve. The mind and the fingers actively employed, are the best antidote for sorrow, and in good truth, many other 'ills that flesh is heir to.'"

"About six months after, intelligence appeared in many of the public journals, of the wreck of an American vessel, where nearly all perished. Amongst the names of those who were included in the sad catastrophe, was that of an Englishman, of the name of George Bevill, a passenger to the United States, and from several little incidents connected therewith, there is very little doubt but it was our decamped wine and spirit merchant."

"Retribution followed him, though almost on foreign shores."

"It was thought by many, that Miss Allen's health and spirits would again receive a shock; but reason and religion combined, had taught her to rejoice in her escape, however much she mourned Bevill's delinquency. Since then she has had many eligible offers, all of which she has declined; having determined, she says, never to quit her parents, since they have suffered so much through her, though innocently on her part, therefore, the man who wins our favourite Louisa, must consent to reside with them."

"That I would do most willingly, could I but be so fortunate as to gain Miss Allen's consent."

"Caught, Seymour, fairly caught; as I prognosticated. It would be odd enough, however, if our "Odd Fellows' Ball" should be the means of settling the wanderer amongst us—no one would be more happy than myself I am sure; but we are reckoning without our host—unless Miss Allen consents, our wishes are void. But, to be serious, Fred, have you really any intention of settling amongst us?"



"I have Hardy; for after roaming about year after year in distant lands, I begin now anxiously to wish for a more settled life; and thanks to my maternal uncle, lately deceased, he has left me a handsome competence; therefore, my prospects in pecuniary matters being much brighter, I am at liberty to settle where I will. True, my fortune might command a portioned bride, but if ever I wed, Louisa Allen shall be my wife; for, as Othello says,

'But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine,  
For the sea's worth.'"

"Well, Fred, as you are really serious upon the matter, I cordially wish you every success; and if my recommendation thrown into the scale will have any weight, I am your humble servant."

Such was the conversation that passed the day after the ball, between me and my valued friend, Hardy. To make a long story short, after a few interviews with Miss Allen, from whose behaviour I gathered some hopes, I made my proposals to her father, laying before him an exact account of my income, and of my willingness to reside with them. After a time, Louisa accepted me, and upon the anniversary of the Odd Fellows' Ball, made me a happy man. I have become a member of the Manchester Unity—am the delighted parent of two blooming boys, whom I hope to live to see Odd Fellows; so warm an advocate am I now become of the Order, being thoroughly convinced of the morality and good intention of the Institution. I should add, my still lovely wife has lately blest me with a little cherub girl, the very prototype of herself, and which is fondly cradled on her arm, as she is seated by our fireside, watching my "grey goose quill" giving to my brethren of the Order, my "Bachelor Confessions."

*Thetford, Norfolk.*

## NIGHT.

### A FRAGMENT.

NIGHT came, and the stars shone eloquently—  
In heaven's vast hall the horned moon was hung—  
The lake look'd like a mirror smilingly,  
As o'er the isles her silver beams were flung.  
Anon, and now the fleece-like clouds among  
Swift shadows flit o'er the lake's crystal face,  
In beautiful variety; which nor tongue,  
Nor pen, can speak, or paint with equal grace:  
Time with its with'ring touch can ne'er that scene efface.

How soft—how mild and beautiful, is night!  
When the far clouds along the eastern sky  
Seem floating on a flood of golden light,  
Beneath the uprisen moon's keen radiance,  
When not a breath, a whisper, wind, or sigh,  
Disturbs the softer silence of the air,  
And ocean's waters in deep slumbers lie,  
Like a rare thing of beauty—bright and fair,  
As ere in midnight's fancied vision did appear.

The shapes and shadows floating overhead—  
The distant orbs along the azure sky—  
The wood's soft echoes by the night-winds fed—  
The silvery mists that on earth's bosom lie—  
The warbling of the stream incessantly,  
With Nature's softer music ever fraught—  
All that delights the soul with poesy,  
Of richest, deepest, and of mightiest thought,  
Allure the steps of him who wisely will be taught.

The barren, bleak, and overhanging rocks,  
 Defying tempest, wave, and muttering blast!  
 When from their caverns, built by earthquake shocks,  
 The bursting thunder makes one stand aghast;  
 And the mad winds tremendously rush past,  
 Sweeping the boiling surge along the shore,  
 Foaming in agony; until at last  
 The very forests, which an hour before  
 Were motionless, commingle in the deaf'ning roar.

And from the disparded cloud the lightning  
 Quivers and gleams before the startled eye,  
 And with the gathering storm is brightening,  
 The vivid flash along the pathless sky,  
 Filling the broad and trackless canopy  
 With one tremendous mass of dazzling light!  
 The rage and rack of whirlwinds eddying by,  
 In all the awful grandeur of their might  
 Speak to the philosophic soul a language of delight!

J. B. MARMONT.

*Good Samaritan Lodge, Stonehouse District.*

## ODD WANDERINGS; OR, THE TRAVELS OF AN ODD FELLOW. CHAPTER VII.

RELIGION will not satisfy the craving of hunger, nor replenish an empty purse. Let the dissemination of religious principles always be accompanied with charity, when charity is needed, and good will be done; but when the poor and the needy ask for bread, to give them religious instruction only, will be like sowing seed on stony ground. Still, however, I admire the zeal with which some persons endeavour to point out the way of righteousness, knowing that all good springeth from pure religion; and it is, therefore, the imperative duty of all who have the power, to instil into the minds of the poor a sense of the duty they owe to that omnipotent Being by whom they live.

I obtained work in Lancaster for a few weeks, and then left for Newcastle, by way of Kendal, Penrith, and Carlisle. I left Penrith early in the morning with the expectation of reaching Haltwhistle, or Hexham, the same night. By the time however that I reached Brampton, the sun had sunk below the horizon, and night was rapidly enveloping nature's beauties in darkness, and a thick drizzling mist had set in. I hastened on, determined at all events to reach Greenhead. I had not got far from Brampton when I overtook a person, respectable in appearance, but with a shearing hook over his shoulder.

"Good evening, friend," said I, on coming up to him. "How far may it be to Greenhead?"

"How far?" said he, "it's no verra far—it's no abun five miles, am thinking." He spoke in that mixed *lingo* which is common in that district to those who are perpetually moving about.

"Five miles!" said I, "why I was told half-an-hour ago that it was only four, and I have come two since."

"It may be sae, but I'm thinking it's mair."

After walking about a mile, my companion, pointing to a cottage at a short distance, from which issued the sounds of mirth, and where there seemed to be a blazing fire, from the strong light that was visible amidst the gloom which now surrounded us, said,— "See yonder cottage, my certes, lad, they keep guid stuff there; we'll just gang, and hae a wee drop to warm our stamicks."

"No, I would rather not," said I; "I am anxious to reach Greenhead to-night."

"Man, a drap of whiskey 'ill do ye nae ill; and besides, I hae a trifle here," pointing to his wallet, "baith bread and cheese; so come along, and I'll give ye a share."

I went with him without farther persuasion, and found three or four men in the house, with whom my companion seemed to be perfectly acquainted.

After partaking of bread and cheese, and some of the "mountain dew," I began to discover that they were smugglers, and that the whiskey was their own brewing. This made me rather uneasy. I wished to get away from them, but saw no means of doing it, without abruptly going off, which, after being so well treated, I could not do. The whiskey went round, however, and so did the hands on the German clock against the wall, which intimated that it was past eleven. About this time, I heard, or fancied I heard, a shrill whistle, which appeared at a considerable distance. The company by this time was getting very merry, and talking with great freedom, considering that a stranger was present. A loud, shrill, and piercing whistle now resounded, and startled the whole group. Two of the men immediately sprang on to the bed which stood in a corner of the room, where they raised the curtain at the head, and striking the partition, a panel slid aside, and I could plainly perceive a secret hiding place. The cask containing the whiskey was handed over the bed, and the two men with it soon disappeared. The table was cleared, and the room put into order. In a few minutes the door was opened, and a tall, muscular-looking man, entered; he seemed surprised on seeing me, but my travelling companion explained. The stranger, however, ordered all hands to disperse at once, as an information had been laid against them, and even now a party of excise and riding officers were on the road to seize them. I now found myself in a dreadful dilemma. What was to be done? The man who took me there seemed sorry at the unexpected turn things had taken, and promised to assist me. The tramp of horses was now distinctly heard, and the person before alluded to sternly exclaimed, "Away with you, as fast as feet can carry ye, take each a different track, and remember—'mug!' and meet at the cave at Lough's glen." We then retreated through the secret door of the bed head, when after descending a few steps we passed through what appeared to be a cellar, and from the smell evidently the "still" house, then coming to a ladder, we issued through a trap into the open air. Here we distinctly heard the voices of the men demanding admittance into the cottage, and then a crash, as if the door had been burst open. Suddenly two of the horsemen were within a few yards of us. Our party immediately separated. My companion took what I supposed to be a westerly direction, crossing the turnpike, and passing through a hedge on the opposite side. Here we were closely followed by some of our pursuers, who at one time were within a few yards of me who was considerably behind the leader; but owing either to the darkness of the night, or their ignorance of the road, or perhaps to both these circumstances, they entirely lost pursuit. Suddenly there was a scream—a plunge, as if a heavy body had fallen into deep water—a cry for help, and all was still as death. I stood petrified with horror. I did not dare to move. The darkness was so impenetrable that I could not see more than a yard before me. I called, but received no answer—it was evidently my guide who had perished! What was now to be done? To proceed was to share the fate of my unfortunate guide. There was nothing left but to remain where I was until daylight, or until such time as the officers were likely to be gone.

I afterwards learned that the body of a man was found in the river near the spot where he must have fallen; by the description given I discovered that it was my companion on that awful night.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

On the second day I reached Newcastle, where I learned that a steam vessel was to proceed in a day or two to Warkworth, from whence I could easily walk to my native village, so I determined "to take a trip." We proceeded on board about five o'clock in the morning, and left the quay in gallant style. The morning was fair, and there was every prospect of an excellent day; all on board seemed elated with the anticipation of a pleasant voyage. After we had passed Blyth a short way, an old sailor, who had for the last half-hour been spinning a yarn about

"The battles, sieges, fortunes, he had past,"

suddenly paused, and hailing the captain, a young man, named Watson,—"*Hillo, there,*" says he, "*cast your peepers to the eastward, and tell me what you see there. Take the advice of an old tar, my lad; 'bout ship, and make the best of your way home again.*"

Watson did look a-head, and after a long and steady gaze, agreed with the old sailor. In putting the proposition into effect by turning the vessel's head about, a storm, which had not been foreseen, suddenly burst on the devoted heads of the poor captain and the old seaman. The passengers, consisting chiefly of people from the country, who had, in all probability, never been at sea before, loudly exclaimed against this move, and demanded the performance of the agreement, by proceeding on their voyage to Warkworth. The captain was obliged to yield, and the vessel's head was again put to the north. During all this time the sun was shining with unclouded splendour above our heads, the sea was perfectly still, for there was not a breath of wind stirring to move its unruffled surface; but, to the eastward, where the old sailor had first directed our attention, there was a black cloud, which at first appeared a mere speck on the horizon, now spreading and growing larger and larger as it seemed to approach us. The vessel, however, moved on bravely; all was mirth and gaiety on board, and the still happy passengers were utterly unconscious of the coming tempest. About half an hour after the parley, a gentle breeze began to blow a-head. By this time I had got along-side of the old sailor, and when he smelt the breath of Boreas, he exclaimed,—“It's come now, my lads; in another half hour we'll have a reg'lar blow.” And he was right. One by one our stout passengers began to drop, overpowered by sea-sickness. The wind had now increased to a hurricane, and the sea, hitherto so calm, was pitching our frail bark to and fro, and occasionally lashing its waves over the vessel's deck. The vessel was now put before the wind, and we made for the nearest port, which was Blyth; it was discovered, however, that, being ebb tide, there would not be a sufficient depth of water to float the vessel into the harbour. We were, therefore, obliged to keep out to sea. To add to our misfortunes, the port-hole, beneath the paddle box, had not been closed, and the sea was beating in here and rapidly filling the vessel. The pump (for there was only one,) was now set agoing, and out of about fifty people, there were only two or three, independent of the boat's crew, who were able to work. In spite of our utmost exertions the sea gained upon us, and the water in the vessel increased with alarming rapidity. Distress signals were now hoisted. Shortly after, the engineer came upon deck and stated that the vessel would not hold out above half an hour, in consequence of the water approaching the fires. This was dreadful news, being above two miles from the shore, and there was yet no appearance of assistance. A council was hastily held, when it was suggested to run the vessel ashore, but it was ultimately agreed to take Blyth harbour at all risks. The few of us who were able to work redoubled our exertions at the pump, and were happily successful in keeping the water down from the fires, until we reached in safety the place of refuge. We seemed to be peculiarly favoured by Providence in taking the harbour, for as soon as we entered our pump became choked, and was consequently rendered useless. Had we entered sooner, the vessel must have struck, as even then there was barely a sufficiency of water to admit us.

“One hand alone can save,  
One mighty power, in mercy sent,  
To wrest us from the grave.”

Had the captain been compelled to run the vessel on to the beach, a great number of our party must have met a watery grave, there being about forty who could not have raised an arm to save themselves. It was fortunate, too, as the result turned out, that those people who were sick during the time of danger, as there were a good many females in the company, would, in all probability, have obstructed the operations going on for their preservation. At one time, when I was almost exhausted with pumping, having then been incessantly employed for about an hour, I called to a man (who was standing beside a woman,) a tall, muscular-looking fellow, to relieve me, when he coolly replied, “that he had made up his mind to perish with his wife.” We got safe ashore, and in two days I was once more amid the bleak hills of my own Northumberland.

After remaining about two years at home, during which time I visited several Lodges in the neighbourhood, whose modes of management, as well as other Lodges in different parts of the country, vary as the colours of the chameleon, I received an offer of a situation from my old employers, Messrs. Merino and Brothers, which I accepted, and where I now am. Since I came to London I have passed the chairs in one of the oldest Lodges in the South London District.

*Rose and Thistle Lodge, Berwick.*

ROMEIO.

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## THE GREY GOOSE QUILL.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

FEATHER of eagle, or plume of snow,  
 On warrior's crest, or on beauty's brow,  
 Kissing the fair cheek's peach-like bloom,  
 Or seen by a flash through the battle's gloom,  
 Mighty your conquests—but prouder still  
 Is the triumph won by the Grey Goose Quill!  
 Ye have revell'd long in the golden store  
 Of the poet's thought, and the sage's lore—  
 Ye who have won by the power of mind  
 The charmed land where the past is shrin'd;  
 But the veil from the temple is rent, and lo!  
 In a thousand hearts its treasures glow;  
 And a spirit lives in that mighty throng,  
 Born of the glory obscur'd so long—  
 The many have drunk from the fount divine,  
 And their souls are athirst for its deathless wine!  
 Light from heaven has warm'd the clay,  
 Darkness shrinks from the coming day;  
 The world's deep heart has felt a thrill,  
 The hidden might of the Grey Goose Quill!  
 In the darken'd mine, by the restless wheel,  
 Bright thoughts on the weary one shall steal!  
 The furrow has past from the craftsman's brow,  
 Some pleasant fancy is with him now;  
 Or his heart is tranced by the potent rhyme  
 Of some mighty bard of the olden time!  
 He shall crouch no more by his cottage hearth,  
 Like a darken'd, soulless shape of earth—  
 A tool just fashion'd from human clay,  
 To be wrought at will or be cast away.  
 His mind is awake! he has heard the call—  
 "Knowledge and life for the bondsman's thrall;"  
 He has cast aside the galling yoke,  
 Link by link have the fetters broke;  
 He has wip'd from his name the serfdom ban,  
 And taken his place with his fellow man.  
 Power and Knowledge and Freedom! ye  
 Speed well on your course, oh! mighty three!  
 Who shall resist your boundless will,  
 Or stay the flight of the Grey Goose Quill?  
 How shall thy wonders, oh Art! expand,  
 When the mind shall guide the working hand—  
 When science enlightens the craftsman's skill,  
 And his thought shall live, and be shaped at will.  
 Peace and love through the land shall reign,  
 The demagogue's brand shall be lit in vain;  
 The many shall judge, and be tost no more,  
 Like shifting sands on the wild sea shore,  
 Tools of a party strife;—their power  
 Shall have nobler aims in the coming hour,—  
 True and trustful shall each unite,  
 Calm in their own acknowledg'd might;  
 Throne and altar no change shall move,  
 Upheld by the bond of a people's love.  
 Land of the bold, the wise, the free,  
 Bright shall thy name amid nations be,  
 Knowledge and glory shall guard thee still,  
 For strong is the might of the Grey Goose Quill!

## MARCUS CURTIUS.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT ROME.

THERE has been hitherto, in history, nothing more remarkable than the constitution of that colossal empire, which, from an origin so obscure, that it was mixed up with the fabulous legends of their mythology, at length attained a pitch of greatness unexampled before in the annals of the human race; presenting the strange spectacle of a nation, possessing originally but a very limited territory, becoming the arbiter of the world, and holding dominion over the greater portion of the then known globe. There was, perhaps, no cause which contributed so much to their success, as that form of government which identified each citizen with the state. Divided, as they were, into different orders, patricians, plebeians, and, in the latter period of the empire, into still further distinctions, yet their constitution recognized the right of every citizen to a share in the government.

The magic of the letters upon their banners, S. P. Q. R.—the senate and the people of Rome—and the form in which their edicts went forth, were an open and visible guarantee, even to the humblest citizen, that he himself was, in his individual capacity, an integral portion of that mighty republic; therefore did he feel himself bound up with the weal or woe of the state. The triumph of the Roman arms reflected honor on himself—in their reverses he felt a portion of disgrace—with the character and fame of each citizen he identified himself—he lived not for himself, but for the commonwealth.

It was this absorption of self into the general good, that formed the basis of the stern and unyielding character of the ancient Romans; it was this that enabled them to subdue the neighbouring nations—to carry their triumphs into every known region, and to raise Rome to the proud distinction of Empress of the World. We may affect, in this more enlightened age, to undervalue the stern grandeur of the Roman character; we may stigmatize their virtues as barbarous, and term their rigid acts of justice, cruelties; but we must be forced to admit that they fostered a spirit of unalloyed patriotism, and heroic self-devotion, to which more refined ages can scarcely furnish parallels.

It was in the year of Rome, 392, (s. c. 362,) that during the whole of the night, subterranean noises had been heard throughout the whole extent of Rome, and in different places smoke and pestilential vapours had issued forth. Doubt and horror were in the minds of the citizens, for it seemed as if the infernal gods had doomed the city to destruction; and when it was announced that a vast gulf had opened in the Forum, the alarm was at its height. There was gloom over the mighty city. It was noon, but yet a thick darkness overspread the horizon; no sun could pierce that murky atmosphere—a mist, like that of the fabled entrance to Hades, settled darkly over the dwellers of the city. There was desolation in her streets, for old and young, the patrician and the plebeian, all ranks, sexes, and conditions, had assembled in and around the Forum. In all their countenances were despair, dismay and dread; superstition had laid its withering hand upon them, and all quailed beneath its benumbing influence. The decorous order which was wont to be observed, even in the rudest assembly of the Romans, was here neglected. The pride of place and power, which was even then a distinguishing feature in their character, was forgotten amidst the absorbing influence of the hour. Distinctions were no more remembered, and enmities were at rest. There stood the consuls, in eager and hurried consultation, with the tribunes of the people, forgetting the animosity with which at other times they had severally asserted the privileges of their respective orders—they remembered now only that they were citizens of Rome.

The inhabitants of that, which even then in its infancy might well be termed a mighty city, beheld that huge gulf with despair, and deemed the hour of their destruction at hand. Not even the bravest could behold, without dismay, that horrid chasm, with its rugged sides, black, vast and unfathomable, from whose dismal crater belched forth noxious and suffocating vapours, accompanied with the oft-recurring sound of subterranean thunder. It seemed as if Pluto was contending with the gods above for the possession of the earth. The more superstitious even affected to hear, amidst the noises which shook the base of the mighty hill upon which they were assembled, the horrid yells of the triple-headed monster of hell.

Darkness and despair were around, and before them was inevitable destruction. Since day break all the slaves in the city had been employed in bringing rubbish, in the vain endeavour to fill up the gulf; but although urged to their tasks with that severity which the stern Romans, who prided themselves upon their love of liberty, were wont

to inflict upon that unfortunate class, and which was now urged to its excess in the extremity of their terror, it was seen how fruitless were their efforts; and the task was abandoned in aggravating hopelessness. And yet the scene was sublime, even in the vastness of its desolation—the wailing of the matrons and children was hushed to a subdued murmur; and now, in the hour of impending destruction, were the true characters of men shown forth. The brawling demagogue, whose clamorous harangues had often incited the citizens, and inflamed the plebeians to rise against the patricians, might here be seen grovelling in the extremity of his terror, whilst around him others stood, even now, strong in the passive endurance of Roman courage.

Whilst the mass was thus agitated with these various and conflicting emotions, the senators and the magistracy of the city, were assembled at the base of the Capitoline hill, in earnest consultation; but their deliberations were not allowed to pass without interruption. The priests and priestesses of the different temples thronged around them, each demanding that the safety of Rome should be committed to the tutelar protection of the different divinities whom they served. Thus, even in that extremity, did polytheism and the various self-interests it tended to foster, threaten to add discord to the terrors of the hour. Each, as his inclination prompted him, took part with the different claimants, and the confusion was at its height, when, through the gloom, a procession was seen slowly wending its way up the hill. The priests of Jupiter, withdrawing themselves from the noisy strife, had formed into hasty procession. All clamour was hushed at the sight, and a universal shout burst forth,—“Jove, the omnipotent, can alone save the city!”

It was not with the pomp with which the sacrifices to the Thunderer were wont to be conducted, that the priests now proceeded onwards; slow and solemn were their steps, as if impressed with the dread solemnity of the time. In the midst was the victim—a snow-white bull—but no garlands adorned its horns, no music heralded its advent, no incense shed its odours around; but those who watched each incident as an omen, afterwards averred that a more faultless victim was never offered up in sacrifice. Meanwhile the rites were proceeding in the temple above, and the multitude below were hushed in anxious expectation.

Near to the foot of the hill a group were assembled, whose appearance offered a strange contrast to the multitude around; their flushed countenances still shone with oil chaplets were hanging disorderly on their brows, and their whole appearance showed that they had been offering their libations freely at the shrine of Bacchus. They were evidently of the patrician order, and their dim eyes and wasted features plainly showed that they were the willing victims to that enervating luxury, which, even at that early period, had been introduced by their foreign conquests, and which was doomed, in after ages, to cause the downfall of that vast empire.

“Mehercle,” remarked a youth of fair exterior, yet too plainly marked with the ravages of excess, “it was not well done of us, whilst the full amphora invited us, whilst flowers were shedding their odours around, and when music was exalting us to the spheres above, to forsake those pleasures for this dismal scene. If Pluto has determined to claim Rome for his own, could he have found us better employed? And how easy would have been our transition from thence to the Elysian fields.”

“I like not thy mode of objurgation, Apicius,” replied another, whose brain still seemed reeling under the influence of his potations. “What hast thou to do with Hercules? the only deities thou dost worship are Bacchus and Venus, and it is only in their names thou shouldst abstest. Besides, thou wilt have no share in the joys of Elysium; Tartarus will be thy doom, there to partake of the fate of Tantalus; nay, thou already undergoest a portion of his punishment on the upper earth, since thy thirst is unquenchable.”

Fierce was the reply commenced, when it was interrupted by another of the company. “Where is Marcus Curtius gone? He has been absent from amongst us for some time. He has been wiser than we are, and has returned to the scene of pleasure. Let us hasten after him, and I will pledge this golden bracelet, we shall find him extended in luxurious ease upon his couch, and his favourite Decia acting as his cup-bearer.”

They were about to leave upon this suggestion, so congenial to their inclinations, when a sudden movement of the multitude arrested their intention. Eager for any new means of excitement, they pressed forward to that point to which the crowd was tending, and debauched as their characters were, yet the respect in which their families were held, obtained them a passage through that dense multitude.

It was not without feelings of the deepest shame, that the riotous crew found themselves in the presence of the chief priest of Jupiter. Abashed and humbled they stood before that aged man, whose length of years had brought not infirmity, but had only added to the dignity of his appearance. A short while he gazed on the disordered group, and then raising his right arm to demand attention, he spoke. So still on the instant were the citizens, that those calm clear tones were heard in the furthest recesses of the vast Forum. "Romans, the gods are angry with you, the vices of your citizens have called down their wrath." He slowly pointed, as he spoke, to those degraded ones who stood before him. "Your city is doomed, but the gods are merciful, and thus have the augurs pronounced their will. The city shall be saved, and the chasm closed, when that which constitutes the glory and pride of Rome, shall be cast into it."

No word was uttered in that assemblage as they pondered upon the augury. There was one standing near the priest as he uttered the announcement of the will of the gods; his face was shrouded in his robe as though he wished to screen himself from the knowledge of those around him. He remained for a time motionless, as if pondering upon the import of the augury; at length he raised his eyes to the heavens as if a sudden light had been unveiled to him, and with a hasty and determined step, passed through the throng. A mysterious awe seemed to have taken possession of that assembled multitude, as broken into small knots, they discussed, with 'bated breath,' the import of the fearful sentence. Its obscure meaning, to which they could attach no interpretation, seeming to seal the fate of Rome. The chill of fearful despondency had seized upon them; the more they endeavoured to unravel the purport of the dread sentence, the more enigmatical did it appear. Whilst thus they despaired of their power of fulfilling the oracle, a murmur arose from the outskirts of the crowd; nearer and nearer approached the sound, and at last an object appeared, for the passage of which, that dense multitude seemed reverentially to give way.

What is it that comes, and on which the eyes of the multitude are bent? It is a warrior, completely armed; his brazen cuirass shines strangely resplendent amidst that murky gloom—his falchion is at his side, that short, straight, and heavy sword, which a long succession of victories, rendered afterwards such a terror to the enemies of Rome—his head is bare, but his helmet is borne on the saddle before him—he looks neither to the right nor to the left—he heeds not the murmurs of the throng around him, but his firm and resolved mien, shows one intent upon some high and glorious achievement. His stately war-horse, bred on the plains of far Thessaly, seems conscious of his proud destiny, as he paces onward with slow and stately step. And who is he who thus comes, attired in all the pomp of arms, into the assemblage of the citizens, in this hour of despair? It is Marcus Curtius, who now, when the safety of Rome demands it, comes to offer himself a sacrifice for his country.

Flinging at once from him the vices and follies of his youth, which have hitherto obscured his better character, he stands forth in the hour of need—a Roman. Onward did he proceed through the admiring multitude, until he had reached the verge of the chasm; then turning towards the Capitol, he exclaimed,—"Romans! I have read the oracle. What constitutes the glory and pride of Rome but arms and courage?" A joyful murmur arose from the citizens, at this plain interpretation of the augury; but the hero heeded them not. His eyes were earnestly rivetted upon the countenance of the chief priest of Jupiter, as if asking if his interpretation were correct. That venerable man bowed his head, as if in assent. "Thus, then," he exclaimed, as he placed his shining helmet on his head, "do I devote myself to the gods for the safety of Rome." That gallant steed, however, recoiled at the fearful gulf before it; it reared itself into the air, and for the moment you might have imagined that you beheld some of the exquisite statues of ancient Greece. But the armed heels of the warrior are plunged into its flanks, the rein is loosened, and, like the meteor's flash, the horse and its rider pass from the eyes of the citizens into the deep recesses of that awful gulf. Every head was bent; whilst the fearful veiled their eyes in terror, the sternest Roman bowed himself down in admiration of the heroic deed; and when they again raised their eyes, the expanse of the Forum lay before them unbroken by rent or fissure. The clouds rent asunder like a veil, and the bright sun of Italia shone full upon them—the bird of Jove, too, at that instant arose on their extreme left, and winged its dexter flight towards the Capitol—all hailed the happy omen, and retired to their homes, rejoicing in the virtue of a son of Rome.



## A TALE OF DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

LAVINIA was a beauteous maid,  
 As innocent as fair,  
 Around her damask cheek there played  
 Luxuriant auburn hair ;  
 Which fell in graceful tresses down  
 Her swan-like neck of snow,  
 Like heaven-born glory, said to crown  
 An angel's spotless brow.

From blushing face, like summer's-sky  
 When crimsoned o'er at eve,  
 Of starry brightness beamed her eye,  
 As when the day doth leave  
 Its place for far more glorious night,  
 And planets light the scene,  
 So did those orbs, serenely bright,  
 Illumine her fair mien.

Her figure too was grace itself,  
 Whene'er she skipped along  
 In th' merry dance, some fairy elf  
 Seemed mingled in the throng ;  
 But 'twas not in her form alone  
 Her charms you might behold,  
 Far more than earthly beauties shone  
 Her mind, of heavenly mould.

Ah! why was such a blooming flower  
 But born to fade in th' bud,  
 To vanish, like the fleeting hour,  
 In time's o'erwhelming flood?  
 Her stay on earth was p'rhaps to show  
 Awhile to mortal eyes,  
 She was too good for aught below,  
 More fitted for the skies.

Yet why regret that she's no more,  
 Or mourn her short career?  
 Her earthly troubles now are o'er,  
 The oft-shed bitter tear  
 No longer will bedew her cheek;  
 And grief, that hateful bane,  
 Must now another victim seek,  
 Too long she felt its pain.

Did then this beauteous maid endure  
 The bitter pangs of woe?  
 One who was as a seraph pure,  
 Could she affliction know?  
 'Tis true, alas! she fell a prey  
 To unrequited love,  
 Though 'gainst its ever fatal sway,  
 She long, yet vainly strove.

She thought because he came so oft  
 Beneath her humble roof,  
 And called her fair, in accents soft,  
 It was a doubtless proof

He loved her,—ah, poor artless thing,  
 She knew not then the guile  
 That men, the fawning flatterers, bring  
 To rob poor woman's smile.

His polished tones fell on her ear,  
 Like th' song of birds in May,  
 Whose notes of thrilling sweetness cheer  
 The traveller on his way.  
 She loved to listen to that voice,  
 With which his truth he vowed,  
 Her heart approved him as her choice,  
 Her tongue confessed it loud.

And never purer flame was lit  
 Than kindled in her breast,  
 A love as pure as theirs who sit  
 In regions of the blest.  
 No other theme e'er occupied  
 Her waking thoughts, save this;  
 She'd but one wish,—to be his bride,  
 To her nought else were bliss.

But he, the false one, had forsworn  
 His vows, and wed another,  
 Unheeding how her breast was torn  
 With pangs she could not smother.  
 Too soon she learned the fatal truth,  
 It came like winter's blast,  
 And nipped the budding flower of youth,  
 Which fell and withered fast.

As snaps the chord we rashly pull,  
 And music's charm is o'er,  
 So burst that heart, which was too full,  
 Alas! she smiled no more!  
 And now beneath the green grass sod,  
 Lavinia sleeps in peace,  
 Her guiltless soul with that great God,  
 Who caused her sorrows cease.

MEDICUS.

*Wellington Lodge, Manchester.*

## JOSEPHINE.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MISS SUSAN MARIA HAYWARD.

THE howling of the storm, the raging of the warring elements, and the voice of the thunder, in the still hour of midnight, are terrible; but what are these to the fierce conflict of man's passions?

It was a balmy summer's day, in the memorable year 1789, when France was shaken to the centre by intestine revolts. Not a cloud darkened the wide blue, smiling sky; the burning rays of the sun were tempered by the cooling breeze, bearing the sweetest perfume on its wings.

"It look'd a world too bright and too fair  
 For sorrow or sin to enter there."

How sad that the fair and lovely works of creation, that God hath in kindness bestowed on us, to be a source of peace and happiness, should be marred by the blighting power

of man's evil passions. All was still and serene, save the fearful sounds of human strife, that rose in one long unbroken shout in the quiet air. They struck terror and death to the heart of a fair trembling girl, who with her mother was seated in one of the noble saloons of Paris, listening in silent horror to the tumultuous cries. One of the family, an only son, had already fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the populace, in the cause of his royal master, and the father had only been preserved by flight from sharing the same fate. The sounds drew nearer and nearer; a tide of human beings was pouring like a roaring torrent down the street, bearing death and destruction along with it. The wild shout of triumph, the fierce imprecation, and the hoarse laughter, that bore more resemblance to the rejoicing of fiends over the work of destruction, than it did to mirth, mingling fearfully with the cries of their victims, were enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart; and the domestics fled, leaving Josephine alone with her mother, silently awaiting the awful crisis of their approaching fate. At that moment the door flew open, and a tall young man wearing the tri-coloured cockade of the Republican army, rushed in, pale and breathless with agitation.

"Fly, fly immediately for your life," gasped he, "the mob is even now at the door in search of your father. Mad with disappointment, they are determined to wreak their vengeance on the first object they meet with. Fly, and you may yet be saved."

"Never!" said the girl, firmly, "death to me has no terrors. I have seen the dearest of my hopes blighted, an aged father obliged to fly like a felon from his countrymen, who, after a life spent in their service, should have been the supporters and cherishers of his grey hairs. I have seen an only brother snatched, in the prime and flower of his youth, from the arms of his devoted family, and torn to pieces, with the life-blood yet teeming in his veins, by an infuriated and relentless mob. This I have borne, and for your sake could have endured to live, but you, Pierre, have given the cruellest stroke of all. Your apostacy has broken my heart, and what have I now to live for?"

She ceased speaking, her face was deadly pale, but she trembled not.

"Josephine, my fondly-loved, adored Josephine," passionately urged the young man, "do not thus madly rush on your fate. Would you have me abandon my country to the iron hand of a tyrant for a private interest? What would I not sacrifice for your sake! I would give my life, and what is dearer to me than life, my liberty; all, all but my country. And is it for this you so utterly discard me? From your youth and beauty you have everything to fear, but convinced by your flight that their search is useless, they will leave your helpless mother unharmed, and I will protect her."

"That God, in whom I trust, will protect me," answered the girl, "if it be his will that I should die in the hour of trial, he will not forsake me. I will never leave my poor mother. Together have we weathered the storms of life; together have we trod the thorny and bitter path of affliction, and in death we will not be separated."

The youth knelt in agony, but she replied only to his passionate entreaties by silently motioning him to withdraw. At this moment a violent crash below warned them that the mob had succeeded in breaking open the doors. Scarcely had Pierre time to escape by a side-door ere the room was crowded with the Revolutionists. All the firmness, which had supported Josephine during her interview with Pierre, seemed to fail before them, and she fell on her knees, a helpless, terror-stricken woman.

"Up! get thee up, girl!" shouted one of the ruffians, with a volley of fearful oaths that made the poor girl shudder. "Where is thy rascally father? I will have the head of the traitor ere night, or by heaven, this trusty blade," and he brandished a dagger yet reeking from its work of death, "shall sink deep into his heart's blood."

"Dispatch her, Jacques," said one of his companions, "and the old beldame by her side, and never stay parleying with a woman."

"No, no," added a third, who was struck with the uncommon beauty of her form and features, "she looks fitter to be the companion of an honest fellow like myself, than to be married to thy blade; but as for the old hag, her mother, the sooner we are rid of her the better," and he advanced to put his threat into execution, but Josephine darted before him, and flinging her arms round the almost fainting form of her parent,—"We will die together!" she screamed wildly.

The first speaker advanced, and rudely tore her away. She turned to look at her mother for the last time, and saw that she had fainted. Josephine pleaded piteously against the separation, but they dragged her with brutal violence through the streets, and

hurried her before their lawless and sanguinary tribunal. Her heart sickened at the horrid scenes of cruelty and bloodshed she witnessed on her road through the streets, and she felt that she had nothing to hope from the wretches to whose mercy she was completely left; and that only the anticipation of eliciting intelligence respecting her father, and of sacrificing him, for his firm unshaken loyalty, to their vengeance, had preserved her from immediate death, and procured for her the form of a trial. She knew that by maintaining an inflexible silence, certain death awaited her, and she resolved to meet her fate with fortitude. She stood unmoved, betraying no sign of fear or emotion, as she haughtily refused to discover the retreat of her father. The deep, burning flush on her cheek, and the wild unnatural brightness of her large dark eyes, as they flashed proudly round the assembly, alone told the inward working of her soul. A ray of momentary emotion shot across her pale brow, as her eyes met those of a young man bent on her with an earnest, sorrowing gaze, and she turned a quick, involuntary glance towards a ring that glittered on her small white hand. Her emotion was but for an instant; it passed away, and she stood calm, unmoved, and dignified as before. They proceeded to pour a volley of imprecations into the ears of the heroic girl, but she heeded them not; her voice was clear and unbroken, and darting a look of proud defiance on her judges, she said,—

“You shall never force me to betray a life dearer to me than my own. You may lead me to torture and to death, but know that Josephine, frail and feeble as she may appear, knows how to suffer.”

She paused, and her undaunted firmness and purity, rising almost to sublimity in that hour of trial, awed even the guilty and God-forsaken wretches around her. An awful stillness reigned throughout the court. The savage yells of the populace without announced the arrival of another victim, and the crowd entered. Josephine sickened, and a painful thought shot across her mind, as she caught a glimpse of the silvery locks of an old man, struggling with his merciless persecutors. She strained her eyes with an aching, fearful gaze, to catch a glance of the captive's face. Suddenly he turned round, and their eyes met. She uttered a wild and piercing shriek—her worst fears were realized—it was her father. At the sight all her firmness forsook her, the flush faded from her cheeks, but her eyes still retained their fearful wildness. She knelt before those bad and fiend-like men, who were sitting in judgment on the innocent and pure, and, in piteous accents, the frantic girl besought their compassion. Her anguish was only productive of mockery, and her heart-rending appeal was interrupted by brutal expressions of impatience and ferocity. Her spirits sunk, and, convinced of the fruitlessness of her efforts, her senses forsook her; and there she knelt, pale and motionless as a statue, her hands clasped, her tearless eyes upraised—the image of mute despair. The slight and almost imperceptible movement of the heavy sable locks that fell on her snowy bosom, alone told that she breathed. Her father whispered words of consolation and support to her, but she heard them not. A stifled groan issued from the crowd, as the minions of the guilty tribunal approached to bear the condemned Josephine and her father to their cell. The motion restored her to consciousness, and the bewildered girl cast her eyes again round the assembly with a supplicating look. They rudely grasped her arm to bear her away, but she shrunk from them, and, leaning on the arm of her father, tottered from the court—the old and the feeble supporting the young and the strong.

But where was Pierre, the ardent, the generous, and the brave? He had seen her he would have died to save, dragged resistless from her home by the ruthless hands of infuriated men, who under the sacred name of Liberty exercised the most unheard-of cruelty and tyranny. He had been present at her trial,—had seen the struggles of her soul,—had been a witness of her agony,—he had beheld the sterner grief and dignified sorrow of her father,—and his heart wept. His eye caught the sight of a ring that glittered on her hand as she raised it in her despair: it was his first love-gift of happier days: how closely was the remembrance of past scenes of endearment associated with the sight of that tiny gem; a thousand fond and tender recollections crowded back to his memory; a groan of anguish escaped him, and he vowed to save the father and his child, or perish in the attempt. He hurried back to the mansion of Count D'Arnois, through the empty halls that echoed to his steps, nor stopped till he arrived at the room where a few hours before he had left Josephine and her mother. There, in a corner of the room, stood the desolate spirit-crushed woman, in a state of stupified sorrow. At the sight of Pierre all the mother rushed to her soul.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, in a tone of despair, "you are come to tell me my child is sacrificed—is torn to pieces! Say what you will, I can bear it—anything now." And she laughed convulsively.

Pierre felt shocked; but as he looked at her, he saw that excess of grief had cast a momentary shade over her once powerful mind.

"No, madam," he replied; "your Josephine is at present uninjured, and will, I trust, continue so." He saw that she was yet ignorant of what had occurred to her husband, and he resolved not to add another bitter drop to her cup that was already too full, by informing her of it. "I am come to lead you from this place, to one of more security, where, I hope, you will soon meet your beloved daughter."

"Ah, Pierre!" said the wretched mother, "you are deceiving me, my child is dead, and in death I shall indeed soon rejoin her."

"Oh!" interrupted Pierre, "can you not trust him who once fondly hoped to have called you by the sacred name of mother?"

He stopped, his emotion choked his utterance, and a tear stole down his manly cheek, as the mother listened. The remembrance of the time of peace and happiness he alluded to rushed over her, and she wept like a child; they were the first tears she had shed since the untimely death of her son, and they relieved her bursting heart.

"I am ready to accompany you," she at length calmly said.

He hurried her from the place, for he feared lest the people in one of their frolics of madness should return before they could escape. After cautiously threading the back streets of Paris, and placing her in a place of temporary safety, he hastened to the prison of Count D'Arnois and his daughter, entering by a private door (which few knew was in existence,) that led through a subterraneous passage to the apartment where the keepers had retired after securing for the night the wretched victims of popular fury who were to suffer on the morrow. There, before a huge blazing fire, exulting in savage mirth, sat the men. One single lamp, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, shed a dim light on countenances that bore traces of the deepest crime and villainy, and from which every feeling of humanity seemed to have been banished; a flask of wine stood on the table, and their boisterous conduct told that they had been drinking deeply of its contents. Pierre opened the door; the men were seated with their backs to him as he entered; he felt that this was the decisive moment, that on the success of this scheme hung the lives of Josephine and her father. The thought roused all his energies; every faculty of his soul was strained to its utmost pitch; he stole unperceived into the middle of the room, and approaching the table where the wine was standing, trembling and breathless with the intensity of his feelings, he threw into it the contents of a paper he held in his hand, and having hastily stirred it with a knife that was lying on the table, he glided noiselessly back to the entrance of the apartment before either of the men were aware of his presence. On perceiving him they arose, and with a feeling of respect that virtue cannot fail to inspire even in the breasts of the most reckless and depraved, they invited him to join them. He complied, and sat in a state of the most indescribable anxiety and impatience, while they proceeded to recount deeds of cruelty, which they had either witnessed or been perpetrators in, till his blood chilled with horror at the recital of deeds almost unequalled even at that time of bloodshed and terror, when men feared almost to look lest their eyes should betray their thoughts and condemn them; when all natural affection and social ties were broken, and made the sport of men who, like fiends, revelled in the miseries and sufferings of their fellow-beings. He listened with ill-concealed disgust, till one of the villains spoke of their prisoners in language that almost maddened him; unable wholly to repress his feelings, he half rose, and the speaker raised his eyes to look at him. The dark eyes of Pierre were fixed on him with such an expression, that the man quailed beneath his glance; but Pierre, instantly checking himself, said, with a smile,—

"You suffer your patriotic zeal to transport you almost too far, my good friend; but let us drink success to the republic of France, and death to its enemies."

"Bravo! with all my heart," returned the man.

They filled their goblets to the brim, and, to avoid suspicion, Pierre followed their example; but watching his opportunity when each cup was raised, he drew his own untasted from his lips, and threw it unperceived under the table. Again and again did they quaff the intoxicating liquor. Pierre looked on with a mixture of triumph and anxiety, until his feelings were worked almost to a pitch of frenzy. At length, overcome

by the effects of the stupifying draught, each eye was closed, and they fell, one by one, into a deep sleep. He watched till the heavy breathing of the sleepers told him the drug had taken its effect, and that he had nothing to fear from them for the present; and advancing, and unloosing the keys from the girdle of one of the men, he proceeded with a cautious, noiseless step, through a train of dark passages, to seek the cell which contained the being dearest to him on earth. A soft, low murmuring, in one of the cells, arrested his steps; he advanced with trembling eagerness, and listened to tones he would have known among a thousand. A moment convinced him he had found the object of his search.

It was now midnight, and early the next morning Count D'Arnois, and his devoted daughter, were to suffer. With the exigency of their situation, all Josephine's natural strength and sublimity of character returned; a calm resignation took possession of her soul, and the thought of her mother, and of her unknown fate, alone disturbed her serenity; yet a hope, almost amounting to a persuasion, that the mob, seeing that she had fainted, and that nothing further could be elicited from her, had left her unmolested, supported her in that trying moment. It was a striking sight. There, in a corner of the dungeon, sat the old veteran, his hair, silvered and thinned in the service of his country, falling dishevelled over his damp furrowed brow that bore traces of the deepest suffering. The intense anxiety of that trying day had added years to his appearance; he scarcely thought of his own sufferings, but his anguish was for his devoted child, and for the unknown fate of her who had been the bright ornament of happier days, and who, in the hour of trial, had been the sharer of his bitter cup. He sat, his eyes meekly raised to heaven, listening to the low, musical tones of his daughter, who, in that awful hour, when all human hope seemed past, and a few hours were to launch them on the fathomless ocean of eternity, was pouring forth a prayer to Him whose power is boundless and infinite—who, in the hour of affliction, will not desert his tried and afflicted ones, but has promised them strength equal to their day. The door slowly opened, and the stealthy step of a dark muffled figure glided across the dungeon; but Josephine heard it not, for so deeply was her soul wrapt in devotion, that she was conscious only of the presence of herself, her father, and her God. Her name was hesitatingly pronounced, for so beautiful, so saint-like, did she look in the attitude of prayer, that Pierre hesitated to disturb her; but as no time was to be lost, he gently shook her shoulder, and in a louder tone added,—“Josephine, your prayers are answered, and heaven has sent me to your deliverance. Arise, dearest Josephine; be cautious, be firm, and your escape is sure.”

The bewildered girl started up, and flinging aside the dark dishevelled tresses that in the intensity of her devotion had fallen unheeded over her pale brow and paler cheek, she gazed around her, as if awakened from a dream; but the voice of her father seconding that of Pierre, recalled her to a sense of her situation.

“My mother, Pierre,” faltered she, for on hearing him talk of safety, her first thought was of her.

“Is safe, my beloved Josephine,” answered he; “and in a short time you will rejoin her.”

“Pierre, my noble-minded Pierre,” replied the agitated girl, “can you ever forgive my actions of yesterday?”

“Do not talk of forgiveness, my ever dear Josephine, but hasten, or the hour of escape may be past,” replied Pierre, wrapping a dark cloak round the slight form of Josephine, and giving the dagger he had taken from one of the keepers to the Count, in case of any unexpected interruption, they departed, Pierre carefully locking the massive iron doors after him; and ere morning awoke to shed her first pure beams over another day of crime and bloodshed, they, together with the Countess, were many miles from Paris.

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The bright green leaf of summer mellowed into the yellow golden tint of autumn—the shivering blast of winter passed along—and the seared leaf fled at its approach. The falling of the last leaf of autumn is a cheerless sight to the lonely and heart desolate, who can read nothing in it but a sad history of their own blighted hopes, of the fading of their own bright dreams; but to the gay and joyous, whose buoyancy of spirit and bright anticipations, neither the world nor disappointment has breathed upon, it speaks a tale of fireside happiness, and as their light foot presses the carpet of faded verdure, a thousand glad imaginings of vague and indefinite joyousness spring up, and visions of

coming bliss flit before their eyes. Such thoughts as these were shedding their spiritual presence around the hearth of a handsome English mansion, over a scene which the pencil of a Hogarth might delight to pourtray. In a corner of the apartment was seated a tall, elegant young man, gazing with a look of deep and intense affection on the face of his companion, who was listening to ardent and passionate outpourings of deep and devoted love.

"Oh! my Josephine!" murmured he, in a voice of tenderness, "to have lived to see this hour, the rapturous realization of my fondest hopes, of my wildest day-dream—to call thee my own, my wife, more than repays me for all I have suffered," and with a look of unutterable affection he pressed the hand he held, with the fervour and devotion of a happy first love. The gentle girl did not answer, for her heart was too full of happiness; but the tear that stole into her dark eyes, as she raised them to his face, told the intensity of her feelings. The bright fairy forms of their companions were moving in the mazy dance, while a rich gushing stream of melody floated over the perfumed air of the apartment, but

"The gay dance passed unheeded by, the minstrel's lay unheard,  
For to them was sweeter melody in each fondly whispered word."

The mother of Josephine stood at a distance gazing on her child with maternal fondness, inwardly blessing heaven, that ere she closed her eyes she had seen her daughter given to the arms of the deliverer of all that was dear to her. But to return to the period of their happy escape from Paris.

After cautiously urging their flight, they proceeded to the nearest port, where they embarked on board a ship that was fortunately bound for England, with passengers, who, like themselves, were seeking refuge from their country. Their voyage was happily prosperous, and with only a few jewels possessed by the Countess, they landed, for the first time, on the more hospitable shores of a foreign land. On landing, after deliberating what course they should pursue, Pierre determined to proceed to the house of an uncle, who had married an English lady of great fortune, whom he remembered as being very kind to him when a boy; but on his going to England soon after his marriage, owing to the delicate health of his lady, and a yearning for her native land, the correspondence had been somewhat interrupted. His uncle received him very kindly, and with much affection. His wife had long slept in the tomb of her ancestors, but he had not returned to France owing to the unsettled state of the country; therefore with great pleasure, at the idea of enjoying their society, he offered Pierre and his friends a home. Of course the offer was gladly accepted, for Pierre, who had at first embraced the cause of the people from patriotism and dislike to the tyranny of the nobles, was soon disgusted at the horrid lengths of cruelty and inhumanity which their madness had hurried the misguided people into; and when he beheld her, whose image was bound up with his very existence, apparently about to fall a victim to their infatuated fury, abhorrence and detestation of their cruelty superseded every other feeling; but he feared openly to express his sentiments, as his life would have immediately paid the forfeit, and he would, most likely, have hastened the fate of those he wished to save. Gladly, therefore, did he seize the opportunity that presented itself of retiring from the revolting scene.

Time flew by. The repose he now enjoyed was an elysium to his heart, after so long an acquaintance with crime and bloodshed; the young lovers were happy in each other's society, and the aged Count and Countess found that repose to which they had long been strangers. But an unexpected change took place in their prospects. Pierre was summoned to the deathbed of his uncle, whose health had been some time declining. He bequeathed to his nephew his immense fortune, and by his will urged him to marry Josephine immediately. No wonder that he should be dutifully obeyed, for Pierre was delighted at being able to offer Josephine a home worthy of her who had been the bright star to which his fondest wishes had aspired. The scene I have just described was the celebration of their bridal; and few indeed would have recognized in the gentle and devoted bride, the heroic and energetic pleader for her father's life; or in the tender and adoring husband, the bold republican soldier of the revolution.

*Trowbridge, Wills.*

## THE SNOWDROP.

THE wintry sun his cold radiance shed,  
 And a snowdrop peep'd forth from her dreary bed,  
 She look'd all around with a virgin's pride,  
 And saw that no rival bloom'd by her side;  
 She unfolded her leaves, and thus carol'd free,  
 Like a fairy chaunt, 'neath the old oak tree:—  
 "How happy I feel, now permitted to reign  
 The empress serene of this silent domain;  
 Alone at the coming of spring I'll rejoice,  
 Alone will I list to the cuckoo's stray voice,  
 Alone view the shepherdess trip to the hill,  
 And bless the soft music that wakes with the rill;  
 While maidens will hail me, then breathe, as they move,  
 A prayer for the herald and emblem of love!"  
 Bloom on, little gem, may thy pleasures be long,  
 Thy virtues shall live in the poet's wild song;  
 Meet subject art thou for his hope-giving theme,  
 Oh, beautiful, beautiful child of a beam!

The perfume of spring is now borne on the breeze,  
 And the cuckoo's strange welcome floats over the trees,  
 And the blythe-hearted shepherdess trips to the hill,  
 And melody reigns in the voice of the rill,  
 And the field has renew'd its bright mantle of green,  
 And the daisy's meek form on the mountain is seen;—  
 Then join, little snowdrop, in Flora's glad train;  
 But long may I call thee, yet call thee in vain,  
 For low art thou laid in thy snow-mantled bed,  
 And a thousand gay rivals exult in thy stead;  
 And no one will miss thee, or grieve at thy end,  
 Lonely outcast of Nature, devoid of a friend.  
 Full soon thy lone reign in the valley is o'er,  
 And pity now weeps that thou bloomest no more;  
 Yet long wilt thou live—the bard's idol and theme—  
 Oh, beautiful, beautiful child of a beam!

How much hath the world—cold experience has shown—  
 That an emblem in thee, little stranger, must own;  
 For the breast that is gentle, confiding, and pure,  
 Is the snowdrop of life—the unfoster'd and poor;  
 And the soul that is noble, the shrine of true worth,  
 That would emulate heaven whilst dwelling on earth;  
 That would place its proud name on the list of the free,  
 Gaunt spirit of want! is a slave unto thee.  
 Steal back, modest maid, to thy snow-cover'd vale,  
 Still whisper these truths in the ear of the gale;  
 And when the world-wearied droop o'er thee unknown,  
 Still prove to each bosom it grieves not alone;  
 And aye will I love thee, and make thee my theme,  
 Oh, beautiful, beautiful child of a beam!

SYLVAN.

*Star of Hope Lodge, Manchester.*



## A FRAGMENT FROM THE JOURNAL OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Look on this picture, and on this.—SHAKESPEARE.

August 18th, 18—.

AFTER roving about this large sea-port town, to examine the various improvements that had taken place since my last journey, I attended a select party at the residence of a friend. Amongst the guests at the festive board, my attention was forcibly attracted towards a young lady; her beautiful, expressive, and polished features, and her tall yet graceful figure, were more than sufficient to create pleasing emotions in the breast of a young man. A short time in her presence soon convinced me that beauty was not her only recommendation, for in her person I found a rare combination—loveliness and wisdom, blended with modesty and prudence.

She entered into conversation with spirit; there was solidity in her opinion, together with ease, elegance and vivacity in her expression. She avoided everything like a pedantic manner, and did not exhibit the least consciousness of superior wisdom. I could not avoid remarking how she gained the attention and applause of all, without the appearance of exciting envy, which is never the case when ostentation infringes on the attention of a company. She seemed to bear with every lady's humours, and to comply with the inclination and pursuits of those she conversed with. I was astonished at the readiness with which she could refer to the works of authors on divinity, history, and polite literature, and quote their remarks bearing on the subject of conversation. Often have I listened with pleasure to the eloquence of the fair sex, but never with the rapture I did on this occasion. I could not refrain from wishing that a Burns or a Moore had been in my situation; little effort would have been required to wake the Muses to sing the virtue, grace, and love of Elenor ———.

I found, on a moment's reflection, that she had obtained a prominent place in my affections; for already had I been picturing to myself the bliss I should possess in such a partner. I soon relapsed into this pleasing reverie, but after I had gazed for awhile with rapture on the beautiful prospect my imagination had pictured, a harrassing conjecture suddenly sprang up,—“How know I,” I inwardly inquired, “that her hand is not already bestowed?” But this unwelcome intruder was not cherished, the pleasing hope survived; yet still a casual cloud darkened the fair prospect my fancy dwelt on. An opportunity, however, availed to make doubt no longer doubtful. The ladies retired, and I procured a *tête-à-tête* with my good host. He soon discovered the impression his fair guest had made on my mind.

“Come, come, Mr. ———,” he said, “you must not allow your affections to rest there, for it is useless; her hand has been promised to a young gentleman now in London on business. And this I will venture to say, that no other person living would induce her to transfer her affections.”

Thus were dispelled my pleasing anticipations, as suddenly as they were formed. The hand I aspired to would have been joined to another ere this, had Elenor not refused to remove her undivided attention from her feeble and aged mother. Elenor's sense of paternal duty prompted her to say,—“If she could not endure a little self-denial for a parent's happiness, how could she expect to do so for a husband. She knew her mother desired her not to marry during her life, and she could not act contrary to her wish.” I had, however, the pleasure of accompanying my fair enchantress to her home. On our approach a heavy shower of rain began to fall, and I was glad to accept the kind invitation to wait until it passed away, in the humble mansion of the fair one.

If I had been captivated by the accomplishing lady abroad, I was equally so by the humble domestic and dutiful child. Her aged mother was waiting her return as anxiously as though she had been absent months, in place of hours. The rain soon ceased, and I bid adieu to the happy dwelling, and bent my steps towards my inn, musing on the excellency of female virtue, the satisfaction and pleasure which children bestow on their parents, and the bliss in store for the fortunate individual who had gained her affections.

I continued thus musing until I had passed along several streets, meeting no one to interrupt me. I had almost reached my inn in the principal street, when, at a little distance, I perceived a figure advancing; the light from the gas lamps, and the reflection

on the wet flags enabled me to see a female in light attire. As she slowly advanced, I heard sobs, as though she were weeping. She held a white pocket handkerchief to her eyes, and was about to pass me unheeded; sorrow seemed to fill her soul, and I could not behold her without sympathy. I approached her, and inquired the reason of her weeping.

"Nothing," she replied.

"Then why do you weep," said I.

A fresh flow of tears gushed from her eyes, and she appeared as though

"Grief wrung her soul, and bent her down to earth."

"Poor girl!" I involuntarily ejaculated.

At these words she suddenly withdrew her handkerchief from her eyes, and gazed at my face.

"What," she said, "do you pity me? Is there one who feels for my sorrow—for a wretch like me?"

"Whatever you are," I rejoined, "I have a heart that can feel for a fellow-creature."

"Fellow-creature!" she exclaimed; "call me not a fellow-creature. I am not worthy of the name—a wretch, a fiend, a murderer—a disgrace to all—a torment to myself—a curse to my parents, but no fellow-creature! Oh! father—mother! and I, the cause of all this!"

A heavy flow of tears at this moment gushed from her eyes, and her sobs deprived her of speech. I endeavoured to prevail upon her to disclose the cause of her grief to me, that I might assist her to overcome it.

"Your assistance is in vain," she answered, "the deed is already done, and I alone must bear the punishment. Not all the powers on earth can again restore me to happiness; the black guilt fills my soul with horror—death alone can befriend me."

I besought her to calm her passion, and relate to me the cause of her sorrow, and I promised to use my best endeavours to restore her to peace of mind; there was, I assured her, peace to be found for the greatest of sinners upon repentance.

"Talk not to me of repentance and peace," she hastily replied; "my doom is sealed. But kindness is in your looks, and you desire me to inform you why I weep; I will comply, and oh! that the horrors of such a life as mine has been were told to every young woman; it surely would cause them to shun a similar path, and be spared the pangs that I endure. This evening," she continued, "I, together with some of my companions in vice, went into a public house. We had not been many minutes seated, when two men entered, apparently masters of vessels. They were so much interested in each other that they did not notice us. From their conversation I learnt that they had been companions in youth, and had not seen each other for several years. During their conversation one asked the other if he remembered John Sharp. 'Remember him! to be sure I do,' said he; 'I wonder you ask me such a question, for you know the very last Sunday I was in this port, now twenty-two years ago, you and I were at the christening of his first child, and many a time have I thought of that evening, when I have been thousands of miles away from the spot, wondering how my old mates were, and what they were about. But the child will be a woman now, I suppose. How are John and his family—have you seen anything of them lately?' The other man sat mute, and I saw him with downcast eyes shake his head, as the other spoke. 'Poor Sharp,' he answered, 'his is a sorrowful tale; I feel doubly for him, when you remind me of his joy at the birth of his daughter, and the pleasure he took in her as she grew up, for she was the only one he ever had. He spared nothing on her education, indeed, he thought too much of her; she was a beautiful young woman, but she was destined to be his torment; joy gave place to sorrow, he saw all his pains thrown away, and she became his disgrace, for scarcely had she attained the age of seventeen years when she was decoyed by an officer from the paths of virtue, and persuaded to elope from the town. Sharp was at the time on a four months' voyage, and she had been missing from home for three months when he returned, and a gloomy home he found. There was no Nancy, the joy of his heart, to welcome him, and his wife was laid on a bed of sickness, caused by distress of mind. Poor Sharp knew not what to do; no trace could be found of the residence of his lost one, though every inquiry was made. Some time after he received a letter from her, confirming his worst conjecture,

yet she kept him ignorant of her address. This news made another man of Sharp; previous to that time he had been remarkably steady, his object had been to gain all he possibly could to bestow upon her who had become his curse, but now he flew to the glass for consolation, and became as noted for drinking as he was previously for sobriety. One night, he and I were at London; our vessels lay only some hundred yards apart, so Sharp and I spent the evening together in my vessel. He, poor fellow, drank heavily, to drown sorrow, as he said. I endeavoured to prevail upon him to remain on board our vessel, but he would go to his own. In attempting to get into it, he fell; every assistance was bestowed, but all in vain—poor Sharp found a watery grave. It was only yesterday I called to see his widow, and she informed me that the officer who had seduced her daughter, had abandoned her."

Here the poor girl stopped, and her tears flowed abundantly.

"Well," at last I said, "what more?"

"What more can you hear, but that Sharp was my father, and I his undutiful daughter?"

Oh! what agony of heart did that unfortunate girl endure!

I endeavoured to offer her words of consolation, but before I had an opportunity of knowing whether they had made any impression, I heard a clamour of tongues, as though proceeding from an intoxicated mob. She withdrew her handkerchief from her weeping eyes, and looked towards the place from which the sound proceeded.

"They must not see me," she said; "thank you for your kindness; good night!"

I hesitated how to proceed, for I thought that if she were left to mingle again with her companions in vice, the warning might be lost; but on my looking after her, she had disappeared, and I was left to reflect on her sad condition. I reached my inn, and retired to rest, but sleep was far from me; my mind had been so deeply impressed with opposite feelings, that some hours were spent in contrasting the two characters I had encountered that evening, the joy of one, the distress of the other. Then my mind turned upon those monsters of iniquity, who decoy young women, blast their character, inflict misery upon their parents, degrade them in the eyes of others, and then cast them away, to drag on a miserable existence, when all prospect of gaining an honest and reputable livelihood is cut off. The doors of all are closed against them, they are shunned by their own sex, pity is withdrawn, even a place wherein to lay their head is denied, except,—oh! that that exception were wanting—except the door of the den of infamy, where they mingle with creatures worse than themselves. Seeing the manner in which they are shunned by all who have the least semblance of virtue, they are driven from bad to worse, and live and die in the midst of sin and wickedness.

Three days afterwards I took up a newspaper, and it related that the body of a young woman had been found in the river. On the coroner's inquest it was discovered that she was the daughter of a widow, who had left home some years ago, and was, at the time of her death, leading a disreputable profession, and to add to the melancholy circumstance, on the information being received by her mother, the shock was so great as to deprive her of life.

*Lambton Lodge, Gateshead District.*

R. W. HETHERINGTON, P. S.

### THE OLD HOME.

BY ISABELLA CAULTON.

(Author of "*The Domestic Hearth, and other Poems.*")

"Blest  
That home where God is felt."

FELICIA HEMANS.

THERE was a home, a love-bright home,  
It stood in a garden's shade,  
Where flowers of varied form and hue,  
A living perfume made;  
And trees—rich trees!—the honied lime,  
The spreading sycamore,  
The chesnut, with its giant leaf,  
And ivory crests it bore,

By that dear home the old church stood,  
 With ancient buttress grey;  
 Where childhood, youth, and hoary age,  
 For years had knelt to pray;  
 And the bells of joy, the knell of woe,  
 Signs of life's varied hour,  
 For centuries their tones had rung,  
 From out its ivied tower:

Around that home green hills were spread,  
 And bare crags rose between;  
 And little rills went merrily,  
 Their birthplace all unseen:  
 And when the sun, in pomp and pride,  
 Sank to his evening rest,  
 The last gleam of his golden rays  
 Lay on the calm lake's breast.

Yea, beautiful that dear home stood,—  
 Nature's pure charms around;  
 But beauties holier than these,  
 Within its walls were found.  
 There dwelt meek Charity—there Faith  
 Her high inspirings gave,  
 Teaching the lamp of Love to fling  
 Its radiance on life's wave.

Oh! sweet the voices that were heard  
 Within that home at night,  
 When the cheerful hearth illumed the walls  
 With rays of flickering light;  
 And when upon the wearied earth,  
 Night's heavier shadows lay,  
 The little band assembled there,  
 United, knelt to pray.

Alas, alas! in that dear home  
 The stranger's foot doth tread;  
 And he who claimed our reverence there,  
 Lies with the mighty dead.  
 The tidings of redeeming love  
 By other lips are told,  
 For God hath taken to his rest,  
 The shepherd of the fold.

Oh! pastoral homes of England!  
 How little do some know  
 The streams of truth and holiness  
 That from your sources flow!  
 How in the world's broad rugged path,  
 Or luring treacherous way,  
 How strong the bands ye forged to guard,  
 About the heart will lay.

But we who shared that dear old home,  
 Though severed be our lot,  
 Will love its memory as a shrine,  
 Its lessons unforget;  
 One golden thread will ever hold,  
 'Neath cot or lofty dome,  
 For a blessing rests upon its strength,  
 The tie of a holy home.

## NINETEEN MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN COLOMBIA.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE Creoles of Colombia, or Indians, are generally of a light copper colour, with long black hair, and black eyes, stout made, but for the most part of rather low stature. These poor creatures were destroyed in thousands by the first Spanish conquerors of the country, Pizarro, Almagro, &c.; and those remaining have, since that time, so intermixed with the Spaniards and African negroes imported as slaves, that it is now a hard matter to meet with a real Indian, at least in those places situated near the sea. In the interior of the country it may be, and very probably is, different. The inhabitants of the country adjoining us were for the most part black, or mulattoes, with a few white people, amounting probably to two or three per cent.

The language spoken is Spanish, and indeed very few of them speak any other. They are extremely polite in their way. If you enter their houses, everything in them is "*á su disposicion, Senor,*" at your disposal, Senor; but if you attempt to dispose of any part, they will very soon find means to convince you that they did not mean what they said. I remember a case illustrative of this:—The clerk, or book-keeper, at the works, a Frenchman, was married to a Creole lady, who was the very essence of politeness. She had several shawls, a bonnet, &c., sent her by friends of her husband, and which she was very fond of shewing to her visitors, and on the articles being praised, they were generally *á su disposicion*. Two young ladies, of her acquaintance, called one day to see her, and, as usual, she exhibited her finery; and on the shawls being admired, they were, as a matter of course, at the disposal of her visitors, when one of them, (properly schooled beforehand) took them up, and returned her many thanks for them, to her great consternation; and although she was nearly mad for the loss of her shawls, yet her own politeness, and the quality of the ladies, prevented her saying a word. The articles were, of course, returned in a week or ten days; and the old clerk told us, that had they been detained two or three days longer, his wife would have taken her departure for the *campo santo*, (burial ground,) and would have taken him with her.

The Creoles are very much addicted to gambling, and the Sunday is generally spent in playing at cards, or some sort of lottery. They will go to mass in the morning, play at cards all the afternoon, and conclude by a dance at night. In all these proceedings we have frequently seen the parson join, that is, he performs mass in the morning, gambles all the afternoon, and joins in the dance at night. However inconsistent it may appear to an Englishman, it is nevertheless there not thought at all improper; and people who are in their way most religious, will not scruple to join in the dance on the Sunday night. Bull baiting, cock fighting, and racing, are all Sunday amusements. On the first Sunday after our arrival in Puerto Cabello, we were walking through the town, and in one of the squares we saw a great concourse of people, and on inquiring the cause, were told, that it was "*solamente un juago de gallos,*" only a cock fight. Bull baiting is quite a favourite amusement, and some of the Creoles are uncommonly expert in this. It is said that General Piaz, the president, is the best bull fighter in the country, and many of his exploits in this way are told by the natives; and although assured of their truth, yet we were always incredulous.

Since the revolution, the clergy, (with a very few exceptions,) have no allowance, except surplice fees and voluntary contributions from the people; and one *padre* generally supplies three or four parishes, at each of which he resides two or three months alternately, and although each parish covers a large tract of ground, yet there are not many parishioners, owing to the thinly-populated state of the country. During the time of his residence at each of his churches, all those who can by any means do so, generally go to reside in *el pueblo*, or the village where the church is situated; and the time is generally spent in feasting, gambling, and dancing. The place of our residence was fifteen miles from the church, and on the first visit of the *padre*, after our going there, he came down to baptize some children, and to confess some of the people who could not go to church, and on the Sunday he asked us for our room (which was a large one) to preach in; this was of course granted, and after service was over, he came to us and asked to have the room to play at cards in during the afternoon. This request was refused; telling him that it was not the custom in our country to allow card playing in our houses on the Sunday. He tried to argue us out of it, and when he found he could not have it, he went to another house, and played all the afternoon; and at night when

he finished, he had won as much calico, drill, muslin, tobacco, &c. as he could carry. After dinner he tried us again to clear out our office, the largest room in the place, for the dance. This we refused on the same grounds; and after a great many arguments had been advanced, *pro et con*, it was finally agreed that he should ask the old French clerk for his room, which was granted, and about midnight we looked in, and the old *padre* was in the middle of a country dance, and his "gait and air," which shewed him to be quite a proficient in the business, would have done honour to some of our best dancing masters. The dance was kept up until about three o'clock in the morning, when the parson came to our room, and I am very sorry to say that we were obliged to carry him to his hammock, his seat having broken under him. Next day was the one appointed for the confession, and he made a very good harvest; for although most of his customers had no money to pay him, yet some gave him corn, some plantains, coffee, tobacco, &c. &c., all of which we bought at night, for the rations for our peones, and paid him upwards of seventy round dollars, or fourteen pounds sterling; and in the two or three days longer that he remained, we paid him five or six pounds more for the same sort of articles, so that what he won at cards, and received for confessions, must have amounted to at least twenty-eight or thirty pounds. There were several villages, ten times the size of ours, which he had to visit, and would, no doubt, be well paid; and we question very much whether he would relinquish the voluntary system for the compulsory one.

## CHAPTER VII.

The manner in which the cattle in the interior of the country are caught, brought home, and in fact every process, from the catching to the eating of the beef, is so very different from anything in England, that it is presumed it may be interesting to the reader. When cattle are wanted to be killed, two or three of the *Llaneros*, or cattle herds, start for the savanas with their lassoes, which are made of raw hide; one is generally mounted, and the others are on foot. They approach as near as possible to the flock, and mark the ox they wish to have first; the mounted peone then prepares his lassee, and rides up to the cattle in full gallop, and as soon as he can get sufficiently near, he throws his lassee, and rarely misses his mark. The cattle are, of course, in full gallop, and when the lassee is thrown, the horse is immediately turned round, and the lassee, which is tied to its tail, throws down the ox, and the peone, who has dismounted, immediately springs upon the fallen ox, and whips its tail under one of its hind legs, and in this state it cannot rise; the other men then come up, and the skin of its nose is then perforated, and the lassee made fast to it. It is then tied to a tree, or post, until the others wanted have been taken in the same manner. They are then all tied together, and walked off to the place where they are to be killed. When there does not happen to be a horse on the spot, the catching is a much more dangerous task, The *Llanero* then starts out with only a red cloth in his hand, and goes in front of the ox he wants, and shakes the cloth in his face; the animal immediately makes a run at him, and he dexterously throws the red cloth on the animal's head, skipping out of the way himself with surprising agility, and as quickly catches the ox by the tail, and throws it down, and when once down, it is all over with it. Then comes the driving home, which, although not dangerous, is extremely cruel, indeed so much so, that we have frequently regretted that "Martin's Act" was not the law of the land. When they arrive home, they are then separated, and made fast to trees at some distance, and have the run of from thirty to sixty yards of lassee, and in this position they are tormented in a most shameful manner, such as pricking with a nail on the end of a stick, or applying a red hot iron to their noses, to render them mad. After this they commence a sort of mock bull bait, and the poor animal runs after them, and when it gets to the end of the lassee, it is brought up so suddenly that it generally capsizes heels over head, and tears the skin on its forehead shockingly. This amusement(?) is carried on until they are tired; and then succeeds the killing scene. The animal is drawn close up to a tree by its nose, and the *machete*, or long knife, is then thrust into its heart. After having bled to death, they commence to skin it, and after having skinned a part, they begin to cut up the flesh, and carry it to a half-dried skin. When it is all cut up, they slice the flesh into strings of about two inches wide, and from half to three quarters of an inch thick; it is then salted, and wrapped up in the fresh skin all night, and the next and succeeding days hung out in the sun to dry. The manner of cutting it up seems very

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strange to an Englishman, but it appears to be necessary to the curing of it; and beef cured in this way will keep good for a considerable time, although it goes very hard.

The manner of catching and taming the wild horses is an experiment. replete with danger, and I presume few Englishmen would attempt to compete with the Indian in this. A large coral, or gond, is built, with stakes fixed into the ground, and into this coral the troop of wild horses is driven, and the horses wanted are marked. An Indian then, with a short lasso, or halter, in his hand, mounts a sort of gallows inside the coral, and the horses are driven under him, until the right horse comes, when he drops upon its back; it is then driven to the gate of the coral, and turned out, and off it goes, *à la Mazeppa* speed, until it falls from exhaustion, when the rider puts the halter on its neck, breathes into its nostrils, and it is a tame horse. The Indians are mostly very expert horsemen, and seldom ride with anything more than a halter on the neck of the horse, and without saddle. The feats they will perform are really wonderful. The Colombian horses are smaller than the English, and are mostly used for riding; and the distance some of them will travel is very great. We remember seeing a small cob horse, which it was said was ridden by the English captain of the mines of Aroa, from Aroa to Puerto Cabello, a distance of seventy miles, and returned again, the same distance, all within twenty-six hours. It seems an incredible feat, yet we were assured by several of the Creoles that it was true.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Travelling in a warm climate is at all times very fatiguing to an European, but in Colombia, where the roads are so very bad, it is intolerable. The *caminos real*, or military roads, are never more than from four to six feet wide, and so covered in by the trees on each side, that every breath of air is completely excluded; and the heat is consequently insufferable, and travelling anything rather than a pleasant occupation. If the Colombian has only eight or ten miles to go, he rarely or never thinks of returning the same evening; and then it is necessary that he should take his hammock and his blanket with him, for although the natives are very hospitable, so far as offering their house to a stranger, yet very few of them are possessed of more hammocks than are actually in use by the inmates; and as many of the huts by the side of the road are so very poor, a person travelling for any distance must, in addition to his bed-room furniture, carry also his larder on his back. On one occasion we started in company with one of the overseers of the works for a ride along the sea shore, and when we had got about twelve miles from home, and thought of returning, the mule we rode caught her foot between two stones, and became quite lame; there we were with a lame mule and a donkey, (Don Quixote and Sancho Panza,) twelve miles from home, and the nearest house from three to four miles further on. We had no alternative but to tie the mule to a tree, and go on to the house with a donkey, and remain there until the next morning; for returning in the dark, and on foot, was out of the question, on account of the snakes. We were now in a precious predicament, fourteen miles from home, without hammocks, or one cent in our pockets, except a small Spanish coin, given us as a keepsake by a brother in the Lodge before leaving England. When we arrived at the village, we found it contained only two inhabited houses, in one of which they offered us a small portion of boiled *rika* root, and gave us an invitation to sleep in the house, and make ourselves at home. Of course we had no alternative but to sleep on the floor, with our saddles for pillows. We certainly had anything rather than a pleasant sleep, and next morning, to our dismay, we found the people had nothing for us to eat; however, whilst we were getting ready as fast as hunger could drive us, a man came from the woods with a wild deer, at the sight of which we already began to feel the taste—but what was to be done? We had only the small keepsake in our pocket, the real value of which was twopence-halfpenny; but as good luck would have it, the man knew us, and with him we pledged the keepsake, with a promise of redeeming it with half-a-dollar, when he came to our village. A quarter of the deer was soon on the coals, and we were not very long in finding out the truth of the proverb which says, "hunger is the best sauce." A combat between two boys and a tiger had taken place near this house a few days previous to the time we were there, which did great credit to the boys. It appears the father and two sons, one about eighteen and the other sixteen years of age, went into the savana to bring home some tame cattle; and the two boys, who were ahead of the father, and a little distance from

each other, espied a tiger right between them. Escape was impossible, so each got behind a tree, and their quadruped friend in the midst. The father, when he discovered each of his sons behind a tree, and the reason of their being so situated, very wisely thought that the safest method for him to adopt would be to climb up a tree, which he did; and there were the two boys looking at the tiger, and the tiger looking at them, and the old man looking at all the three. The two sons found that the tiger meant to keep his ground, and if either had taken his eye from him for a second, it would have been the signal for a spring. However, the younger fastened the end of his lasso to the tree, and the elder attracted the tiger's attention whilst the other threw his lasso over the tiger's neck; when the elder brother saw the tiger fairly in the lasso, he ran off in an opposite direction, and the tiger, in attempting to follow him, became entangled in the lasso. The younger then made out of the way, and the old man came down from the tree with his gun, and with a few shots killed the tiger, which turned out to be a very large one, as appeared by its skin, which was pinned out on the ground by the house at the time we were there.

#### CHAPTER IX.

I had long wished to see the city of Carracas, and at length an opportunity was afforded of gratifying this wish. Being in La Guayia, I started about six o'clock on the Saturday evening, in company with the engineer of a steamer belonging to our works, a Frenchman, three Yankees, and three Creoles: some on mules, and some on horses. The evening was very warm and cloudy, but no rain fell on the plains; as for the mountain between La Guayia and Carracas, which is nine thousand feet high, it is always raining on some part of it. The first two miles of our journey along the sea beach, through the straggling village of Micatia, was pleasant enough; but after turning up the side of the mountain, we had it nearly as steep as the side of a house for upwards of a league, until we came to a small tavern by the road side, called "La Venta." Here we rested for an hour, and had some refreshment in the shape of boiled eggs, bread and cheese, and claret, and set off again for another small tavern on the top of the mountain, where we remained some time; and then started down the Carracas side of the mountain, for the famed city, where we arrived about eleven o'clock at night. We did not meet with any clouds until we got nearly to the top of the mountain; but the whole of the road on the top, and down the carriage side, we were drenched through and through.

On the Sunday morning we went to the *Cathedral de Maria Alta-gracia*, where they were performing mass, and the scene was most imposing. The whole interior of the cathedral was filled with lighted candles, and which, with the splendid ornaments and pictures, and the rich robes worn by the priests, formed the most magnificent spectacle I ever witnessed. The whole of the service seemed to be conducted with the greatest decorum, and to engage the entire attention of the congregation. The music, too, did infinite credit to the performers. The ladies all go to church without their bonnets, having merely a scarf, or veil, thrown over their heads.

After visiting two other churches, we took a stroll to the north part of the city, where are the greatest part of the ruins caused by an earthquake in the year 1812, when the whole city was thrown down, and upwards of nine thousand people were killed or swallowed up. Most of the houses in the city, previous to the earthquake, were built of sun-dried bricks, and many of them appear to be lying now as they fell thirty-two years ago; and even some of the stone buildings, which resisted the shock, are in many places cracked from top to bottom. Judging from the appearance of the ruins, the earthquake must have been dreadfully severe, and when we consider the number of human beings whom it sent into eternity, we have ample cause to be thankful that such things do not occur in our native land. The present city is pretty regularly laid out in long streets, and intersected at right angles with cross streets; and in some places are large squares, which are common in towns that are subject to earthquakes. The greatest part of the houses are only one story high, although there are some two and even three stories; and with the exception of the churches, there are no buildings of any note as regards architectural style.

The scenery, however, in the vicinity of Carracas, when viewed from the side of the mountain, is splendid. The city is built in a valley, extending from east to west for some miles, and in the suburbs generally are scattered about (without much regard to regularity) several very pretty villas, surrounded with coco-nut trees, palm trees, &c; these, with the sugar estates, coffee estates, and other *Haciendas*, impart a feature to the



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scene, of which it is impossible to give a written description. Several drawings of the scenery near Carracas, were made by Sir Robert K. Porter, (late British Consul in Carracas,) and will, I believe, shortly be published. I have compared one or two engravings from drawings made by Sir Robert, with the actual scenes from which they were taken, and more faithful representations I never met with.

Carracas, as before stated, is between two mountains; the Scilla, which lies between La Guayia and the city, is 9000 feet above the level of the sea, and rises so rapidly, that although a tunnel between the two places would be under three and a half miles, yet the distance over the mountain is something more than fourteen miles. Over this mountainous road may be seen, every Tuesday and Friday, some hundreds of mules and asses, loaded with coffee, indigo, hides, &c., going to La Guayia, to be shipped for various parts of Europe and North America. The cost of carrying these articles, three and a half miles, (the tunnel distance) is about one shilling and eightpence per one hundred pounds. If a railway were made between the two places, and one shilling and eightpence per ton charged, instead of per one hundred pounds, its shares would very soon be at a premium, and the advantages to the Republic would be incalculable. But why talk of railroads in a country where there is not even a cart nor carriage road? However, one opinion I will hazard, namely, that railroads, or even good roads, in a country like Venezuela, by facilitating the means of communication, &c., would have a very strong tendency to the civilization and moral improvement of that semi-barbarous nation.

I was told that a company of English gentlemen agreed to make a tunnel railroad from La Guayia to Carracas, and to carry goods and passengers at a stipulated price, and to give up the road to the Republic at a limited period. This was agreed to, and plans, sections, &c., were made by an English engineer, and everything seemed to be settled; when certain honourable *senadores*, conceiving that some minerals might be intersected in the tunnel, wanted to stipulate for the security of the minerals in such a way that the company were disgusted with them, and left the matter as it now stands, in *statu quo*. It is certainly not my province to "blame their legislation," in this affair, but, at the same time, I cannot help thinking with the Scotch poet, that they

"Have trusted ministration  
To chaps, who, in a barn or byre,  
Had better fill their station,  
Than courts yon day."

As before stated, the national benefits resulting from even three and a half miles of railway, would have been numerous and incalculable. It would have enabled them to bring their coffee, hides, sugar, rum, &c., to market at a much cheaper rate from the interior, as at present it will not pay carriage; it would have enabled them to take their heavy machinery from the port to the *Haciendas*, a matter which it is now impossible to accomplish.\* It would have held out an encouragement to industry, by opening a market for the produce; and by facilitating the means of communication, it would have sent "the schoolmaster abroad" amongst them; and in short, the moral and commercial reformation it would have effected in a land whose soil is exceedingly rich, would have been immense. And yet this was prevented by the sordid interests of a score of senators, the tendency of whose deliberations and decisions was, or ought to have been, for the nation's good. Like others, in a similar predicament, they now see through their folly when it is too late.

### CHAPTER X.

The coal mines which I went out to Colombia to take the management of, as before stated, belonged to a party of English, Scotch, Yankees, and Creoles. The principal proprietors, however, were a Mr. Robert Syres, of Liverpool, and a Mr. William Ackers, lately a partner in a very respectable firm in Liverpool, and a Creole, named Perozo. The ground, including the minerals, was bought from the government at about four shillings per English acre, and contained eleven hundred acres, extending along the sea shore for some distance; and the coal was worked by levels, driven in under the banks from the beach. The quantity of coal is almost unlimited, and in the hands of an enterprising company, might be made a source of immense profit; but as it was then

\*There is now lying on the road between La Guayia and Carracas, a quantity of heavy castings of machinery, which they got so far, and were unable to get any further, and there it may rest until the day of resurrection, unless some other means of conveyance be adopted.

under the control of a Creole resident director, and one or two partners, all having different interests, and each wishing to serve his own purpose at the expense of the others, it was impossible that it could succeed. One party had some old launches, worth fifty dollars each, and he must sell them to the company for six hundred each; another had an old schooner, as leaky as a coal basket, and not worth more than one thousand dollars, and he must have seven thousand for it from the company. Another kept a store, and must supply the company with calicoes, prints, &c., three or four hundred per cent. above their value; and so on was each putting his hand into the pockets of the whole. Under such misdoings the concern could not go on, and consequently an order came to stop the works, except so much as would supply a small steamer, also belonging to a part of the company. Under this limited working my services were no longer required, and when I applied for payment and passage money, in accordance with the written agreement, I was told there was no money in the bank belonging to the company; and that none of the partners would advance any more. An application was then made to a magistrate, and on this being intimated to Mr. Syers by the acting British Consul in Puerto Cabello, he wrote back to the Consul, saying that I "might go to law, and recover my wages, but that he would take care to prolong the case for two years, and would make it cost me more than the amount due for wages, namely, £288." Thus after making a legal agreement with the brother of Mr. Syers in Liverpool, and going to a sickly climate and risking my life, at the same time depending on the honour and honesty of the party in Liverpool, the equally respectable brother in La Guayia attempted to shuffle (I had nearly said swindle,) me out of my wages. That there was considerable risk in going to such a climate, circumstances fully proved; for out of six Englishmen who came out, some to work, and some to assist me in the superintending of the mines, only three came home, and three fell victims to the yellow fever.

After being thus served I was in a very enviable situation; in a foreign land, without a dollar, and without a friend able to assist me, and how to get home was the question. I applied to the captain of the English barque, Christian, then in Puerto Cabello, and bound to Liverpool, for a passage, and his answer was characteristic of anything but a tar; he said, "I know very well that it must be of great consequence to your family for you to get home, but if I were to take a passenger my owner *might not* be pleased." This was in November, and I was obliged to wait until the end of January, when the captain of an English barque, hearing of the case, instantly sent to offer me a passage, and with him I sailed on the 25th of January, for Curacao, where he had to take in cargo, and from thence to Liverpool, on the 1st of February, where I arrived on the 10th of March, 1843. On my arrival I applied to Mr. Syers, in Liverpool, never thinking he would attempt to fly from his written agreement. In this my supposition I was further strengthened by the fact of my having applied to a respectable firm in Liverpool previous to my engaging with him, when I was told that he was "a very respectable man, and I might depend on what he said;" here again I was disappointed. The above circumstances are mentioned as a guide to many of the brethren of our Order, who are almost weekly going out to the copper mines, and if they save one from foundering on the same rock, I shall be heartily glad.

It is only due to the captain of the English barque, who so kindly stepped forward when I had no means of getting home, to say that it was Captain Robert Atkins, of the barque Robert Syers, of Liverpool. Should this ever meet his eye I hope he will excuse it, as I feel assured it must redound to his honour for humanity. I, however, consider it a duty to mention it, not only to the credit of Captain A., but also for the honour of human nature itself; although had he been consulted, his modesty would not have consented to have his name thus publicly mentioned. He is one of those who

----- "Do good by stealth,  
And blush to find it fame."

Should any of my readers have been kind enough to follow me so far, I must thank them for their patience, and say, that I may probably, ere long, make another trespass on their attention, should health permit. For the present, circumstances compel me to conclude, and I, therefore, wish

"To all and each a fair good night,  
And rosy dreams and slumbers bright."

H. RIDLEY, P. G.

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## CRIMINAL LAW.

"Vengeance belongeth unto me: I will recompence, saith the Lord."

It is difficult to imagine a sight more painful to a man of ordinary humanity than the continuous stream of persons, of various grades, pouring through every avenue of the Metropolis on the morning devoted to an execution, each individual rushing with feverish anxiety to witness the violent destruction of one, who, however culpable in law and reason, never, it may fairly be presumed, in the remotest degree, injured them. Since, it appears then, that no feeling of revenge spurs them on; for what purpose, it may be asked, do they assemble on such an awful occasion? Is it to imbibe a moral lesson for future guidance, or to gratify a base appetite? I believe there is a total absence of either of those motives, and that the chief mover and agent is a species of morbid curiosity, which impels them onward to gaze apathetically on the agonies and throes of convulsed nature. Is silence observed when the culprit emerges from his cell and quails before them? Is a feeling of pity for the penitent, or detestation of his crime awakened in their breasts? or a reverential regard for the laws implanted in the mind? Alas, no! His prayer to a merciful Redeemer is disturbed by inhuman shouts, and derisive yells.

"They mock his sad fate with horrid jests alone,  
Nor with one serious thought regard their own."

The thief reaps a golden harvest beneath the scaffold. The minds of females (!) are debauched by the leprous distilment of the seducer's tongue; public decency is outraged by the brutal mimicry of those who are morally as criminal as the law's sacrifice, and all leave the scene worse members of society than when they sought it.

It is not my design to take up a defensive line of argument in favour of such as render themselves amenable to the law; on the contrary, I shall endeavour to shew that the example of death punishment will not deter bad men from the commission of crime; and that there are various other modes of affording protection to the community, alike calculated to reform the evil doer, and to check crime in the criminally disposed.

It is an undisputed fact that many a hardened offender, whose hands have been stained with human gore, has escaped punishment in toto, owing to a link in the chain of evidence being deficient, or some slight doubt of which a jury has given the prisoner the benefit, rather than involve themselves in the death of one, who might possibly be innocent; whereas, had the punishment attendant on the offence charged against him fallen short of death, a conviction would have been the result, as in the event of his innocence being established, it would not, in all probability, be too late to restore him to society. There is a natural disinclination on the part of jurymen to convict in capital cases, as appears by the fact, that in 1830, a petition was presented to the legislature, signed by the foreman of seven Old Bailey grand juries, and upwards of eleven hundred merchants, &c., liable to serve "for a revision and amelioration of the criminal code."

We are told by those who advocate capital punishment, it is declared by the Mosaic law, that the murderer shall surely die. It must, however, be observed, the same law requires a plurality of witnesses, as in the Book of Numbers we find these words,—*"One witness shall not testify against any person to cause him to die."* Notwithstanding which it has been urged by an eminent judge, that circumstantial evidence is very commonly the best description of evidence,—in reference to which it may be observed that whatever truth there may be in the dicta laid down by the learned functionary alluded to, it is a clear departure from the merciful qualification above mentioned, and the case of *Eliza Fennings* is a sad example of the dangerous tendency of that species of evidence.

By the Mosaic law, both idolatry and adultery were punishable with death, but the religious prejudice which induces us to take life for life, is in those cases abandoned, (such offences being committed with impunity,) and this remark also applies to disobedience in our offspring, in opposition to the same law, which declares that *"A rebellious son shall be stoned to death."*

Fines and mulcts, as atonement for robbery, existed at a period antecedent to Edmund's reign, and compensation for blood was commonly made by our clergy before the Reformation; the charge for absolution for murder being twenty crowns for a deacon,

or sub-deacon, and about ten pounds of our money for a bishop, or abbot. Thus it clearly appears our ancestors had no great veneration for the Jewish lawgiver, but acted in direct violation of the following words,—“Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer.”—*Numbers*, c. 35, v. 31. I must, however, do the ancient clergy the justice to admit, that as they enjoyed a strict immunity from the severity of the law, they allowed their holy temples to be desecrated by an observance of that portion of the Book of Numbers, wherein places of refuge are appointed for those who should transgress the law; their monasteries being, before the dissolution by Henry VIII., places of sanctuary for criminals of the worst description. It may further be observed, that compensation for blood is commonly allowed in the East, it being payable to the nearest of kin of the deceased.

It forms no part of my intention to contend that gold can heal or sooth the afflictions of those who have lost their dearest relatives or friends by the hand of the assassin, or expunge the guilty stain of the murderer. On the contrary, I must ever view with feelings of detestation, the system of receiving pecuniary fines, (now confined to the East) which is equally repugnant to every right-minded man, with that of the American Indians, empowering the nearest relative of the deceased to become at once the judge and executioner. It appears to me that no code of laws, however perfect, is calculated to stand for an indefinite period of time, but requires modification to meet the advancement of civilization; and that to put in force certain laws which still disgrace our statute book, would be, in effect, to revive ages of terror, and scenes of blood, from the bare contemplation of which the heart recoils with a feeling of disgust.

In order to render this article acceptable to those who may favour it with an impartial perusal, and to establish, on a firm basis, the hypothesis I have propounded, I conceive the following synopsis of the laws indispensable:—

In the year 84, Agricola introduced into this country the laws of Rome; Ina, the Anglo-Saxon, compiled a body of laws, which were eventually adopted by Alfred the Great, (to whom is ascribed the institution of “trial by jury,”) and Edmund first introduced capital punishment in 942, for murder, which also extended to robbery and coining in the reign of Henry I., in addition to mutilation. Stephen, to ingratiate himself with a people he proved too imbecile to govern successfully, restored, by charter, the laws as confirmed by Edward the Confessor; yet notwithstanding, the clergy enjoyed a strict immunity from all restraint, except ecclesiastical penalties, until 1154, and as the result, we find on record an account of no less than one hundred murders perpetrated prior to the accession of Henry II., who, in 1164, imposed a temporary check on the bloody prerogative of the clergy, by those regulations denominated “*The Constitution of Clarendon*.” He also revived that which had nearly grown obsolete by the barbarous custom of camp fight, namely, trial by jury. His son, John, shortly after his accession to the throne, revived trial by ordeal, which had been abolished by William the Conqueror, as unsuited to the times, in the grants to the clergy “*to use the trial by fire, water, and iron*,” which, with camp fight, was of pagan institution, and held in much veneration by the Saxon christians. By a law of Edward III. it was declared felony to steal a hawk; and to take the eggs, even on a man’s own lands, subjected the offender to imprisonment for a year and a day. Another law was framed in Henry IV’s reign, for the burning of heretics, under the power of which his successor, Henry V., in the exercise of his cruel authority, caused Cobham, the reformer, to be suspended by a chain, and wasted over a fire kindled for that most diabolical purpose. In 1532, a mode of punishment, surpassing in cruelty that which I have last alluded to, was adopted. It is thus recorded by our quaint, old historian, Stowe:—“On the fifth of April, one Richard Rose, a cook, was boiled to death, in Smithfield, for poisoning divers persons, to the number of sixteen, or more, at the bishop of Rochester’s palace; and on the 17th of March, 1543, Margaret Davey, a maid, was boiled, in Smithfield, for poisoning three households that she had dwelled in.” It appears to me that the enormity of the offence for which those culprits suffered, affords no justification for the barbarous infliction; but that such exhibitions arose from, and were tolerated by, the universal ignorance clouding the minds of that generation. In the days of good Queen Bess, a family named Samuels was, without legal authority, executed for witchcraft, an offence which James I., in the blindness of religious zeal, by statute, visited with capital punishment. The war of extermination having been judicially proclaimed against a class likely to excite the suspicion of fortune’s favourites, it was maintained

with vigour by James' successors; and as the result, it is recorded that during the era of the Long Parliament, three thousand persons suffered death for this imaginary crime. The punishment for publishing seditious writings, although mild at the present day, was nevertheless very severe formerly, particularly in the reign of Charles I., men of great eminence having, for this offence, been placed in the pillory, subjected to heavy fines, and deprived of those essential appendages to the head, *i. e.*, the ears, which were probably deemed too long by the star chamber authorities. The merry monarch, Charles II., tarnished his reputation by his immoral practices, and it were well could we dismiss his memory with the knowledge of his volatile character, imparted to us in the pages of history; but a graver charge exists, sufficient in itself to render him an object of scorn in the eyes of humanity, namely, the encouragement he gave to the application of "the torture." In Halifax, a local law formerly existed, empowering magistrates to order for execution all offenders pilfering to the amount of threepence halfpenny from the clothiers of that district; and it appears that one execution took place, upon an average, every two years in the century preceding 1650, for that species of petty larceny. It would seem that Anne set very little value on her subjects' lives, she having, in the exercise of her prerogative, sanctioned a law declaring it a capital crime to steal to the amount of forty shillings in a dwelling house; which remained in force until the revision of our criminal code by Sir Robert Peel. There is, however, one redeeming circumstance in her character, namely, that during a period of nearly fifteen years in which she wielded the British sceptre, not one execution took place for treason. On the death of Anne this merciful policy was abandoned, and as the result, we learn that a Mr. Laylor, on the accession of George I., was hanged at Tyburn for that offence, and his head exposed to the public gaze on Temple Bar.\* The spur having thus been given to the renewal of judicial slaughter, scenes of blood became again familiar to the public; and it may be here stated, that seventeen officers of the Pretender's army were hanged, drawn and quartered on Kennington Common, nine disposed of in like manner at Carlisle, and eleven at York, within the period of a few days. The third George, whose utter disregard for his subjects' lives is too notorious to need comment, sanctioned an act awarding the extreme penalty to persons aiding in the destruction of machinery, or administering, or receiving, unlawful oaths.

Having given a faithful outline of the criminal jurisprudence of our country, I may here quote the words of Sir Samuel Romilly,—“There is, probably, no other country in the world in which so great a variety of human actions are punishable with loss of life as in England.” That distinguished ornament of the bar, Sir William Meredith, was also opposed to capital punishment; and Blackstone expresses himself, in his “Commentaries,” opposed to a multitude of sanguinary laws. Mr. Bentham follows in the same track; and Mr. Andrews has published an able treatise on the evil tendency of death punishment.

A strong reason for concluding that laws should be subsecutive to the exigencies of the times, may be met with in the fact, that so early as the year 451 B.C., the “Laws of the Twelve Tables” declared defamation a capital offence. In the age of Augustus it was reduced to corporal punishment; and the offence, increasing in magnitude, was again rendered capital by Valentinian. The punishment, at the present day, for the same offence, is merely imprisonment for a short period, and was even less severe, until the recent act, 7th Victoria.

In early ages, when universal, unlettered ignorance prevailed, it was probably deemed expedient by the rich and powerful to frame laws of a cruel and stringent character, to keep the weak and needy in subjection, and convince them, by example, that any act of disobedience, or attempt to throw off the yoke of vassalage, would meet with certain and unrelenting severity; in short, that violence, offered to person or property, would be visited with death. One, of many reasons, for arriving at this conclusion, is, that had it been permitted to one serf to injure, or destroy, the life of another, the serf so ‘injured, or destroyed, would, of course, be unavailable property to his lordly master; and it is a fact not to be lost sight of, that the cultivators of the soil, or “villens,” were formerly regarded, by their oppressive owners, with the same mercenary, money-making attachment, the planter of India was wont to experience for

\* Horace Walpole, in a letter dated August 16th, 1746, makes allusion to the heads of certain traitors he had that morning seen exposed on Temple Bar.

his black brethren, and were, upon the sale of estates, assigned to the purchasers with the other stock; their children, born to slavery, their only inheritance, being also included in the transfer.

Ignorance is as palpably evident in the construction of our ancient criminal laws, as in the circumstances which gave rise to them; and until the fifteenth century, the aristocracy were rude, uninformed, and barbarous; and the lower orders distinguished by little more intellectual development than the cattle they tended at the plough, may be presumed to have required a severe code of laws to check those passions, over which reason could have no control. We have now, however, arrived at an epoch of history, in which the magic wand of education has effected an important change. We have few semi-barbarians now—the necessity for life-destroying statutes no longer exists—we have means of punishment falling short of, and far more effective than, annihilation—and last, though not least, we have amongst us men of humane and generous minds, whose feelings are outraged in consequence of the law forcing them into a jury box, and rendering them instrumental to the death, probably, of some poor guilty wretch, who never had one good moral precept instilled into his barren mind.

“The greatest attribute of heaven is mercy,  
And 'tis the crown of justice and the glory,  
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.”

Public decency cries aloud for the extinction of capital punishment, and the substitution of an efficient system of retributive justice, and I have no hesitation in declaring my opinion, that a perusal of the following case will lead my readers to the conclusion, that not only was public decency grossly outraged, but that every spark of humanity must have fled the breasts of those bungling officials who had the conduct and management of the execution of the culprits alluded to therein:—“On the 21st of January, 1844, Pendrell and Chitty underwent the extreme penalty of the law. The cap having blown from the head of each, through the negligence of the executioner, their convulsed features were exposed to the gaze of the terrified crowd; and the rope having broken, and Pendrell fallen to the ground unhurt, was again subjected to the terrible ordeal, having previously, in the most solemn and impressive manner, declared his innocence of the murder for which he was convicted.”—*Lloyd's Family Newspaper*.

The antiquity of death punishment is no justification in the eyes of an enlightened community; but, on the contrary, a powerful reason for its abrogation, as I have endeavoured to shew. Yet, notwithstanding the fallacy of the plea, the antiquity of the belief in witchcraft appears to have strongly impressed the mind of Sir Mathew Hale with the necessity of administering severe punishment to those adjudged guilty of the crime; and this very clearly appears in the following extract from the *Ipswich Express*:—“It is said of that great luminary of the bar, that having condemned a woman to death for witchcraft, he took occasion to sneer at the rash innovators who then advocated a repeal of the statute, and falling on his knees, thanked God for being enabled to uphold one of the sagest enactments handed down to us by our venerable forefathers.”

I will now endeavour to establish the fact, that crime is the offspring of ignorance and want. There is, undoubtedly, an innate knowledge of right and wrong; but, organic disease, I conceive, may exterminate and obliterate that gift of the Omnipotent disposer of events. In cases of self-destruction, it is usual to return verdicts of “mental derangement;” are there not also cases in which insanity has induced parties to attack and destroy others? The evidence of some of the greatest ornaments of the medical profession, adduced on the trial of Mc Naughton, leads to that conclusion. Had this lamented act occurred ere science had shed its refulgent light on the minds of the Faculty, a judicial murder would have been perpetrated. Who shall say many have not fallen victims to the law under such circumstances? Medical testimony establishes the fact, that a man, sane on all points save one, may become an unconscious, and, therefore, an irresponsible assassin! At the first blush this may appear a dangerous precedent; our apprehension, however, vanishes on reflection, that in order to maintain the plea of insanity, every feature of an individual deportment must be submitted to the medical test. There are, undoubtedly, cases in which this plea cannot, for one moment, be entertained; and I may instance that in which robbery is the primary object, and murder the result. What can be urged in behalf of the villain, who, to prevent identity, or immediate capture, destroys the life of the party he originally intended to despoil of his property? Who will plead for so great a monster? The circumstance that he would



exercise, in a yard of limited dimensions. Under no pretence can he obtain an interview with a friend, or fellow-prisoner, nor dare he speak to the only individual of whom he obtains a momentary glance, namely, the gaoler. Let us suppose a murderer subjected to this species of punishment, and speculate on the result. He finds himself shut out for ever from all worldly intercourse, a prey to that inward monitor, conscience! Aroused from the dark slumber of ignorance by the persuasive eloquence of the chaplain, the agency of books, or the train of reflection to which solitude gives birth, he feels the full weight of his offence, sees the magnitude of his crime in all its odious colours, and becomes painfully sensible of the peril of his soul; his mind's eye reverts to the avalanche of divine wrath impending over his head, and in an agony of grief he confesses his guilt to Him whose ear is never turned from the truly penitent. He learns of his minister the path to mercy, and seeks, by repentant tears, to obtain that pardon in a better world, which is promised to all who diligently exert themselves to merit it.

To those who would urge, as an objection to this mode of punishment, the probable expense of supporting such criminals, I would answer, that few arrive at the age of manhood without having acquired a trade, and in such establishments, employment, suited to every capacity, would be found, and the inmates maintained at a trifling cost; whereas the expence of transportation is enormous, the average per annum for each convict being thirty pounds.

A very general argument in favour of capital punishment is its universal adoption; a position, however, which I must oppose as untenable. I have not yet to learn that executions are of common occurrence in Russia, or that the Siberian mines entomb wretches whose only hope is to throw off mortality—neither can I escape the fact, that even in that despotic region, education is exerting its benign influence to soften the rigour of law, ordinary punishments being now less severe than at any period subsequent to the era of the Empress Elizabeth, who, on ascending the throne, pledged herself never to inflict death on any of her subjects, which pledge she failed not to observe.

In France, the guillotine still performs its office, but not to the extent it has done, and it is to be observed, there is scarcely a peasant or mechanic in that country who has not carried arms and been engaged in scenes of blood and cruelty, the dreadful auxiliaries of civil war, and consequently imbibed a feeling of indifference to human suffering, yet even under these unfavourable circumstances, a recollection of the horrors connected with the Bastille, would doubtless call up a blush on the cheek of a Frenchman, who would not fail to breathe a sigh for those who have fallen victims to Inquisitorial agency, and hence, I infer, that humanity will assert its empire eventually in the breasts of our ancient opponents.

There is no intermediate stage between death and acquittal with that rude and primitive race, the Aborigines of Chili; but in Otahiete, (a degree higher in the scale of civilization,) murder and treason are the only capital offences, and to ensure conviction in either case, two witnesses are necessary; which fact favours the conclusion, that sanguinary laws are the offspring of ignorance.

Such was the severity of the Algerine law, till within a very recent period, that if a native ventured to threaten a Turk, he was first deprived of his right hand, and finally his life. This fact, however, forms no plea for the continuance of death punishment in enlightened Europe, but should rather excite our indignation and teach us to hold the Turkish character in contempt; for it appears that the Turks, from the Levant, first visited Algiers in the character of traders, and having settled there and increased in ambition, in proportion to their increased numbers, they wrested the government from the original owners of the soil; enacted barbarous laws to secure their treacherously acquired possessions, and became not only a terror to those whom they had subjected to their yoke, but also to the whole mercantile world, by their piratical and merciless depredations on the ocean.

In scrutinizing the pages of history, a mingled sensation of surprise and disgust is awakened in our breasts, on being introduced to such monsters as Lycurgus, "the bloody Spartan," who essayed to thin population by waging war on his own countrymen; but we need not go into the history of other nations for examples of cruel deeds, sufficient being recorded in our domestic annals to turn the current of indignation to our own shores; nor is it to be concealed from the reflective portion of the community, that the criminal code has been framed for the punishment of the poorer classes, and is still upheld by men who feel no sympathy for their distresses, and whose circumstances



place them above their operation; the rich being exempt from the pangs of hunger, under the influence of which the poor man steals a loaf of bread, and thereupon is branded with the name of *felon*. The wealthy man having it in his power to break a policeman's limbs, and set the law at defiance by rendering pecuniary compensation to the injured party; the poor man interfering in a case of apparent injustice on the part of the police, being dragged through the streets, taken before a magistrate, and committed to prison for obstructing an officer, and his wife and family deprived of their only support, left to starve during the period of his incarceration. The rich man being fined for wrenching off knockers and bell pulls, or driving his horse over some unfortunate being, in what he may please to term "a drunken spree," the poor outcast sinking on the step of a door through sheer exhaustion, being sent, as a houseless vagabond, to associate with felons in a prison—and lastly, the former being allowed to commit *honourable* murder in a duel, the poor man being restrained from inflicting merited chastisement on the wealthy ruffian, who may, under "the influence of wine," grossly insult his wife or daughters.

The principle upon which we deprive an illiterate fellow-creature of existence, who never received any of those advantages so splendidly enjoyed by the wealthy framers of the law, is as weak as the philosophy of the natives of New Zealand, who dispose of offenders by knocking them on the head, in order "that they may not offend again," as experience tells us in language not to be misunderstood, that the only effect of capital punishment is to prevent a repetition of the criminal act in the same party, but as an example tending to deter others from entering the broad path of guilt, it is a decided failure; and this opinion I conceive to have been held by those who framed the "declaration of rights," in the reign of William III., declaring "that cruel punishments should no longer be inflicted."

In concluding this article I venture to express the hope, that whatever difference of opinion exists between myself and those who may favour it with a fair and patient perusal, (on minor points,) we shall mutually condemn death punishment as unsuited to the present enlightened age,—inefficient in operation—barbarous in its infliction—an outrage on public decency, and a great moral stain on society. Unsuited to the age by reason of its foundation in ignorance and cruelty—inefficient in operation as an antidote to crime, not only on account of the natural antipathy of juries to risk the shedding of innocent blood, but also of the fact that there are men so lost to every good feeling, and entertaining such vague notions of futurity, that they would prefer the risk of a speedy termination of their sufferings, rather than the certain and continuous punishment of transportation, or penitentiary imprisonment—barbarous in its infliction, inasmuch as it involves an outrage on the image of God—offensive to public decency by reason of the vast concourse of persons who throng the streets on the occasion of an execution, and by brutal and disorderly conduct, pain the feelings of the better disposed, whose business transactions may lead them in proximity with the scene, or whose residences may be in the locality—finally, it is a moral stain, inasmuch as we stand unrivalled in literary resources, and pre-eminently great in intellectual acquirements; our country being the vaunted advocate of humanity, the protector of the slave, the champion of the oppressed, and the example to surrounding nations, should therefore, "temper justice with mercy," and aim at the reformation, rather than annihilation, of a criminal.

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H. L. BURTON.

## FAREWELL TO MY CHILDHOOD.

FAREWELL to my childhood! its pleasures are flown,  
From the reach of my grasp, to a desert unknown;  
Its season of joy I can never retrace—  
There now lies betw een us an infinite space.

My spirits were light as the breath of my bower,  
My face, like an angel's, as fair as the flower;  
On all sides caressed by the friends of my heart,  
But, ah! from those joys I was bound to depart.

Farewell to my boyhood, its glee and its mirth,  
That period when innocent follies had birth;  
Farewell to its sports and its happy ambition,  
Farewell to that charming and thoughtless condition.

From boyhood to frolicsome youth did I steer  
My barque, which was now on the world to appear;  
No more could I visit with rapturous glee  
The haunts which had long been endeared unto me.

From youth, unto manhood, I grew up apace,  
And the ladies, fair creatures, I long'd to embrace;  
Their beauty I learn'd to appreciate soon,  
And I thought them as fair as the sun is at noon.

I ran to and fro, and I clasped to my breast  
Those angels of earth whom I fondly caressed;  
And swore to each one my affection was pure,  
And burned like a torch, where the flame is secure.

So thus I ran on, and defied all the art  
Of Cupid, that god of the tenderest part,  
And I thought of the proverb, in spite of his snares,  
If wedlock has wheat, it has also its tares.

But Cupid cried out,—“Though now hard is thy heart,  
I will make thee my vassal before we do part,  
So come to Glenalvan, that beautiful town,  
Where maidens are fairer than flattering renown.”

I followed his counsel, with confidence arm'd,  
And by the fair sight I was certainly charm'd;  
But my heart was as whole as it ever had been,  
And I thought that poor Cupid was now in a spleen.

I wandered about through the streets all the day,  
And gazed at each scene which was lively and gay;  
I at length was fatigued and determined to rest,  
So I enter'd a shop, where my senses were blest.

With heavenly radiance a sight I espied,—  
A lady, who of her fair sex was the pride;  
On her shoulder sat Cupid, with bow and with dart,—  
He pointed the shaft, and it enter'd my heart.

I thought I should die, but soon saw the god aiming  
At Bronwen, sweet girl, whom indeed he was claiming;  
He gave me the friend of my bosom, and never  
Shall aught from my heart that beloved one sever.

MAB HANNAH O'R GLASPORT, P. G.

*Wilton's Mechanic Lodge, Llanelly District.*

## THE ODD FELLOWS' CHRONICLE.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AT DEVIZES.—The celebration of the “Loyal Independent,”  
“Providential Dolphin” Lodges, at Devizes, took place on Tuesday, May 7th, 1844,  
under very peculiar circumstances—the churches at Devizes being closed against the  
society from the pulpit—forbidding his bells  
ing, and his choir to attend Potterne church to sing the hymns which they had

previously practised. It is well for us to know our friends as well as our enemies. Ungrounded opposition in most instances recoils upon the head of the opposer, and defeats his intentions. The Rector's determined hostility will do us good instead of harm. It will provoke further inquiry into our principles, and will have the effect of rallying more adherents around us. The *Wiltshire Independent* says,—"The animation, gaiety, and bustle, which usually accompany such events, were transferred to Potterne; to the detriment of those in this town, who, on these occasions, usually look for custom and support. They have to thank the Rector for it; and no doubt they will long remember the circumstance. Even the bells of the churches were silent, his Reverence deeming it sacrilegious that their consecrated tongues should be heard in praise of an "irreligious" body as the Odd Fellows. So rancorous is the hostility which Mr. Phipps bears towards this body, that he even prevented the choristers of St. John's church (although they had been previously practising for the occasion) from rendering their assistance to the Potterne choir in the performance of the service of the day." We abridge the following account from the same paper. The brethren from the town and neighbourhood, to the number of more than 200, assembled at the Lodge-room, Castle Inn. At ten o'clock they formed in procession, carrying several splendid flags and banners, with appropriate inscriptions and devices, and the various emblematic regalia of the Order, and were preceded by Wastfield's band, to Potterne. On arriving at that place, a most pleasing sight presented itself. Garlands of flowers were thrown across the street; standings were erected; the village was crowded with visitors dressed in holiday attire; the bells rang merrily, and everything indicated that the day was to be kept as a holiday. The procession having entered the church, and the vast multitude being seated, the service for the day was read by the Rev. G. Graves, of Worton; after which a most masterly and appropriate discourse was preached by the Rev. Erskine Neale. About 160 members of the Order and friends sat down to dinner in the Lodge-room, Castle Inn. In the absence of Sir Erasmus Williams, who was expected to preside, but who was prevented through having to attend the funeral of a friend on Monday, George Page, Esq., of Calne, took the chair; Mr. Adlan, of Devizes, being vice-president. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman proposed the healths of the Bishop and Clergy of the diocese, coupling with the toast the name of the Rev. Erskine Neale, who, he said, had set a most noble example to his brother clergymen, and had come forward, possibly at the sacrifice of personal friendship, to serve their cause. The Rev. E. Neale, in reply, said,—

"He could not but think that the Bishops and Clergy of the country must take a very lively interest in the welfare and permanence of societies like the Odd Fellows; they could not look on unmoved, and feel no interest in the progress of a society which had for its foundation, loyalty to the sovereign, duty to the Supreme, and good-will towards their fellow-men. He would not attempt to conceal from them that the last ten days had been to him a period of great and deep anxiety—not that he felt any apprehension that on the day of meeting the Odd Fellows would disgrace their cause—not that he was overcome with fear that anything would occur which would militate either against their principles or practices—but he was not without considerable apprehension, lest, owing to the determined hostility in another quarter, the painful alternative would have devolved on him of being obliged to close his church. But he was glad to say that from that influence he was now free; and he could say with honest pride, he should not have been afraid of seeing any member, or dignitary, of the Establishment enter his church in the morning, and of calling on him to observe and to scrutinize the demeanour of those who were then worshipping there. His exultation on quitting the church was such that he forgave the Rector of Devizes all that he had done. He frankly forgave his forbidding the St. Mary's bells to ring—he forgave his forbidding the choir of boys to come over to Potterne to assist in the anthem which they had proposed to sing in its proper place—he even forgave him his sermon on Sunday week, bitter as it was against the body of Odd Fellows. Although he was astonished that any clergyman should preach a sermon in a church denouncing a society having for its object the support and protection of the destitute, the widow and the orphan, on the self-same day on which, in the admirable liturgy of the church, he had prayed, in the morning, for the fatherless, the desolate, and the widow. He felt every respect for, and was willing to pay all deference to, standing, and he was content that Mr. Phipps should receive every jot and tittle of the respect due to him as Rector of Devizes; but when he

saw Mr. Phipps step forward in a place which admitted of no reply, when he came forth publicly, in a building in which it was impossible an answer should be given, where no man dared to controvert him, and took advantage of his high position, to deal unfairly with a body of 300,000 men, it was high time to meet him, and tell him he should hear the truth of the matter. Could no other motive be adduced, he (Mr. Neale) should support the society if it was only for the number of happy faces he saw around him, and for the joyous spirit he had witnessed that day; but he had a deeper and higher motive, because he thought it was a noble lesson to men in power, that a body of individuals could meet and go through ceremonies in that public manner, and yet require no coercion, nothing to guide them but the honest dictates of their own consciences, and their sense of right and wrong. But he would join the society, were it only for the sake of cultivating that spirit of independence once so cherished by Englishmen, of late so much forgotten, but which they, as Odd Fellows, were endeavouring to revive. He was satisfied nothing could more effectually lead to the advancement of right principles in this great country, and what was so much wanted, the spread of kindly feelings between man and man, than the influence of such societies. He thanked them most heartily for their kindness and attention in the church, for the decorum they observed, which had been noticed and approved by others, and lastly he thanked them for the warm, cheering, and cordial hearing they had been pleased to give to the few observations he had made; in conclusion, he begged to drink all their good healths, and to assure them that the kind feelings they had expressed towards him, and all the blessings they no doubt desired for him, he returned and reciprocated to them from the bottom of his heart."

The Chairman next proposed,—"Success and prosperity to the Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity." In the course of his speech he gave a lucid exposition of the principles of the Institution, and eloquently defended it against the misrepresentations which it had suffered. Several other excellent speeches were delivered, and some letters were read from influential gentlemen of the neighbourhood, expressing their approval of the objects of the society. A letter from Colonel Olivier enclosed a couple of guineas for the credit of the Widow and Orphans' Fund of the District. The whole proceedings of the day were marked with order, decorum, and mutual friendly feeling.

**ODD FELLOWS' PROCESSION.**—The members of the Independent Order belonging to the Salford District, assembled on Easter Monday, to the number of upwards of a thousand, for the purpose of making a procession through the principal streets of the town. They started from Cross Lane about one o'clock, accompanied by thirty-two widows and fifty orphans of deceased members, and proceeded past the Crescent, and along Chapel Street, headed by the Officers of the Order, supported by the Officers of the Salford District, and several Past Officers of the Order and District. The procession having made its appointed circuit, terminated at St. Philip's Church. Its progress was remarkably orderly, and the appearance of the members highly respectable. They were not decorated with any of the paraphernalia which frequently characterizes such displays, but were merely distinguished by white gloves. Each Lodge, however, was preceded by a banner, bearing the name and number of the Lodge, and, as there were twenty-four Lodges, these banners had a very pleasing effect. The procession was also interspersed with nineteen other flags and banners, bands of music, and sixty pieces of silver regalia, emblematic of various matters connected with the Order; the handsome District emblem, belonging the Highland Laddie Lodge, and the splendid District banner were particularly conspicuous. The object of the procession was to raise a subscription for the widows and orphans of deceased brethren of the Salford District; and when the procession halted opposite St. Philip's Church, the scene was impressive and affecting. The members arranged themselves on an open space of ground, so as to allow the widows and orphans to pass through their ranks to the church; as they moved along, all clad in clean and neat attire, their eyes were bedewed with the tears of thankfulness and gratitude. Many of the spectators were also affected to tears upon the occasion. A most effective sermon was preached by the Rev. Isaac Robley, who is a member of the Institution. The text chosen was admirably appropriate. It was from the 1st chapter of the Epistle of James, 27th verse:—"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The amount of the subscription was upwards of £50, and will prove an

acceptable addition to the charitable fund for which it is designed. The widows and orphans were provided with tea and other refreshments before the procession, and after the termination of the church service. Dinners were prepared for the members at their respective Lodge-houses, and the whole of the proceedings were of an amicable and pleasing character.

**MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.**—We notice with pleasure that societies for the mutual improvement of our members are either formed, or in the course of formation in various Districts. In the Birmingham District a society of this description has been in existence more than three years, to which is attached a juvenile school, and library. At the latter end of last year, the Committee made arrangements for a ball in the Town Hall, which took place on the 1st of January, and was numerously and respectably attended. The sum of £40 was realized, and the Committee were enabled to make a considerable addition to the library, which has now six hundred and twenty volumes of choice works. There are upwards of three hundred and sixty subscribers, and though the subscription is only threepence per month, the Committee are enabled to make frequent additions to their stock of books. We are informed by Mr. W. Cope, the librarian, that they feel themselves amply repaid for their services in having qualified so many of their brethren to fill the offices in their respective Lodges. We trust others may be stimulated in their endeavours by the above example. We understand that the members of the Preston District are taking a very active part in this matter, and that they have lately obtained great accessions to their numbers, together with several donations of money and books. We are glad that some of our Manchester brethren are beginning to take an interest in the subject. A portion of the members of the Countess of Wilton Lodge have established a society entitled "The Intellectual Discussion Society," which meets once a fortnight, when each member is expected to read an essay, or paper, of a useful or entertaining character. Matters connected with politics, theology, or the Order, are excluded. Such societies have a tendency to improve and instruct, and we hope to see them spread rapidly amongst the members of our Institution.

**LOYAL BIRMINGHAM HISTORIAN LODGE, BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT.**—This Lodge, which was opened on the 27th of July last, under most favourable auspices, is named after the venerable William Hutton, the well-known author of the "History of the Roman Wall," the "Battle of Bosworth Field," but more particularly known in the middle and counties as "the Birmingham historian," from his extremely graphic and entertaining history of that town. Soon after the opening of the Lodge, Samuel Hutton, Esq., a nephew of the historian, and an Alderman of the Town Council, joined as an honorary member, in polite acknowledgment of the compliment paid to the memory of his ancestor; and on the 16th of May last, that gentleman, at a very full meeting of the Lodge, presented them with a beautiful bust of their patronyme, and which has since been placed in the Lodge-room, and carefully protected by a glass shade. The presentation was made by P. G. Norton, on behalf of the worthy Alderman, who, acknowledging a vote of thanks passed on the occasion, stated himself to be so much affected by the enthusiasm of the meeting, as to be under the necessity of asking their indulgence. The health of brother Hutton was afterwards drank with musical honours, and after the appointment of a Committee to make arrangements for the celebration of the Lodge making fifty members, it was closed at the usual hour, but without interfering with the hilarity of the evening. It is worthy of remark, that the name of the respected host of the Lodge is William Hutton; but, we believe, he is in no degree related to the Alderman.

**ODD FELLOWSHIP ON THE SCOTCH AND ENGLISH BORDERS.**—Until about two months ago, Odd Fellowship was completely at a discount on the eastern borders. In the beginning of 1842, the Rose and Thistle Lodge was opened in Berwick-upon-Tweed, and had to struggle against a host of foes, up to the summer of 1843, when, by the exertions of its officers, it surmounted all difficulties, and eclipsed all societies that ever existed within the walls of that ancient and loyal town. The Rose and Thistle Lodge is now one of the most flourishing and respectable in the Unity. Nor has the influence of the Order been confined within the walls of Berwick, it has crossed the border into Scotland, and travelled up the Tweed on the English side. On Wednesday, the first of May, a Lodge, called "The Bud of Hope," was opened at Ayton, in Berwickshire, when fifteen persons were initiated; and there is an excellent prospect of a strong Lodge

being established there. On Thursday, the second of May, a Lodge, called "The Salmon," was opened at Norham, in the county of North Durham, and, like Ayton, distant about eight miles from Berwick. The respected vicar of Norham being a member of the Order, the Lodge there is certain of success. The Rev. Dr. Gilly has been long known and tried as the sincere and indefatigable friend and advocate of the peasantry of the border; and we have no doubt, but by his countenance and support, the Salmon Lodge will soon be both numerous and respectable.

**FRIENDLY SOCIETIES—WHAT SOCIETIES ARE WITHIN THE ACTS?**—There are propositions from two or three Districts of the "Order" of the Odd Fellows' Society to apply for a charter; another, that means be taken to get the society legally recognized, the same as Free Masons; and again, that Lodges be allowed to enrol themselves under the Friendly Societies' Acts for Scotland. As much misapprehension exists on these points, will you be kind enough, in next Saturday's paper, (taking into consideration that the Odd Fellows are a secret society and a benefit society jointly) to advise—

*First.* Could the Odd Fellows' Society (without abolishing its secrets) as a whole, obtain a charter of incorporation?

*Secondly.* Are the Freemasons, or any other similar society, recognized by law?

*Thirdly.* Could any secret society have its laws enrolled, except as a simple benefit society?

*Fourthly.* If a Lodge of Odd Fellows (that is a single society) got its by-laws enrolled, would the laws of the "Order" be of any validity? for instance, by one of the general laws—binding upon the whole Order—Districts, i. e. a number of Lodges combined, have a Funeral Fund, out of which the representatives of a member dying receive ten pounds; this sum is levied on every Lodge in a District, each paying so much per head for the number of members in it. If one of such Lodges were enrolled, would not that general law, so far as regarded it, be nugatory?

R. D. F.

*Answer.*

*Answer.*

*First.* The Odd Fellows' Society *could not obtain* a charter as a whole or otherwise, whilst it *continues to possess secrets*.

*Secondly.* The Free Masons' Society is not especially recognised by law. It is the most ancient society perhaps in the whole world; and in this country, it is said, was supported by a charter granted by Athelstan, or some one of the Saxon kings; but the society *has not now, nor does it profess to act under any charter*, but merely subsists by and under its own regulations; which would be only upheld by law, *so long as they are not contrary to law*.

*Thirdly.* It could not.

*Fourthly.* The general law would be nugatory, as far as the enforcement of it under the Friendly Society Acts is concerned. A Lodge could be only enrolled as a substantive friendly society, independently of every other, to derive the benefit of the Friendly Society Acts. The 39 Geo. 3, c. 79, as to unlawful assemblies, exempts Free Masons' Lodges from its operation.—*From the "Justice of the Peace," a legal periodical.*

**ODD FELLOWS' ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN DOWAGER AND GRACIOUS REPLY.**—(From the *Ten Towns Messenger*.)—On Friday last the following address, from the Odd Fellows of the Worcester District, was presented to her Majesty the Queen Dowager, by brother the Hon. and Rev. W. W. Talbot:—

"TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, ADELAIDE, THE QUEEN DOWAGER,

"May it please your Majesty,—We, the grand master, officers, and brethren of the Lodges of the Worcester District, of the ancient, Loyal and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, humbly beg leave to approach your Majesty with an assurance of our ardent loyalty and devoted attachment, and to express our profound veneration for your Majesty's person and character. We wish further to offer to your Majesty our warmest congratulations on your Majesty's happy restoration to, and continuance in, health, to which we trust the salubrious air of this beautiful country has not a little contributed; and to express our heartfelt wishes that your Majesty may long be continued in the full enjoyment of that first of earthly blessings, and of every other good thing this world can bestow; that your Majesty may long be spared to honour us by residing amongst

us, and to gladden all hearts with the liberal exercise of every noble and princely virtue, to which your Most Gracious Majesty has ever been accustomed.

"Signed on behalf of the brethren,

"HENRY WARD, P. P. G. M.

"WILLIAM BALLANTYNE; P. G. M.

"Worcester, March 20th, 1844."

The hon. and rev. gentleman has since received the following gratifying communication from Earl Howe, Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty, in acknowledgment of the good principles and great value of the Institution:—

"Witley Court, March 22, 1844.

"My dear Talbot—The address from the Worcester Lodges of Odd Fellows, which you have this day presented to Queen Adelaide, has been received with feelings of sincere gratitude. The Queen is sufficiently aware of the great principles of duty to God and goodwill towards men, which animate and form the great bond of union in your excellent Institution; and it is with great satisfaction that her Majesty receives from a body possessing such principles, the assurance of their kind wishes towards her Majesty, as a neighbour. The Queen Adelaide reciprocates these sentiments, and adds her well wishes for the permanence and continued utility of so excellent a society.

"Believe me, very truly and sincerely,

"Howe, Lord Chamberlain.

"The Hon. and Rev. William Talbot."

SINGULAR INITIATION.—Three brothers, all born at the same time, were on the 17th of October, 1843, initiated in the Rose of Cheetham Lodge, Manchester District. Their names are John, Robert, and William Hulme, and they are twenty years of age. Their father has been for upwards of twenty years servant to George Grundy, Esq., of Tetlow Fold, Cheetham Hill. John is a plumber, and Robert and William follow the occupation of joiners.

ANNIVERSARIES.—We have not space to notice at length the interesting proceedings which have taken place at many anniversaries in different districts, and of which accounts have been forwarded to us; but we shall probably set apart a greater portion of our next number to this department. Our friends must, therefore, for the present, be content with the following brief notices.

On Wednesday, May 8, the brethren of the Loyal Magnet (Hertford) Lodge, celebrated their third anniversary. Shortly before eleven o'clock, a. m., the brethren assembled at their lodge-house, (the Green Dragon,) and having formed into procession, accompanied by banners with appropriate devices, and a band of music, proceeded to All Saints' Church, where an impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. C. B. Lowe. At the conclusion of divine service, a collection, amounting to £5. 4s. 0d., was made at the church door, for the Widows and Orphans' Fund in connexion with the Order. On leaving the church, the brethren paraded the town for a short time, and then returned in procession to the Lodge-house, where the band continued playing, at intervals, till half-past three o'clock, when dinner was served in a spacious well-arranged tent, in the yard behind host Smith's house. Two parallel sets of tables, extending the whole length of the tent, were laid out—the chairman occupying a raised seat on the right-hand table—and the vice-chairman fronting him on the left-hand table. The chair was filled by Sir Minto W. T. Farquhar, Bart., who was supported by the Mayor, the Revs. J. Byde, H. Skrimshire, and C. B. Lowe; and by Messrs. J. Gripper, P. Reilly, (surgeon of the Lodge,) J. Hancock, Haslam, Ludlow, W. Tice, Munday, &c. The vice-chair was filled by Mr. John Newman, the N. G. of the Lodge for the time being. Some excellent speeches were made by the Chairman, (who offered himself as a member of the Lodge,) Mr. H. H. Carter, the Mayor, Mr. Ludlow, and others, and the festivities were kept up until nearly twelve o'clock.

On the 23rd of May, the members of the Prince of Wales Lodge celebrated their second anniversary by dining together, with several other persons not of the Order, at their Lodge-house, the Red Lion Inn, Rye. The chair was taken at seven o'clock in the evening, by Mr. Thomas Chatterton, N. G., and the vice-chair by Mr. C. Edwards, V. G. Near the chairman sat John Adamson, Esq., surgeon of the Lodge, Captain Saunders, Messrs. William Jenner, Miners, Chapman, Elkington, and others. Altogether there were about fifty persons present. The principal speakers on the occasion were Mr. Paine, Mr. Adamson, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Price, and Captain Saunders. The meeting

broke up about eleven o'clock, up to which time the greatest hilarity and mirth prevailed. Some most excellent pieces were performed by the band after each toast, which, with several good songs, added greatly to the harmony of the meeting; and the dinner and wines provided by the worthy host, Brignall, received the universal approbation of the company.

On Whit Tuesday the members of the Cockermonth Loyal Derwent Lodge celebrated their fourteenth anniversary by a public procession, attending divine service, and afterwards dining together. At the church prayers were read by the Rev. C. C. Southey, which were succeeded by an excellent sermon from the Rev. E. Fawcett. About 200 sat down to a good substantial dinner, shortly after one o'clock. The dinner, which was provided by Mr. Clarke, of the Brown Cow Inn, was served up in the Globe Inn Assembly Room, which was profusely decorated for the occasion with green boughs and flowers. Mr. Richard Bell, surgeon, presided on the occasion, and was ably supported by Mr. Thomas Bailey, Junr., as vice-president. The chairman was supported by the Chaplain, (the Rev. E. Fawcett,) the Rev. C. C. Southey, T. A. Hoskins, Esq., the High, J. Watson, Esq., the Fitz, John S. Fisher, Esq., Woodhall, Mr. Warner, &c. &c.; and the vice-chairman was supported by several country gentlemen and tradesmen of the town. Altogether the attendance was most respectable. Mr. Nesbitt responded to the toast of the "Grand Master and Board of Directors," and stated some interesting particulars relative to the Order. He lamented the absence of Mr. John Richardson, of Cockermonth, who was ably representing their interests at Newcastle, and he thought that the members of the Derwent Lodge ought to feel proud in having such a representative. The vice-chairman stated that on Mr. Richardson retiring from the office of Provincial Grand Master, they wished to present him with some lasting memorial of their gratitude for his services to the Institution, and they had made choice of a gold watch, towards procuring which £20. had already been subscribed. The watch would have been presented to Mr. Richardson that day had he been present, but owing to his engagement in Newcastle, some suitable opportunity would be chosen to present it to him on his return home. The watch was produced, and handed about the room for inspection; it is one of the latest improved detached patent levers, with every action jewelled, and possessing a gold balance. A suitable inscription is upon the watch, as well as several appropriate devices emblematical of Odd Fellowship. Mr. Hoskins, of the High, responded to the health of the Magistrates, and Mr. Wood, a Past District Officer, acknowledged the "Members of the Loyal Derwent Lodge." Numerous other toasts followed, and the whole of the proceedings were remarkably well conducted, and gave the most entire satisfaction.

At an early hour on Whit Monday the town of Carnarvon exhibited the general appearances of festivity, the streets being crowded with well-dressed groups, and parties desirous, as the proverb goes, "to see and to be seen," the windows of several houses being ornamented with flags, ribbons, evergreens, &c., and banners floating from the Guildhall Tower, Porth-yr-Aur, and the numerous shipping in the straits; amongst which was the barque *Lady Mary*, now being fitted out by some of our enterprising townsmen for Africa. At eight o'clock the effective band of the Odd Fellows, in military costume, began their performance, in order to concentrate the brethren of the two Lodges, who, by ten o'clock, formed in procession from the Guildhall, and in full costume, preceded by the band, and carrying the splendid and varied regalia of the Order, passed down High Street, and through Church Street, to the vicarage, where they were joined by the Revs. T. Thomas, Vicar, R. Williams, and — Davies, Curates of the parish; R. M. Preece, Esq., Mayor; and T. H. Evans, Esq., Magistrate of the borough; Rice Thomas, Esq., of Coedhelen, a brother of the Order, in his carriage, here also joined the procession; which passed by the usual route to Llanbeblig church, where an excellent and appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Robert Williams, M. A. On leaving the parish church, the procession returned to Carnarvon, and paraded the principal streets of the town, leaving the gentlemen who had honoured the brethren with their company at their respective homes; and after depositing their regalia and costume at the Guildhall, the members of the two Lodges separated, to join in the desultory amusements of their fellow-townsmen. A sumptuous and substantial repast, under the excellent superintendence of Mrs. Roberts, of the *Fleur de lis*, having been spread in the Guildhall, which had been kindly lent for the occasion by the Mayor, upwards of 70 of the brethren of the two lodges sat down, dressed in the costume of their



order and several degrees. The chair was taken by Mr. R. D. Williams, the two vice-chairs being occupied by Mr. W. Griffiths and Mr. R. M. Williams. Mr. John Hughes, Comptroller of Customs, made some very appropriate observations, and said it was the character of the Institution, as manifested in the correct conduct of its members, that induced the countenance and support of the resident gentry. There had been four recent instances, Messrs. Bulkeley Hughes, M. P., Fflier Meyrick, Charles Henry Evans, and the Rev. Mr. Jones. A variety of toasts and songs having been given, the national anthem was sung by the whole company, and the meeting separated.

On Whit Monday, the members of the Moelwyn Lodge, Festiniog, held their anniversary. They met in the morning at their Lodge, in the National School Room; and, after transacting their preliminary business, they formed themselves into a procession, and, headed by their splendid band, banners, and regalia, walked through the streets to Maentwrog church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Jones, M. A., the Rector, from the 1st verse of the 97th Psalm. After divine service they paid a visit to Mrs. Oakley, at Tanybwch Hall. They were entertained at the hospitable mansion with plenty of good cheer. Three cheers, and wishes for long life to the kind-hearted lady, were given by all present. They then returned to Festiniog, and paid a visit to James Meyrick, Esq., at Bryn Llewelyn, where they received a handsome donation. At four o'clock upwards of eighty members sat down to dinner at the Newborough Arms, where a very substantial repast was provided by the worthy host, Evan Evans. After dinner the whole paid a visit to George Casson, Esq., at Blain-y-Ddol, where they received a liberal present, and then returned to their Lodge, and separated.

On Whit Monday the members of the Loyal Bulkeley Lodge, Beaumaris, held their anniversary meeting at their Lodge-room, the Victoria Tavern, host Thomas Prichard. They assembled at the Castle, and, preceded by their own excellent band, went in procession to church, where prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Morral, from Liverpool, and a most impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh Jones, the Rector. After divine service they perambulated the principal streets, headed by the two Rev. Gentlemen, and John Sparrow, Esq., of Red Hill. About sixty sat down to dinner at the Victoria Tavern, and the usual loyal toasts were given, and responded to with enthusiasm. During the evening several speeches were delivered. The band played some national airs, and aided the conviviality. The conduct of the members in the procession going to, and returning from, church was praiseworthy. After spending the day in unity and good fellowship, the meeting was broken up, and all retired pleased with having been at the anniversary of an institution, whose merits are so well known and appreciated. The Rev. Hugh Jones, the Rector, was, on the same day, received an honorary member of the institution; and was pleased to send in his donation of £1 1s. which was thankfully acknowledged by the chairman, on behalf of the members.

On Whit Tuesday, the town of Denbigh was the scene of considerable stir and excitement, it being the anniversary of the Clwydian and Prince of Wales Lodges, of Odd Fellows, and the Ladies' Club. At an early hour the members met, and assembled for a procession. About eleven o'clock they moved off, in the following order, to St. Hilary's Chapel. The Ladies' Club, preceded by the juvenile band, dressed in blue jackets, with scarlet facings and braidings, white trowsers, and naval caps, playing several delightful airs, headed by the Rev. Jones Roberts, the worthy rector of the parish, accompanied by Mr. Pierce, surgeon. The ladies leading the female procession were, Miss Jones, High Street, and Miss Roberts, sister to the Rev. the Rector; accompanied by a considerable number of respectable ladies of the town and neighbourhood—then followed the members of the Clwydian Lodge, and the Prince of Wales Lodge, with their respective officers, flags, banners, dispensations, &c., and an excellent band of music preceded them. On their return from church, the Odd Fellows walked in advance of the Ladies' Club. The general appearance of the Lodges, and the excellent manner in which the proceedings were arranged, reflect much credit on the parties who formed the committee of management. After perambulating the principal streets, the members retired to their Lodge-rooms to dine, and the ladies to the Town Hall to partake of tea. The following ladies favoured them with their company: the two ladies who headed the society to church; Mrs. and Miss Hughes, and party; Mrs. and Miss Hughes, (late Abergele;) Mrs. Williams, lady of the Town Clerk; Mrs. Williams, Pentre-mau; Mrs. Williams, Plas Pigot, and family; Mrs. Yorke Jones; Miss Roberts, Grove

Place; the two Miss Twistons; the two Miss Edwards, Bank; and Miss Parry, &c. &c. The Revs. Messrs. Roberts and Hallows, and Thomas Evans, and Evan Pierce, Esqrs., were also present. The members of the Prince of Wales Lodge sat down to an excellent dinner, at three o'clock, at their Lodge-room, at the King's Arms Inn. E. Birch, Esq., of Cotton Hall, presided, and P. N. Roberts, Esq., surgeon, officiated as vice-chairman. After the cloth had been withdrawn numerous songs and toasts were given. The company retired at an early hour, and were highly gratified by the proceedings of the day.

The Loyal Sir Watkin Lodge, Llangynhafael, celebrated their anniversary on Whit Monday. The members met in the Lodge-room, at nine o'clock, for the purpose of initiating new members, and other business: and afterwards formed a procession, led by one of the Denbighshire Yeomanry Cavalry, in full dress, and the new and excellent band, belonging to the Lodge, and the Loyal Dyfnog Lodge, Llanrhaeadr; they proceeded, with regalia and banners, to the village church: and, after an excellent sermon, they walked to Plas-draw, the seat of John Denton, Esq., where they were all regaled with a liberal supply of *curru da*. On their return to the Lodge-house, they sat down to a plentiful and substantial dinner. The Lodge-room was crowded to excess. When the cloth was withdrawn, P. G. Davies, of Llety, was called to the chair, the vice-chairs being taken by Prov. G. M. S. Roberts, Prov. D. G. M. Maurice Jones and Mr. Thos. Foulkes. The following toasts were drunk:—The Queen; Prince Albert; Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family; Sir W. W. Wynn; The Rev. Mr. Jones, the Vicar; John Denton, Esq., and family; Mr. E. Pierce, surgeon; Success to the Order; The Board of Directors; The District Officers; The Chairman, &c. Some pithy and appropriate addresses were delivered by Mr. Davies, Mr. Foulkes, and P. G. Williams. The evening was passed in a very pleasant and agreeable manner, and much to the satisfaction of all present.

### Ppresentations.

February 14, 1844, a silver cream jug, with twelve tea spoons, to P. G. Wilson Milburn, by the Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.—February 23, 1844, a silver snuff box, value four pounds, to P. G. Thomas Gimson, by the Nelson Lodge, Manchester District.—August 15, 1843, a splendid silver lever watch, to P. G. George Beck, by the St. David Lodge, Manchester District.—A splendid silver patent lever watch, to P. G. Patrick Kelly, by the same Lodge.—May 11, 1844, a handsome silver medal, to P. P. G. M. Walter Gill: same day, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. John Cryer: Same day, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. James Illing: Same day, a handsome silver medal to P. G. William Gill; all by the New Prosperity Lodge, Shipley District.—January 18, 1844, a handsome silver cream ewer, to D. G. M. H. Liddle, and also to P. G. J. V. Curths, by the Wear Mechanics' Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth.—February 27, 1844, a splendid silver medal, to P. G. John Ward, by the Victoria Lodge, York District.—October 21, 1843, a patent lever silver watch, to the G. M. of the Turton District, by the Hand and Heart Lodge.—November 7, 1843, a silver snuff box, to P. G. Thomas Cratall, by the Honest View Lodge, Bolton.—December 30, 1843, a splendid medal, to P. G. John Townend: also, a splendid medal to P. G. Joseph Brooke; both by the Friendship's Protection Lodge, Brighouse District.—February 19, 1844, a beautiful silver snuff box, to P. P. G. M. and C. S. James Parkins, by the Prince of Wales Lodge, Derby District.—November 2, 1844, a silver cup, value eight pounds, to brother Thomas Kipling, surgeon, by the United Brothers' Lodge, Barnard Castle District.—September 30, 1843, a splendid silver medal, to P. G. William Whitney, by the Refuge Lodge, Mottram District.—October 21, 1843, a splendid silver medal, to P. G. Joseph Horsfield, by the same Lodge.—January 1, 1844, a handsome silver medal, value three pounds, to P. G. Joseph Plant, by the Travellers' Rest Lodge.—January 9th, 1844, the sum of three pounds, to P. P. G. M. Henry Ward: also, the sum of three pounds, to P. G. Thomas Jeff, by the Hope of Malvern Lodge, Worcester District.—February 12, 1844, a valuable silver decanter, to P. G. James Williams, by the Tything of Whistone Lodge, Worcester.—December 13, 1843, a very elegant silver medal, with gold centre, to P. P. G. M. John Jenkins, by the Viscount Cardiff Lodge.—April 9, 1844, a handsome gold patent lever watch, to P. G. Felix B. Grainger, of the Shenstone Lodge, Bournebridge District.—December 30, 1843, a valuable silver pencil case and pen, to P. G. Benjamin Whitley, by the Wellington Lodge, Huddersfield.—January 27, 1844, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. M. John Skeon, by the Captain James Cook Lodge, Stokesley District.—March 6, 1844, a handsome Widow and Orphans' Emblem, neatly framed and glazed, to P. P. G. M. Morris Lemon, by the Isle of Man District.—March, 1844, a handsome silver medal, value three pounds, to P. G. M. James Blake, by the Welland Lodge, Spalding District.—A splendid jewelled gold lever watch, value twenty-five pounds, to P. Prov. G. M. John Macdougall, by the Lodges in Greenock and Port Glasgow: also, a handsome gold guard, value five pounds, to P. Prov. G. M. John Macdougall, by the John Francis Campbell Lodge, Islay.—May 14, a beautiful silver medal, to P. G. George Rock: also, a beautiful silver medal, to P. G. William Carter; both by the St. John Lodge, Birmingham District.—May 28, 1844, a magnificent gold watch, value twenty-five pounds, to John Richardson, P. Prov. G. M., by the Cockermouth District. The watch is of chaste and

exquisite workmanship, and the back of the case is ornamented with the Emblem of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, in which cause Mr. Richardson has used great exertions.—April 8, 1844, a handsome silver medal, to P. P. C. S. William Sutcliffe, by the Trafalgar Bay Lodge, Holmfirth District.—May 27, 1844, a handsome gold lever watch, to P. P. G. M. and C. S. Richard Humphreys, by the various Lodges in the Northampton District, for his impartial conduct and zealous exertions in promoting the cause of Odd Fellowship.

### Marriages.

Lately, Mr. Edward Williamson, flour merchant, to Miss Sarah Armitage, third daughter of Host Armitage, of the Gaskell Lodge, Howdenshire District.—January 15, 1844, Secretary William Knowles, of the Friendship Protection Lodge, Brighouse District to Harriet, youngest daughter of Mr. John Fearnley.—February 11, 1844, P. Sec. John Hollis, of the Heart of Oak Lodge, Northampton District, to Miss Harriet Wait.—April 7, 1844, brother Thomas Gill, of the New Prosperity Lodge, Shipley District, to Miss Ann Peel.—May 24, 1843, P. G. Josiah Ward, of the Victoria Lodge, Matlock, to Miss Bown: also, June 22, 1843, P. G. John Ellis, of the same Lodge, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mrs. Bown, hostess of the above Lodge.—March 17, 1844, brother James Higginbottom, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Mossley, to Miss Sarah Wrigley.—October 2, 1843, brother Francis B. Reddick, to Miss Sarah Maria Roberts: January 22, 1844, brother Joseph Browning, to Miss Mary Pearce; both of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Stonehouse District.—January 1, 1843, P. P. G. M. George Moore, to Miss Jane Ann Brass: September 12, 1843, brother William Carnell, to Miss Christiana Wray: February 1, 1844, brother Matthew Ewbank, to Miss Sarah Dalston: February 22, brother John Nevison Heslop, to Miss Ann Lightburn; all of the United Brothers Lodge, Barnard Castle District.—February 26, 1843, P. W. James Weavers, of the Weavers' Refuge Lodge, Barnard Castle District, to Miss Sarah Dobson.—February, 1844, P. P. G. M. Henry Hackett, of the Albion Lodge, Stamford District, to Miss Elizabeth Whitehead.—December 25, 1843, V. G. William Clough, to Miss Mary Wilkinson; both of Morley, near Dewsbury.—December 25, 1843, brother John Warhurst, of the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, Huddersfield District, to Miss Mitchell.—January 31, 1844, V. G. Ralph Lazarus, of the Haggerstone Lodge, London, to Miss Emily Johnson.—December 5, 1844, P. G. Joseph Knight, of the Agricultural Lodge, Pottery and Newcastle District, to Miss Maria Heath, youngest daughter of Mr. John Heath.—December 30, 1843, P. Prov. D. G. M. Hulton, of the Mechanic Lodge, Bishop Auckland District, to Miss Margaret Dowson.—February 13, 1844, brother Daniel Henshaw, to Miss Hannah Sutton, of Middlewich: February 19, 1844, brother Joseph Harding, to Miss Sarah Ann Blackshaw; both of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Holmes Chapel.—December 2, 1843, P. G. Jenkin Lloyd, to Miss Catherine Jones: December 31, 1843, brother Llewellyn Joseph, to Miss Sarah Thomas; both of the Saint David Lodge, Maesteg District.—February 18, 1844, brother Charles Woolman, of the Duke of Sussex Lodge, to Miss Sarah Shelton.—July 8, 1843, Secretary Robert Wood, of the Virtute Securus Lodge, Hereford, to Miss Ann Roberts.—January 10, 1844, P. G. William Surtees, of the Grand Allies Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District, to Miss Elizabeth Wardle.—March 23, 1844, V. G. John Lord, of the Globe Lodge, Bradford, to Miss Martha Spencer.—October 11, 1843, brother John Harbuckle, of the Wear Mechanic Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District, to Miss Elizabeth Newton.—March 28, 1844, brother George Kell, of the Sherwood Lodge, Nottingham District, to Miss Elizabeth Blisset.—March 12, brother Joseph Richards, of the Industry Lodge, Mansfield, to Miss Sarah Garrood.—April 8, P. G. Moss, of the Sherwood Lodge, Mansfield, to Miss Sarah Reynolds.—May 24, 1844, brother Walker, of the Industry Lodge, Bedford District, to Miss Gregory.—May 23, 1844, N. G. William Williams, of the Orphans' Hope Lodge, Oxford District, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr. William Pullen.—April 21, 1844, at 1dgon, brother James Ambler Wilding, of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Wistantow, Shrewsbury District, to Miss Harriet Pinches.—June 3, 1844, P. G. Thomas Abraham, of the Widows' Protection Lodge, Coleshill, to Mrs. Topp.

### Deaths.

February 11, 1844, the wife of G. M. John Taylor, of the Isaac Gleave Lodge: March 31, 1844, the wife of brother Robert Wearmouth, of the William Ratcliffe Lodge: May 5, 1844, the wife of brother Edward Purvis, of the Wear Mechanic Lodge: May 13, 1844, the wife of brother John Wilson, of the Wear Mechanic Lodge; all in the Bishop Wearmouth District.—January 23, 1844, N. G. Thomas Ladyman, of the Houghton Pride Lodge, Cockermouth.—February 2, 1844, Sarah, the wife of brother Henry Wilson, of the Albert and Victoria Lodge, Wirksworth District.—January 28, 1844, Mary Ann, the wife of Prov. C. S. Whitaker, of the Aberdeen District.—October 10, 1843, brother Thomas Prince: February 24, 1844, brother Thomas Pashby, and brother Richard Anderson Cannish; all of the Ravine Lodge, Filey.—February, 1844, brother John Robinson, of the Craven Lodge, North London District.—March 3, 1842, the wife of P. P. G. M. Sidney Mills, of the Wellington Lodge, Huddersfield District.—January 26, 1844, the wife of P. V. G. John Gatenby: February 11, 1844, brother James Anderson; both of the Bolton Lodge, Masham District.—January 17, brother Edward Sykes, of the Prosperity Lodge, Great Eccleston.—May 16, 1843, P. G. Samuel Butterworth, of the Harmonic Lodge, Mansfield District.—September 16, host James Burton, of the Farmers' Glory Lodge, Langwith.—September 17, P. G. Jeremiah Brammer, of the Harmonic Lodge, Sutton-in-Ashfield.—December 27, brother James May, of the Phoenix Lodge, Eastfield side.—March 4, brother William Ambler, of the Industry Lodge, Mansfield.—March 2, 1844, brother Frederick Thomson, of the Earl of Harewood Lodge, Knaresborough District.—May 8, 1844, Sarah, the wife of brother Thomas Dunwell, of the Victoria Lodge, Knaresborough District.—December 11, 1843, the wife of Prov. D. G. M. George Elston, of the Albion Lodge, Stamford District.—March 1, Elizabeth, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. Joseph Marling, of the Keyingham District.—March 15, 1842, the wife of P. G. William Butterworth, of the Minerva Lodge, Oldham District.—May 7, 1843, Prov. G. M. Henry Earlam, of the Queen Victoria Lodge, Didsbury District.

*[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]*





Wm. Alexander, Prov. Sec.  
Leeds District.

THE  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.  
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OCTOBER.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1844.

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MEMOIR OF WILLIAM ALEXANDER, P. PROV. G. M. AND C. S.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, the subject of this memoir, was born at Pocklington, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, on the 28th of August, 1804. He is the eldest son of Anthony Alexander, who is now stationed at Warsborough Dale, near Barnsley, as an officer in her Majesty's Excise. Up to the time of his attaining his fourteenth year, he resided with his father, who was stationed at Howden, Brotherton, Mirfield, Halifax, Wakefield, and other places in Yorkshire; and at the time just alluded to, he was bound apprentice to a saddler, at Southowram, near Halifax. He however only remained at that place about two years, having gone to Leeds to serve the remainder of his apprenticeship; and when it was expired, he entered into the service of his present employer, at Leeds, with whom he has remained ever since, a period of nineteen years.

Mr. Alexander was initiated as a member of the Burns Lodge, in the Leeds District, on the 6th of September, 1831, and he immediately became a most active member. He passed through the various offices of Secretary, V. G. and N. G., and all his energies were applied to promote the interests not only of the Lodge to which he belonged, but of the District also. In 1834 he left the Burns Lodge, and joined the Britons' Pride Lodge, in the same District, and of the latter Lodge he still continues a member; but we may mention that so much was he respected by the members of the Burns Lodge, that even after he had drawn his clearance from them, they presented him with a silver snuff box, as a slight token of their esteem, and an acknowledgment of the exertions he had made to promote their welfare and prosperity whilst he was amongst them.

In 1836 he was elected G. M. of his District. His year of office was an arduous one, but from his well-known knowledge of the laws of the Order, and the firm determination he displayed to enforce them, he had the good fortune to contribute largely towards allaying the unpleasant feeling which manifested itself both in Leeds and in other Districts throughout the Order, relative to matters most disastrous in their consequences to the very foundation of the Institution—had they not been met and promptly subdued in the effective manner they were by him and others in conjunction with the officers of the Order. After the expiration of his office as G. M., he was appointed Treasurer to the District, which office he retained three years without salary. He was an unflinching advocate and a staunch supporter of the District, Funeral, and Widow and Orphans' Funds, and took a very prominent part in their formation; and they have since occupied a considerable portion of his care and attention. He was elected C. S. of the District in 1840, and continues in the office to the satisfaction and pleasure of the members of his District. Mr. Alexander attended the A. M. Cs. at Kendal, London, Birmingham, York, Bradford, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; at London, and also at York—two very important meetings—he had the great honour conferred upon him of being elected to

preside over those meetings to hear the appeals against the decisions of the Board of Directors. He was one of the Committee appointed by the A. M. C. at York to revise and correct the General Laws of the Order; and he has fulfilled the arduous and important office of Auditor of the Accounts of the Order.

Mr. Alexander is much and deservedly respected by the members of the District to which he belongs, and they feel it an honour conferred upon them to have his portrait to grace the Magazine. Well versed in the laws, his opinion is often asked by Lodges or members who differ upon the construction of a law, and such is the deference paid to his judgment, that it not unfrequently happens that the parties consider themselves bound by his decision or recommendation, and act accordingly. In domestic life he is an affectionate husband, and a kind parent. Sincere in his friendships, kind and affable to all, he lives respected and beloved by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance; and the writer of this imperfect sketch feels certain that the brethren in his District will join with him in the fervent hope that Mr. Alexander may long be spared to be useful to them by his labours and counsel—that happiness and prosperity may attend his footsteps, and that when at length “old Time” bids him depart, he will have attained a ripe old age, and have seen his sons become flowers and ornaments of that society, whose interests he has been ever ready to promote, whose principles he has loved to inculcate, and whose honours it has been his ambition to gain—the Manchester Unity.

*Leeds, September 4th, 1844.*

W. P.

#### ON THE FORMATION OF SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES IN CONNEXION WITH THE ORDER.

We alluded in our last Number to the mutual improvement societies, which were established in different Districts, and we have, since our last publication, received communications from several Districts asking for further information upon the subject. Many of our brethren appear to have an earnest desire to use their best exertions for the formation of schools and libraries in connexion with the Institution, and we confidently hope that they will receive the warm support of our members generally in their praiseworthy endeavours. We are anxious to convince the world that Odd Fellows are desirous, as far as possible, to provide for the mental as well as the physical wants of such as need their aid; and we shall be at all times ready to render all the service in our power towards the furtherance of the cause of intellectual improvement. We noticed in our last the progress which had been made in the Birmingham District, and a letter has been received from Prov. D. G. M. W. B. Smith, from which we make the following extract:—

Perceiving from this quarter's Magazine that you are about establishing a school, library, mutual improvement class, or something of that description for the mental and moral improvement of your members, I have taken the liberty of forwarding you a catalogue of our library, and laws of the same; the former may be instrumental in stimulating your members on to exertion, particularly when they see what we have accomplished by a little perseverance, and the latter may be valuable to the principals in suggesting something beneficial in the formation of your laws.

We are going on most gloriously in this District with our library and schools, and we have every reason to believe that, in a short time, we shall have the most valuable and useful literary institution in our town. From the catalogue you will perceive that we have about six hundred and twenty volumes, and that many of them are of a very valuable and expensive kind. We have also classes on Sunday mornings, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, for the instruction of our members in reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar, and a *day school* for the education of our members' children.

I am very glad to see that you are about establishing a similar thing in your District. If, from our experience, you think we could suggest anything that would be serviceable to you, we shall feel much pleasure in doing it.

We have looked over the catalogue, and find that the library is composed of well-selected and useful works, which cannot but have a beneficial influence upon the minds of the readers. The laws and rules appear to have been framed with care and judgment, and for the guidance and information of other Districts, we subjoin a copy of them:—

1. THAT this Institution be called the "SCHOOLS AND LIBRARY OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS, M. V.," Birmingham District.
2. That the subscription be ninepence per quarter.
3. That there shall be a committee of management, consisting of fifteen, who shall have complete control and government of this institution.
4. That the committee shall be elected according to the following arrangements, namely:—That the secretary shall, at least one month previous to the annual election, cause to be hung up in some conspicuous part of the institution, a paper, for the purpose of enabling any subscriber to nominate committee men; that this paper shall be removed on the morning of the day of the election, and no person shall be qualified to stand his election for committee man who has not been so nominated.
5. That from this list of candidates, the meeting shall elect ten by ballot, and from those ten they shall also elect a treasurer, secretary or secretaries, chairman, librarian or librarians, and two auditors; the other five to be elected by committee at any time they choose, but their election to be subject to the approval or disapproval of the next general quarterly committee.
6. That the auditors (if present) shall, upon all occasions, act as scrutineers.
7. That the committee shall have power to make by-laws for their own government.
8. That no books shall be used in the schools, or classes, but what have received the approval of the committee.
9. That any subscriber, by giving to the secretary one fortnight's notice in writing, shall, at any quarterly meeting, have power to move the expulsion of any of the committee from the government.
10. That the quarterly meetings shall be held on the second Tuesday in January, April, July, and October.
11. That at each quarterly meeting the secretary shall produce a full report of the receipts and expenditure, and all business transacted during the last quarter.
12. That the meeting in January shall be the annual one.
13. That the chair at all general, or special general meetings, shall be taken at eight o'clock.
14. That the committee, or any thirty subscribers, shall have power to call a special general meeting, by giving fourteen days notice, which notice the secretary shall exhibit in all the principal parts of the institution.
15. That if for the election of any officer, or upon a division of any question the numbers are found to be equal, the chairman shall have a casting vote.
16. That when the cash in the secretary's hands amounts to ten pounds, he shall pay it over to the treasurer at the earliest possible period.
17. Members may have two volumes from the library at once, by paying an extra half-penny, but no member shall be allowed to have more than two volumes at any one time.
18. A label shall be placed at the commencement of each book, stating the time allowed for reading it; and if detained beyond the specified time, the holder shall pay a fine of one half-penny the first week, one penny the second, and twopence for every additional week until it is returned.
19. The librarian shall, at the request of a member, demand any book that has been kept beyond the specified time, which, if not returned on the next day the library is open, the person holding it shall be fined twopence; and if it be not then returned, he shall be fined threepence for every day the library is open, until he complies.
20. The institution does not recognize the circulation of a book from one member to another, the member in whose name it is entered shall be responsible for its safe and regular return; and any member detected in lending a book to another, shall be fined threepence.
21. No new work, during the first year of its circulation, shall be allowed to be re-entered to any one until it has been on the shelf of the library the whole of one day on which the library is open, with *this exception*, books may be renewed.



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22. If any books be lost, or injured, the librarian shall report the same to the committee at its next meeting, and the member in whose hands it was at the time, shall either pay for the same, or make such reparation as the committee may deem reasonable.

23. Members may propose books to the library, by entering the same, together with the price, and publishers name, in a register, to be kept in the library for that purpose.

24. Any person refusing, or neglecting to comply with these rules, shall cease to be a member of the institution, and if any case arise for which there is no law, the committee shall have the power of deciding it.

We had the pleasure of being present at the anniversary of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, in the Rochdale District, on the 11th of July last, when the subject was ably advocated by P. G. Joseph Barrow, who stated that a movement which had commenced with the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, was then being made in Rochdale, and he earnestly hoped that it would receive the support of every member. We have received a letter from him, dated August 5th, 1844, and we have pleasure in laying before our readers the following passage:—

Some information will, perhaps, be acceptable to you, respecting our school and library, or, as it is now termed, "*The Odd Fellows' Literary Institution*," if I rightly understood you when here, that you intended to allude, in your leader, to the general establishment of educational institutions throughout the Order. We first began by the appointment of a committee in my own Lodge, with power to add to the number, having first procured the permission of the District Officers, and afterwards of the Quarterly Committee, to agitate for members and subscriptions in the various Lodges in the District. Our success has been most satisfactory—we consider ourselves fairly established. At our general meeting the utmost enthusiasm was displayed, and the best feeling manifested for fully carrying out the undertaking; the largest room in the town was engaged for the meeting, and was filled for several hours. The meeting lasted during the passing of the laws and the appointment of officers. We have raised, as subscription, the sum of sixty pounds! We have upwards of 400 volumes in the library, and we have decided upon taking premises for a school, &c., at a rent of twenty-two pounds, which I expect to take possession of to-morrow evening. We intend to have a Sunday and night school for members, and a day school for children. Our government is vested in a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, librarian, and a board of five directors. We are rapidly enrolling members to become quarterly subscribers; I fully expect three or four hundred. The honour of being elected the first president has fallen upon me, and I feel highly proud of the distinction. The contribution of members is fixed at ninepence per quarter, giving, as privileges, the use of the library, and attendance at the schools, which are furnished with pens, ink, slate, pencil, &c., free. A great many have expressed their intention of availing themselves of the school, so that there is no fear that we shall fail for lack of supporters. You could scarcely conceive the spirit which has excited a great number of our friends, inducing them to visit Lodges four or five miles in the country for the purpose of agitating this question, not once, but frequently Saturday after Saturday, I expect ere long to call upon you for the delivery of the promised lecture on education, as I think it would materially advance our cause. As soon as our laws and catalogues are printed, I will take the liberty of forwarding you a copy.

We hope that other Districts will not be slow to imitate the excellent example which has been set by the Birmingham and Rochdale Districts. The advantages to be derived are so great in comparison to the amount required to be paid, that we believe we have only to lay them before our members in order to induce them to partake of them. The payments are so small that there are few Odd Fellows who cannot spare them from their earnings, and such as have any useful books, which they can conveniently part with, cannot perform a better service to their brethren than by making donations to the libraries that may be established. There are many working-men, even in this educated age.

## ON THE FORMATION OF SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES. 173

who have been deprived of the benefits of instruction in their youth, and to such the schools and libraries will afford opportunities for remedying their deficiencies. However great may be a man's natural abilities they are scarcely available to him unless cultivated by education; and we have frequently found parties in our Lodges, capable of forming sound opinions on the business of the Order, who have been deterred from expressing their sentiments, because they felt themselves unqualified to give utterance to their thoughts in correct language. The services of many, who, if educated, might efficiently fill the various offices in their Lodges and Districts, are thus lost to the Order; and whilst the means of supplying their wants are so easily attainable, we trust that ere long there will be few Districts unprovided. We possess the power within ourselves to advance materially the character, not only of the present, but the rising generation; and there is nothing to prevent us from distinguishing ourselves as highly by our efforts to cultivate the mind, as by our labours in the cause of benevolence and charity. We now leave the matter in the hands of our brethren, entertaining little apprehension of its being well and extensively carried out; and we anticipate being gratified, before the appearance of the next Number of the Magazine, by the receipt of numerous communications informing us of the formation of schools and libraries in connexion with the Order.

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### STATISTICAL CALCULATIONS.

THE following statement has lately been made at several anniversaries, and has gone the round of the metropolitan and provincial Newspapers:—

On the 1st of April, when the returns were made up, there were in England and Wales 3,840 Lodges, and 325,000 members, showing an increase of 450 Lodges, and 23,000 members over the previous year's return. The subscriptions for this year amounted to £352,583; the expenditure to £300,000; leaving a balance of £52,583 in favour of the association. The total amount of property belonging to the Order (including paraphernalia, apparel, and insignia,) was estimated at £700,000. Amongst the enrolled members are 130 members of parliament, 629 ministers of religion of various denominations, and 9,000 honorary members who make no claim upon the funds. If each member were to contribute one halfpenny each, it would amount to £34,126 a year. If they were to walk two and two, one yard asunder, the procession would extend 92 miles, and 380 yards. If they walked three miles an hour it would take 30 hours, 14 minutes to pass any given spot—10,214 passing every hour. The chief item of expenditure consists of the charge for medical aid afforded to the sick and indigent of their Order.

This ingenious statement is certainly very curious and interesting, but we do not see how its author could by any possibility arrive at the facts on which he forms his calculations. The only official document from which authentic information can be derived on the subject is the List of Lodges, compiled by the Corresponding Secretary, and the last published list is made up from the January Returns, 1844. We there find it stated that the number of Districts is 318, of Lodges 3461, and of members 234,518; being an increase over the previous year of 28 Districts, 93 Lodges, and 15,509 members. The increase during the last year has been diminished in consequence of our having discontinued to admit parties as members above forty years of age, forty-five having been previously the highest age when parties were allowed to be admitted. Taking the average of the last six years, the number of members initiated has been

25,000. We have at present no accurate method of ascertaining the annual subscriptions and expenditure of the Order, but we have reason to believe them far less in amount than what is stated in the above paragraph. Neither are there any correct means of ascertaining the worth of the total amount of property belonging to the Order. The statement is equally without foundation with respect to members of parliament, ministers of religion, and honorary members, no accurate method being afforded by which to ascertain their numbers. The chief item of expenditure does not consist of "the charge for medical aid afforded to the sick and indigent," but of the weekly allowance made in cases of sickness, and which is intended not only to provide medical aid, but to supply food and other necessities to those who are prevented by sickness from following their employment. We do not make these remarks with any motive except that of guarding our brethren against being led, in moments of enthusiasm, into exaggerated statements which cannot be substantiated. Parties cannot at all times avoid making a rough calculation respecting the probable amount of our finances, but such calculations should be rather under than overstated, lest imputations should be cast upon our veracity. Where there are printed official documents in existence, it is always advisable to consult them rather than hazard a vague, and probably exaggerated, statement. If we take the numbers initiated this year as being about the same as those initiated last year, the actual amount of persons belonging to the Order at the present time, will be about 244,000, a mass of individuals quite large enough to excite the admiration and astonishment of the public, without our having recourse to statements which cannot be borne out by the published documents of the society. Some of our remarks will apply to several of our brethren, who have latterly made somewhat highly-coloured assertions at anniversaries, to which we shall not more particularly allude on the present occasion.

The progress of our Order must strike the mind as altogether unexampled, especially when we reflect that none of the exciting topics of the day have been made use of to swell our numbers; but that we have relied solely upon the goodness of the object in view, and have abstained from holding out any inducements other than those which were calculated to benefit the industrious classes. Whilst we persevere in the path which we have hitherto adhered to, we fear not that we shall continue to have benevolent men joining the Order, who, believing they shall not require its aid, yet are desirous to assist with their countenance and support so excellent an Institution.

#### TIME, ITS SCENES AND CHANGES.

The past is nothing — and at last  
The future shall be as the past.

BYRON.

ONWARD—onward—onward!—rolls that everlasting stream, dumb, still, and motionless, whose current knows no ebb, from whose unsearchable source spring forth myriads of "systems," with all their tributary worlds, and in whose unfathomable ocean, like dew-drops, nations and people are silently engulfed—building and destroying empires, thrones, and constitutions.

Could mortal eye decipher the mystic characters displayed on the pages of creation's volume—thy only calendar, O Time!—what a chain of unimaginable wonders—what

varied, never-ending, and eternal changes, would strike the senses, and paralyze the soul, whose vast accumulation of knowledge is but shaded ignorance! Vain—vain—how vain are all our researches to reach the acme of the beginning of Time! Increasing knowledge but increases conscious ignorance; and every new discovery serves but to tell of the thousands whose very existence was heretofore unknown. To tell—to guess—to wonder, at thy works, O Time! shall mankind search mid the mazes of science, and unravel the mysterious laws of nature, anatomize the earth's stupendous structure, unfold the hidden secrets of her womb, disclose the treasures of the boundless ether, and lay bare the glories of finite and infinite space, until the material comprehends the workings of the Great Immaterial, and creation's vast concourse finds a fulcrum in their mental palm? The soul, wrapt in admiration at the prospect, trembles at the task, conscious of its inability, yet pants for the execution, and grasps at the seductive theme.

How little do we know, compared with what we do not, cannot know; and yet when wandering fancy narrows its range, and the mental vision returns to our own little sphere, what a catalogue of vicissitudes, mighty, wonderful, and endless! This earth, and all that it inhabit, the produce of a Divine thought—He spake, and things that were not sprang forth. A nothing—a chaos—a liquid mass—and now a glorious globe, replete with the bounties and beauties of a beneficent Creator!

Ask revelation—ask history—ask geology—ask tradition, to tell their wondrous tales, and “list, oh list!” to the according witnesses. Man, pure and holy, trod in Eden's bowers, whose fruits knew no winter, whose flowers knew no withering, now driven forth a sinner and a wanderer, he struggles through a chequered life, and sinks at length into thy bosom, oh Earth! who art at once his parent and his sepulchre! Crime led to crime—disobedience brought destruction—and murder, fratricide, blasphemy, envy, and deceit, fast followed in the train. Man gloried in his wickedness, and revelled in his curse; yet Heaven pitied those who pitied not themselves. Prophets and patriarchs rose to warn and beseech—man laughed to scorn the friendly voice, and trampled under foot the inspired messengers—showers of liquid fire descend to prove Heaven's just supremacy, and Sodom and Gomorrah sink in ashes! But still no check to his licentiousness, no curb to his wantonness, no stop to his idolatry! But retribution comes at last! The bright azure heaven is seen for the last time—the blessed sun throws his last beam of light and life upon a condemned race—those fleecy clouds that dance in air now gather black and portentous—from the dark horizon myriads of ethereal fountains, like marshalled hosts, rush to close phalanx—hoarse thunder murmurs afar, and electric meteors flit dimly to and fro;—a closer moan, a louder roll, a brighter flash, and then a momentary calm, a breathing space for the spirit of the storm! No gust of wind, no breath of sound, no spark of fire, no drop of rain; but above, around, beneath, darkness, thickening darkness, dense, palpable, and Nature seems but a vast abyss. Now hush—hark—hark! The firm-set earth quivers in its socket, as shock follows shock; earthquakes roar and yawn, and revelling thunderbolts uproot forests and houses—the homes of men, and beasts, and birds; red lightning flies, as though a host of demons, from behind the opaque clouds, shot from their bowstrings flaming arrows, which, like fiery serpents, wrestle with each other, scorching and consuming tree, and herb, and flower. The mountains gape and totter, and the unwedgeable and massy granite flies in splinters—those floating fountains, that heretofore their precious moisture sent but to refresh and bless, now open wide their floodgates to overwhelm, and the advancing billows to wrap in their mighty waters, as in a winding sheet, earth and its inhabitants. One bark alone floats proudly and securely amid the war of elements—the mountainous waves break not upon it—the darting thunderbolts harmless pass it—the streaming lava opens before it—the boisterous winds drive not against it, and the rushing waters enter not into it, for an Omnipotent hand, an Almighty arm, guides and guards it. At length the work is complete, the avenging spirits of the element sink to rest, worn and weary with the protracted conflict, and the billows return to their ocean home! Again the sun careers in full majesty, and lofty Ararat receives on its breast the protected pilgrims—from the far east, to the distant west, across the celestial vault the bow of promise gladdens the timid heart, and forth the rescued prisoners go to replenish and repopulate the earth, now naked and solitary, and so lately teeming with the creatures of God, and the works of man. Deep in earth's centre yet remain the traces of that awful inundation; forests and animals there lie petrified—the fossil fields attest the direful era.

Chosen Israel rises and sinks in bondage—but where are now her mighty masters, haughty Egypt and her stubborn Pharaohs? Where are now those imperial cities, whose strength and magnificence made vain the heart, whose creature-kings would ape Divinity? How low are now their flanked walls and gorgeous palaces, their embattled towers, and solemn temples! No trace, even of thy site, oh powerful Babylon! and what a wreck art thou, oh City of Jerusalem! The captors and captives sleep together; but the children are scattered and persecuted. Guilty, guilty, thrice guilty Jerusalem! what a dreadful drama didst thou witness when the lowly Nazarene, the Great Immanuel, wept at thy fortunes, and writhed at thy stripes! He came to save thee, and lost himself—yet but lost himself, the more to save thee! Little didst thou reck of the mighty majesty of Him thou didst mock, and scourge, and crucify; but Nature, in dread convulsions, proclaimed the mystery—the assembled universe trembled—systems toppled—the most distant spheres paused in their ceaseless career, and quivered in their orbit—the glowing disk of the argent sun blushed crimson with consternation, shame, and anger—the moon and stars crept from behind their dusky shrouds to behold a Deity's patience, and a mortal's presumption—and sable night threw her blackest mantle over the world, to mourn for her Maker's expiring groans, and to hide the horror-stricken face of man—the temple's sacred curtain is rent in twain, and the Holy of Holies is hid no more—no altar left for sacrifice—the last, the great High Priest has presented the last, the great sin offering—the closed sepulchres open wide their ponderous jaws, and the re-animated dead walk forth, for “death is swallowed up in victory,” and forth from his dark domains the conqueror comes, heralded by angels, to cheer the drooping spirit of his sad disciples.

Where is now imperial Rome, and her mighty Cæsars, who, of the Lord of All, demanded tribute? Where are those proud bands, who levelled the houses where he sojourned, the synagogues where he taught? Where those Saracen hordes who seized the hallowed soil on which he trod and suffered, and battled with the brave Crusaders? Where is now accomplished Greece—her philosophers, poets, and painters—her statesmen, sculptors, and soldiers? Where are, and what of all those master minds of yore, of every nation, and people, and tongue? What of Homer and Horace—Virgil and Sappho—Socrates and Seneca—Demosthenes and Cicero—Pliny and Plato—Cato and Cæsar—Hannibal and Alexander? What, but an echo, remains! and how many of the mightiest among the mighty have left “not a rack behind!”

Cast the eye across the pages that bear record of the illustrious of our little isle. How many are sunk in oblivion, whose fame tradition once boasted, though history spurned? There are pages for broils and battles, lines for patriots and statesmen, and scarce a word for genius and science! Enough of Danish and Saxon brawls and butcheries, little of Alfred and his jury; enough of Norman conquests and Plantagenet wars, little of Ganymede and its Magna Charta. Enough of Henry's heartlessness, Elizabeth's amours, poor Mary's sufferings, James' intrigues, and Charles' recklessness—how little of martyred Moore and murdered Raleigh—and what of Shakespere and Milton, Bacon and Newton, Knox and Luther? those whose commanding genius advanced science, enlightened thought, enlivened heart, and improved manners—nothing but their works, and that they were!

How silent now the minstrel's harp that sung the lay of our own Border story—mute the Gaberlunzie's voice that told of unrequited love, hereditary rancour, and feudal jealousy—crumbling to dust those “cloud capt towers” that repelled the hostile invader—festooned with ivy those niched halls, once clustered with the emblazoned escutcheons of boasted heraldry—and mossy carpets cover the floor once smooth with polished oak, and bright with fairy foot. No longer doth the warder's tread sound on the lofty battlement—no drawbridge, moat, or bastion, opposes now approach—no clan's rude war cry, nor sleek hound's howl now scares the forest warbler's song—no noon-tide fray, nor midnight raid now breaks the husbandman's repose—the fleecy flock and horned herd sleep securely on the mountain side—no longer at tilt or tournament doth the gay chevalier vaunt his ladye-love—hushed is the shrill clarion, and clotted in rust the bright impenetrable mail. Opposing winds no longer check the mariner's course, science hath mastered Nature, over earth and sea the messengers of man's will now fly with the speed of an antelope—and ether's trackless fields may yet become his highway! Thus much is told! How much is untold?—and what remains to tell?

M. E.

## THE LEGENDS OF ODELL.

BY JAMES WYATT.

(Author of "*Scenes in the Civil Wars*," &c.)

IN that gorgeous epoch, the reign of England's fourth Henry, there were many bright and brilliant, as well as dark and fearful, scenes—some have been recorded with an accuracy of detail that even now brings to the mind's eye all the characters in their original freshness. There is one page yet unrecorded—that which contains the events and legends of the village of Odell,\* matters that have hitherto come by tradition from age to age; and the present paper is an attempt to rescue them from entire oblivion.

The tournament, instituted for the encouragement of chivalry, was at this period conducted in the most gorgeous style; and one of the grand events of that reign was the tournament of Luton, an affair which is not merely memorable as having been brilliant in itself, but also as having been the precursor of the extraordinary circumstances which are about to be detailed.

The announcement of the tournament created a vast interest throughout the neighbouring shires, and the most enthusiastic expectations were formed thereupon. Not a knight, young or old, for many leagues round, failed to make preparations for journeying to Luton on the 1st of June; and each calculated to himself the chances he should have if he determined on entering the lists. And it may be further added, not a lady-fair was there within the same circuit, who did not eagerly desire to witness the grand assemblage of all that was gallant, noble, and magnificent. The morning at length arrived, and among the many brilliant arrivals were the Baron Wahul, with his beauteous daughter, Eleanor. After paying their compliments to the lord of the tournament, the Earl of ———, and receiving from him a most friendly greeting and welcome, Eleanor was put under the care of the Lady Maud, his daughter, who was to preside as the queen of the justs that day, and whose province it was to reward the victor with the chaplet of honour. Affectionate greetings passed between the ladies, and immediately after they had partaken of a slight repast, they were summoned to the tilting yard by loud blasts from the heralds' trumpets. Stately lists were erected, thousands of persons were assembled, and the Lady Maud took her seat under a splendid canopy of purple silk, spotted with gold. As soon as the heralds had made the customary proclamations, a gallant knight, in complete armour, entered the lists, and flung down his gauntlet. Having thus delivered his challenge, he galloped to the upper end, where the queen of the tournament was sitting; having lowered his lance, he passed the usual courtesies, and returned to the centre, when another knight picked up the glove, as an acceptance of the challenge, and returned it upon the point of his lance. The challenger then received his shield, which bore three butterflies, on an azure ground; by which cognizance he was known to be Sir Gilbert Sewell, a knight of great prowess, residing at Houghton Regis, a royal demesne, a few miles distant.† The knight who accepted the challenge was a stranger; his tabard was of a bright vermillion colour, without bearings, but on his shield was emblazoned a black lion, rampant, *gutteé d'or*, bearing the motto, *Vixi liber et moriar*, (I have lived a freeman, and I will die one.) Having ridden to the canopy, and paid his courtesies to the queen, the heralds summoned him by a charge, and the two combatants, at opposite ends of the lists, wheeled round and faced each other; at the second blast of the trumpets they fixed their lances in the rests; and at the third sounding they made a furious charge, and closed, about mid-way, with a tremendous shock. Sir Gilbert was shifted from his saddle, but his well-trained horse, which had been thrown on its quarters, recovered itself from the shock, and made a spring forward, the effect of which was to jerk the knight partly back into his saddle, and this enabled him to regain his seat. The stranger-knight had received his opponent's lance on his breast, but the well-tempered and polished steel was proof against even so well-directed an aim, and the weapon was shivered in the process. His own lance

\* Originally called Wahul, afterwards Wadhul, since corrupted to Odell.

† The effigy of this knight still exists in the church of Houghton Regis, but in a mutilated state, with a lion couchant at the feet. The surcoat and panellings of the tomb bear the butterfly cognizance. On inquiring of one of the parish authorities, some time back, if he knew who the knight was, the writer received for answer,—"He was a notified shepherd in this parish, and that's his dog."

alighted on Sir Gilbert's armour, but without mischief. On reaching the ends of the lists, the combatants were furnished with fresh weapons, and upon the charge being sounded, they made another sally, each anxious for the overthrow of his adversary. In this second attack Sir Gilbert had the worst of it, having a portion of the *fuilettes* on his right side stripped off by the lance; and, as may be supposed, he retired to the extreme end of the lists in no very favourable mood. This time he selected the best lance he could find, and having poised it, he, for the first time, faced his adversary, who wheeled his horse round with much skill, and prepared himself for the encounter, with as much apparent coolness as if he were merely practising in the riding-school. Scarcely had the note rung from the trumpets than the knights simultaneously clapped spurs to their horses, and met with terrific force. The concussion was so tremendous, and the knights kept their seats so bravely, that both the horses were thrown back on their haunches, and then rolled over; and it was impossible for the spectators at first to ascertain whether either, or both, were killed. As soon as the dust had become dissipated a little, the squires were seen to assist the knights, who were both grievously bruised, but who nevertheless determined to charge again. The noble earl, the lord of the justs, however stepped forward, and prevented them, advising them to retire, and decide the contest upon a future day. To this they reluctantly consented, and a charge was again sounded. This time a young knight entered the lists upon an iron-grey mare, whose proud curvettings drew forth bursts of admiration from the spectators, and the easy and graceful manner in which the rider guided and controlled her, gained him no small share of the plaudits and good wishes of the ladies. He was a stranger, but the elegance he displayed when saluting the company, shewed him to be one acquainted with the observances of high society. His tabard was sky-blue silk; his crest was a fire-ball, and on his shield was painted a naked arm embowed, tied round the elbow with a ribbon, and bearing a fire-ball in the hand, having the motto, *Dum spiro, spero*, (whilst I live, I hope.) His saddle cloth and trappings were of blue velvet, and the long corners, ornamented with fire-balls embroidered, were terminated by rich tassels of blue silk, interspersed with golden threads. His armour was of a dazzling brightness, and on the cuisses and vambraces, miniature representations of his cognizance were depicted. His challenge was accepted by another very young knight, armed as lightly as himself, with very bright steel armour, richly inlaid with gold; his tabard bore the arms *Ar*, on a chevron sable, between three oak leaves proper; his crest was a dove, bearing three acorns vert. In no way were this youth's appointments, or mien, inferior to those of the first, and their equality seemed to insure a well-contested tilt. At the signal they wheeled round, and made a sally, and the equal impetuosity of the grey mare and her rider, made them the first to be on the offensive. They advanced more than half the length of the lists, and upon the meeting of the knights; the crest of the golden knight was taken off by the blue knight's well-directed lance; in return, he received his opponent's weapon upon his body armour, which was so well tempered, that it broke the point of the weapon. At the second charge, however, the irresistible speed of the gallant grey, and the impetuosity of the knight, her rider, were too much for his opponent; and the combatants no sooner met, than the knight of the dove was unhorsed amidst the deafening shouts of the spectators. The victor galloped round the tilt-yard with great delight at his success, and reached the foot of the temporary throne, where he received the congratulations of Maud, Eleanor, and the rest of the beauties there assembled. He was, however, soon summoned to the justs, by the entry of a knight of lofty mien, who bowed haughtily to those around, and, having lowered his lance to the young knight, and raised it again in token of his willingness to engage in combat; he closed his visor, and prepared for the attack. His armour was of a bright buff colour, with the studs and points of gold. His horse's bit and buckles were curiously chased in gold; his shield was of burnished gold, bearing the cognizance of a peacock, with its tail expanded, emblazoned in the most brilliant colours on a field vert, with the motto, *Le bon temps viendra*, (the good time will come,) and on the helmet he bore for a crest a miniature bird of the same kind, with brilliants and jewels to represent the eyes in its tail. The saddle-cloth was of the finest texture of scarlet cloth, edged with a deep gold fringe; the horse's mane was tightly plaited with scarlet and yellow ribbons; and the stirrups were chased, and in equal character with the other gorgeous appointments. There was a constrained formality in the carriage of the knight, and he displayed considerable haughtiness, although combined with skill, in the management of his

splendid steed, which was pawing the ground, and shewing signs of impatience. At length the signal was given, and the knights advanced towards each other with much eagerness. The quick eye of the young knight enabled him to detect his opponent a little off his guard, and, seizing the advantage, he quickly altered the position of his lance, and in a moment directed it to his throat. The blow was most fatal to the success of the gorgeous knight, for the lance entered below the visor, passed between it and his cheek, and forced the helmet completely off his head. This dexterous feat drew down a shower of applause, and the haughty knight, with blood streaming from his chin and cheek, galloped off the ground in high dudgeon.

The next who engaged with the fortunate youth was a tall, well-formed man of the middle age, who entered the lists with his head uncovered. His bearing was noble, and the spectators were much interested in his martial appearance and manly beauty. His dark brown locks hung in glossy curls upon his shoulders, and his quick eye betokened "that within which passeth shew." His lofty forehead and intellectual expression shewed him to be no inferior person. His crest, a talbot, *sejant or*, colored gules, proved him to be no other than the courtly Sir Edward Burgoyne; and, as he gracefully bowed to the ladies, and his antagonist, the young knight felt, that whatever might be the result of the contest, he was encountering a knight, with whom it was no small honour to break a lance. Sir Edward's squire laced on his helmet, and handed him a well-seasoned lance; and, as the two knights prepared for the fray, a murmur of applause broke from the multitude. Two more gallant knights never entered the lists together. The trumpets sounded, the knights advanced, and, as they met, their spears rang on each other's armour, but they passed on unhurt. They returned to the attack—Sir Edward's spear alighted on his adversary's shoulder, beneath the steel cap of the verbraces, and wrenched it off, but broke its own point; the young knight, in return, giving Sir Edward such a blow on the helmet, as made his ears ring, and splintered his own lance shaft. The third attack was made, and the young knight, with his usual impetuosity, charged most furiously; Sir Edward received the blow, but hardly reckoning upon the force of it, was overthrown with his horse. The grey mare made a false step, fell on her knees, and, unable to feel her feet again, was thrown upon the ground. The young knight disengaged himself from the saddle, sprang up, and drew his sword; but his adversary, who was equally vigilant, put out his left hand, crying, "Hold!" He then embraced him cordially, congratulated him upon his skill, and added that, although he never turned his back upon a foe, he honoured his young friend's bravery, and would most cheerfully forego any further trial, but would award the merit to him that he deserved, at the same time craving his friendship; "and," added he, "know, worthy knight, that he whom Edward Burgoyne acknowledges as his friend, is defended by him in word and deed, so long as his arm can wield sword." The young knight, upon learning who his chivalrous opponent was, fell on one knee, and courteously acknowledged the superiority, and expressed his great desire to receive the friendship of Sir Edward. This combat closed the justs for the day, and the Queen of Beauty placed the chaplet of laurels on the brow of the young victor, who had been conducted to the throne by the accomplished Burgoyne. He was announced as Arthur St. Amand, son of an accomplished knight, the late Sir Purvis St. Amand, of Houghton Conguest. The trumpets then sounded the final charges, and the proclamations were made by the heralds, that the tournament would be continued on the following day. The spectators then dispersed, and a large party proceeded to the castle, where they were most sumptuously entertained, and the knights who had engaged in combat were complimented upon their bravery, and each received a handsome present at the hands of the ladies. Music and dancing followed the feast, and the joyous entertainments were continued to an advanced hour.

On the following morning several knights prepared themselves for that day's jousting, and shortly after the morning repast, the company again assembled, and some splendid encounters took place, which we need not here recapitulate. The victor for the day was Hubert Mandeville, who overthrew seven knights. He received at the hands of the queen, a splendid wreath of flowers, interwoven with silver leaves, and an embroidered purse, the work of her own hands. On the third morning, some brilliant combats took place, and a knight of the body guard of the earl himself bore the palm, and received a reward from the queen. No sooner had the heralds announced that no person was left to accept his challenge, than the knight of the lion, and Sir Gilbert Sewell, entered the lists to decide their contest commenced on the first day. They were



each mounted on well-trained black horses. Sir Gilbert had on a beautiful suit of armour, covered with a coat of frosted silver, with the butterfly cognizance on each piece. The stranger knight was equipped in a suit of black armour, with gold studs; his tabard bore his arms in full. The spectators looked on with almost breathless anxiety, as the steeds were reined up, and faced each other. Sir Gilbert raised himself up in his saddle two or three times to feel secure in his seat, and the heralds blew a long blast. The knights then slowly advanced, and by degrees increased their speed, till at last they met with such force that sparks were actually thrown off by the contact of the spears with the armour. Sir Gilbert's armour alone shewed a dint on the shoulder where his opponent's lance struck, and he was observed to lower his lance as he drew to the other end. The lion knight perceived that he had jarred his adversary's arm; and upon a second charge he directed his lance to the same spot, but in return received such a blow in the visor, that he was well nigh blinded, and his horse galloped unguided to the end of the lists. A truce was then sounded, and on removing his helmet the lion knight found that a quantity of blood had spurted from his nose and mouth. His esquire washed the injured parts, and the knight then took a draught of wine, buckled on his helmet, and again prepared for the fray. His adversary quickly remounted, and this time they both ran a swift tilt, and the encounter was as violent as the others. In a moment, without resting, they returned to the charge, and, by a well-timed manœuvre, the lion knight passed his lance under that of Sir Gilbert, who was thus taken off his guard, and, before he could recover himself, the lance was jerked from his hand, and he received a stroke from his adversary's weapon, which pierced beneath the armour, and wounded the under part of the arm. This double point achieved so cleverly by one thrust, was immensely applauded by the spectators, and Sir Gilbert was forced to acknowledge his adversary as the victor. The lion knight declined to give his name; he was then conducted to the queen, who rewarded him with her approbation, and a handsome silver goblet, inlaid with jewels. To conclude the justs, Arthur St. Amand entered the lists with the knight who had been proclaimed the victor in the early part of the day; and after a brilliant struggle succeeded in vanquishing him. He then advanced to the canopy, and received a blue scarf from the hands of the queen; but a far richer meed of praise was awarded to him by the smile, and modest encomium, of Eleanor Wahul, before whom he knelt to have the scarf placed over his shoulder. He had observed the fair girl each day of the rejoicings, and his beating heart told him, too plainly to be misunderstood, that homage to her was more consonant with his feelings than even to the elegant queen of the tournament herself. Upon kissing the little hand that tied the scarf, it was observed by both the ladies, that he essayed to detain it much longer than was at all requisite for the performance of the mere act of courtesy. This was more particularly noticed by the lady Maud, who did not fail, upon their return to the castle, to make some playful remarks on the subject to Eleanor, in return for which she received little else than blushes.

On retiring to her couch, the maiden began to commune with herself on the events of the day, speculating as to the real sentiments of the young knight; and thinking, as she mused, as hundreds more, similarly circumstanced, have thought, that it must have been merely an instance of his usual courteous bearing, and that if it had been more, she really did not feel anything towards him more than to the other knights who had behaved so nobly in the lists. Having thus carried the balance of her cogitations to this self-denying point, she should, for consistency's sake, have gone to rest; but she did just the reverse. The maiden persuaded herself that the moon shone more brightly that night than usual—that the air was more refreshing—and that if she walked out upon the little balcony before her window, it would improve the meditative turn of mind she persuaded herself into the belief she then experienced. The resolve was no sooner formed than put into execution; and additional haste was made in consequence of a few notes of melody, touched upon the lute, which met her ear.

"Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?"

Wondering who could be stirring at this late hour, when all concerned in the events of the day so much needed repose, she stole gently through the upper casement, and after a prelude had been touched on the lute, a clear, manly voice, gave utterance to a beautiful song. Eleanor's heart throbbed, as she listened to the tones, already too familiar to her fond ear for her to be mistaken in the singer. In a moment, all the conclusions ab-

had just before come to, were dispelled, and she felt herself a new being. She had heard of the chivalrous deeds of many a knight, and much of the conquests they had made with the hearts of high-born dames, but she had listened to them as legends, or as pieces of unauthenticated history; but she was now a participator. A new light had broken in upon her innocent mind, and that which she had looked upon as a glowing piece of romance was now about to be realized in herself. Nor was she at all displeased with her new position. She was a being formed for love, and possessed all the elements of devotion and affection; but this was the first moment they had ever really been called into action.

In the midst of all the delicious visions of future happiness which floated through her imagination, caution threw a thorn across her path. Would the proud baron, her sire, regard this new association in the same light? and would the Lady Wahul, the kinswoman of John of Gaunt, brook an alliance of her daughter with a stranger, and perhaps portionless knight? Her reverie, however, was disturbed by the minstrel again touching his lyre, and this time he was just beneath the balcony. Fearing lest some other person might be stirring, and observe her, Eleanor withdrew; but not beyond the sound of the ravishing melody. This song was a compliment to the beauty of the mistress of the minstrel, and the picture he drew of her was too marked not to be recognized as a portrait of Eleanor. As soon as it was finished, she stepped into her chamber, closed the casement, and with a heart full of conflicting emotions, she threw herself upon the couch, and vainly tried to woo those gentle slumbers which had hitherto nightly fallen upon her. Hope, anxiety, and fear, alternately had their sway, and thus the night was passed. Soon after sunrise her fair friend, Maud, invited her to walk in the parterre, and was not long ere she discovered some difference in Eleanor's spirits; which, of course, she attributed to the courtesies of the young knight, yesterday. After some pleasant conversation, garnished by the Lady Maud with a little badinage, they returned to the castle, and found the company assembled at the morning meal. Eleanor dared not look up after receiving the customary salutations, lest her eyes should meet Arthur's, and betray that which she wished to conceal. When the feast was ended, some of the company betook themselves to the neighbouring forest to hunt, and the baron prepared for their return. Several of the knights prayed leave to join the party, having resolved to journey as far as Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where another tournament, upon a grand scale, was in the course of preparation. The baron most readily consented, and after courteous and affectionate greetings from the noble host and his family, the party left the castle. No sooner were they fairly on their journey, than Arthur galloped up to the baron, and with great ease and polished address, engaged him in conversation, taking especial care to ride close to the horse which bore Eleanor on his back. It was not long before the baron found his new friend a young man of considerable intelligence, and he became much interested in him. Occasionally the road was rough and uneven, and this afforded Arthur a fair excuse for seizing Eleanor's rein, lest her horse should stumble; and each time his eyes met hers fresh fuel was added to the mutual flames which had so lately been kindled.

We pass over the various modes which the ardent youth practised to convey the secret of his heart; it is enough to know that they were sufficiently understood by the maiden, who was too innocent to practise a concealment of what she felt. She hung upon his words, and,

"Those delicate and timid impulses  
In nature's primal modesty arose,  
And with undoubting confidence, disclosed  
The growing longings of its dawning love."

Once, when a little out of hearing of the rest of the party, she ventured to accuse Arthur of disturbing the slumbers of ladies by his serenades, but his defence was cut short by the baron turning round to call their attention to some object.

The party proceeded as far as Antehill Castle,\* the residence of the Earl Beauchamp, an old friend of the baron's, who entertained them with great cheer beneath the wide-spreading oaks in his splendid park. The earl congratulated the Baron Wahul on his having a young accomplished friend of his own amongst this fair company; alluding to Arthur, who, he said, was a nephew of an esteemed friend, of whom he had bought

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\* Now called Ampthill; created a honor, or royal demesne, by Henry VIII., for some time the residence of his unfortunate queen, Catherine of Arragon.

this manor of Antehill. He passed a high encomium on the youth, honouring him as a scion of the once noble house of St. Amand.

After the refreshment was concluded, Arthur tuned his lyre, and delighted the company with several songs and romances, all of them bearing a striking similitude, and taking the same subject for their burden, namely, unalterable love of brave knights and accomplished damsels. More than one in the company noticed this, particularly a young knight, a friend and neighbour of the baron's, by name Thomas de Radwell, who, afterwards, did not fail to express his contempt for what he considered Arthur's effeminacy in "dangling at a woman's side, and acting the minstrel." After again pledging the noble host in his sparkling wine, the company took their farewell of him and journeyed towards Wahul, which they reached about sunset. A glorious and hospitable welcome was given by the baron to his brave friends, who were induced to stay several days with him, and avail themselves of his princely entertainments, joining eagerly in the sports of the field, chasing the bucks in the forest, and hawking the game in the plains. Some there were who preferred the more quiet art of capturing the finny tenants of the beautiful river which flowed by the garden; but there was one who joined little in the sports, and if any strict search was made for him he was invariably found in the company of the Lady Wahul and Eleanor, reading manuscripts, or enchanting them with the melody of his lute. Every night saw him beneath the eastern turret of the castle ravalling the nightingale in her evening song. The baron having been informed of this circumstance, rather pointedly observed to Arthur one morning, that it was most remarkable he should always choose that spot, whilst there were so many more picturesque walks and bowers. This remark was made with a great deal of meaning on the part of the baron, but in perfect good humour, and a smile was visibly playing round his mouth as he gave utterance to it, and waited for the reply. Arthur, however, with a readiness none of them were prepared for, replied that he had an especial regard for that peculiar nook, inasmuch as it gave him a view of the rolling and winding Ouze, and served to remind him of scenes familiar to his childhood. Of the real cause of this preference, however, the baron appeared to form a very correct estimate, but in the absence of any decided proof, he adopted no means of openly shewing what his feelings might be with reference to the matter. Knowing the great opinion his lady attached to birth and station, he purposely omitted to mention his suspicions to her, fearing that some little discordance might be produced upon a subject which, after all, might probably not really call for any interposition on his part or hers. He, therefore, good easy gentleman as he was, let the matter pass, being perfectly satisfied that, if his suspicions were really founded in truth, Arthur was as courteous and accomplished a man, and as brave a knight as could be found in any earl's castle or baron's hall in the realm.

Frequent opportunities presented themselves to the young people of meeting together, and it can be readily understood they were not slow to seize them. The consequences of these meetings can also as readily be understood without our attempt to describe them. Without following the lovers each time in their rambles, and noting down all that was said, it is enough for us to say that, if ever two pure hearts met and beat in unison, it was at this time, in the domains of the Baron Wahul. But this exquisite dream was not destined to be of long continuance; from the first creation of this restless globe it has ever been otherwise, or, at all events, ever since that time when sin

"Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden."

It is in the very nature of things in this disquietude and mammon-struggling world, and was even in the primitive times of our tale, that nothing so disinterested, and so pure, should be left to itself. As a matter of course, therefore, there was a storm brewing over the heads of these devoted creatures. One evening they were taking their ramble through the groves, and remained rather later than usual, watching the departure of the glorious summer sun, who, faithful to his trust, was shedding his brilliant beams on all around, rich and poor, gentle and lowly, bond and free; hallowing alike the lofty turret of the luxuriating noble, and the unpretending hut of the toiling peasant. He seemed unwilling yet to hasten to the west, and peeped along the horizon, mellowing and beautifying all nature that came within his view. The very river itself, in no small degree, partook of the glory of the scene, and, like a noble mirror, reflected back the golden and crimson tints that were darted on its surface.

Gazing upon the enchanting scene before them, Eleanor and Arthur lingered until they almost forgot that the world contained any other beings than themselves, or that they did aught but live for each other. In the midst of these exquisite musings they were disturbed by a rustling in the underwood. Eleanor clung to the youth as she caught a view of the forms of two men who were crouching under the bushes, evidently with a view of concealing themselves. Arthur espied them too, and called to them, thinking they might be some of the baron's servants. Receiving no answer he advanced to the spot, and the men as quickly retired among the trees; he still followed, and at length he saw them crossing a little space that had been cleared of the underwood, into another part of the thicket. He immediately recognized the form of one of them to be Thomas de Radwell, and no sooner did he make this discovery than he returned to Eleanor, whom he found in great fear, for she had also recognized Radwell, and her heart foreboded evil at his hands. Wondering at the cause of this interruption, they returned towards the castle, and on their way they met the baron and Lady Waul, the latter of whom somewhat chid Eleanor for having absented herself for several hours without leaving some tidings as to where she might be found, adding, that in her absence the young lord of Radwell had ridden across for the purpose of inviting her to grace the festivities which had been prepared in very brilliant style for celebrating his birth-day on the morrow. Eleanor's first reply to the rebuke was a blush; the next was an ardent expression of duty to her parents, and of great unwillingness to do anything which should forfeit the least portion of that love which she so much valued from her. Taking her hand, the baroness led Eleanor to the castle; and the baron proposed to Arthur that they should take a walk to enjoy the cool breeze that then played upon the water. The latter, however, proved but a dull companion, and the baron playfully observed that he must improve himself by the next day, or he would cut a sorry figure among the gay persons who would be assembled at Radwell castle; "for," said he, "the young noble himself has ridden across to summon all the force we can muster, to take by storm all the good cheer he will provide at Radwell, and you must perforce, man, be there with your pleasant company, or it will be but a sorry entertainment to us whom you have lately made consider a merry heart and a pleasant voice actually necessary to our enjoyment. Arthur smiled at the well-meant compliment just conveyed, and expressed his readiness to join the baron's suite, although he could not disguise from himself that he entertained certain feelings towards young Radwell that he could neither account for nor understand. They, however, concluded their walk and returned to the castle, where the same good cheer welcomed them, and at the usual hour all retired to rest.

On the following morning, at an early hour, the young knights were up and stirring, making preparations for the festivities at Radwell; for in those primitive days entertainments were given in the *day* time, and at such hours as in these refined days would be pronounced vulgar and barbarous. Immediately after the ladies had risen, preparations were made for departure, for they were all to break their fast at Radwell. As they crossed the river over the rude wooden bridge, which then existed, the baron pointed out to his friends the spot where the extraordinary division of the waters took place about two years before, and which had caused such dismay throughout the country. He then adverted to the different solutions given by the wise men of the day, who looked upon it as a presage of troubles and divisions in the state.\*

During the recital of these matters, to which all were listening with great interest, Arthur took occasion to ride alongside Eleanor, unnoticed by the rest, and soon drew her into conversation. She reminded him of the event last evening which had given them both such uneasiness, and she then told him she had great and unaccountable fear of this

\* In the year of Christ's Incarnation, 1399, immediately before those civil warres that rent in pieces the peace of this land, betwixt the princes of Lancaster and Yorke, the river Ouse, neare unto Harwood, (Harrold,) stood sodainly still, and refrained to pass any further: so that forward, men passed three miles together on foot in the very depth of her channell; and backward the waters swelled vnto a great height; which was observed by the *judicious*, to foretel some unkinde division that shortly should arise."—*Speed's Prospect*, book 1, cap. 21.

"This yeare the Lawrell trees withered, almost throughout the Realme, and afterwarde, against all expectation, recovered life and flourished againe. The same yeare, in Christmasse holy-dayes, a deepe river which runneth betweene Smedistorie and Hareswood, neere to Bedford, suddainly stayed the streame; so that for three miles in length, the channell was left drie, and no course of water did hinder passage on foot. This was afterwards interpreted to presage the revolt of the people, and the division which happened the yeare following."—*Str John Heywood's Life of K. Henrie the Fourth*.

young Radwell; and then, for the first time, Arthur learned from her that Radwell had ventured to offer himself to her, boasting that he would make her the richest dame of the shire, if she would accept him—that she had declined the advances as confidently as they were made—and that he had received the refusal in no very courteous mood. Knowing him to be an inveterate and unforgiving person towards all who stood between him and the object of his ambition, she expressed great distrust in the courtesies he was now so anxious to show towards them. At this moment the remainder of the company rode up, and the lovers were prevented having any further conference. As the party were mounting the hill, they observed in the distance the baronial hall of Radwell, bearing on its topmost tower the family ensign, which was but partially wafted to its full length by the idle morning breeze. As they drew nearer, they heard sounds of trumpets, flutes, tabors, viols, and other instruments; and upon reaching the place, a noble party came to meet and welcome them to the entertainment. The large hall was thrown open, and the large table down the centre was loaded with substantial, nay, gigantic joints of beef, mutton, and venison, with large flagons of ale and wine. The upper part of the table, intended for the more distinguished of the guests, was enriched with more choice viands, fowls, game, pasties, and confectionary, richly-chased silver cups, holding mulled and spiced wines of great variety, of which the late baron was exceedingly choice in his selections in Normandy. The feast went merrily on; the noble host was congratulated and toasted by the whole company, and at the conclusion, the entire party went about to engage in different kinds of sports. Some of the youths engaged in smart competition in flinging the quoit, and, at the conclusion, they proceeded to the fields to fly their hawks at the plentiful game and herons thereabouts. It was a gay sight to watch the amazing interest taken by the different partizans on behalf of any favourite hawk; and even Eleanor herself, as she gaily cantered over the meads, seemed elated at the sports. Arthur joined readily in the amusements, but was unusually dull of spirit.

The exercise gave the party good appetites, and soon after noon they returned to the hall, where a more profuse banquet than the first awaited them. In the afternoon the party went to the river, wherein the baron's men threw their nets and, aided by some of the visitors, drew out such shoals of delicious silvery dace, bronzed tench, and huge pike, that the company were amazed. On reaching the hall again, the table was spread, and the fish were served up cooked in a variety of ingenious ways. After this the company pledged the noble host in the parting cup, and made preparations for leaving. Certainly great exertions had been made by Radwell to afford amusement and delight to his visitors, and most scrupulous was he in his attentions to Eleanor and the Lady Waul the whole day. Indeed he was scarcely from their side a moment, and the poor maiden was compelled to be courteous and dissemble to him whom she had begun to conceive an extraordinary dislike to.

Just before sunset, the baron and his friends prepared to leave, the young knights pleading that early on the morrow they must be on their way to Ashby. Farewells were given, and the party bent their way to Waul Castle, and soon after their arrival, they separated for the night. Before parting, Eleanor and Arthur found means of conversing together, in one of the recesses of the hall; and here, giving way to her forebodings, she conjured him to have a cautious eye on all around him in the course of his journey. Arthur endeavoured to comfort her, and they again exchanged vows of constancy. With tearful eyes, and a heart full of emotion, on parting, Eleanor gave him an amulet of jasper, to protect him from harm, to encourage him, and also to assure him of her sincerity each time he looked upon its inscription—"FIDELITY." They parted and Arthur lingered in the hall till it was almost empty. When all was still, he went into the garden to his favourite nook. With a sorrowful heart he tuned his lute to a melancholy lay, and after he had struck a few chords, Eleanor looked from her window, and waved her hand in acknowledgment of the song, as they were too far off each other to hold converse. Each had a foreboding that this was the last time they would meet, and each seemed unwilling to shorten the interview; at length the maiden waved a farewell, and closed the casement. Arthur was just retiring, when he was surprised by a rough grasp on the shoulder; turning round, he saw young Radwell, who, in an under tone, told him he had private business for his ear, and requested his presence in the alcove at the end of the garden. Without replying, but still fearing some foul play, Arthur followed him to the spot named, where the shrubs were so thickly entwined that the moon's rays could hardly penetrate. Arthur then demanded the object of this extraordinary visit of

Radwell, who had been left at his own hall so short a time. The young baron replied, with eyes flashing fire, that he had learned Arthur had dared to think of obtaining Eleanor's hand; he demanded to know, from his own mouth, whether it were so.

"And if it be so," said Arthur, "why am I so rudely questioned at this untimely hour?"

"Villain!" exclaimed the baron, "swear to renounce your claim, this moment, to the hand of Eleanor; or, by the mother that bore you, I'll make you repent that you ever played the wanton with your gingling gittern to lure a bird to your toils that was never meant for aught save your superior."

Arthur saw in a moment that he was entrapped, but he was determined to lose no advantage which his adversary's want of temper might give him in the event of their coming to a combat. He therefore calmly refused to acknowledge the right of Radwell either to question him on the subject, or arrogate to himself the right to demand the hand of Eleanor where her affections could not follow. A signal was instantly given by the baron, and three men, rushing from the grove, prepared to seize Arthur; he however drew his sword, and made a thrust at Radwell, which had well nigh sent him out of the world; but the sword was quickly knocked out of his hand by one of the ruffians, whilst another fellow, with some heavy weapon, felled him to the ground, where he left him stunned and bleeding. The baron, however, in a few minutes gave his followers directions to seize the lifeless body, and convey it away, lest any suspicion should be raised at the castle. They laid the bleeding youth across a horse, before one of the men; and they then all made a hasty passage across the river, and rode to Radwell's castle, where they deposited their victim in the hall.

*Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.*

[To be continued.]

## THE CHILD TEACHING HER INFANT SISTER TO PRAY.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

The morning sun  
Gleam'd through the lattice, and its first young beams  
Shone on a sight as fair as it had left  
Behind in Paradise—a gentle child  
Lifting a kneeling infant's cherub hands  
In adoration! Pure herself she seemed  
As the calm angel shapes that meekly bend  
O'er sculptur'd tombs in dim cathedral aisles.  
Serene in youthful beauty—loosely flow'd  
Her snowy robes, and the soft tresses, ting'd  
With flitting gold gleams, as the sun-ray shone  
Around her like a halo—and at times,  
O'er her fair neck and delicate shoulder, play'd  
A quivering shadow from the trembling leaves  
Of the green ivy round the lattice twin'd;  
Even as she pray'd, on her transparent cheek,  
The rose-hues deepen'd, and her soft, sweet eyes,  
Brighten'd with holy joy to hear the sounds  
Of the imperfect tones of infancy  
Lisping its first-breathed prayer! How lovely seem'd  
The kneeling innocent o'er which she bent,  
Clasping its little hands, and bowing down  
Its infant head with simple reverence!  
And blest was she who gazed upon that sight,  
The happy mother of the kneeling twain,  
That in her fair child's heart so early shone  
The light of Faith—the bright religious zeal,  
Whose trust is love that cannot know decay!

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## THE POET'S DEATHBED.

BY HEATHER.

His wanderings o'er, his visions ebbing fast,  
And he himself as nothing.

CHILDE HAROLD.

It was a small apartment, but having the appearance of comfort, and ornamented with taste. Its arrangement, in furniture and decorations, suggested the cast of mind and favourite pursuits of its tenant. The most prominent, and to him the most valuable, object in it, was a tall, old-fashioned library, of dark wood, quaintly carved, and its face portioned into numerous little divisions, each containing a likeness of one of those great spirits,

"Whose fate and fame shall be  
An echo and a light unto eternity."

Its contents, seen through the chink, confirmed what the outline of the apartment had indicated. Possession of the works of almost all his nation's greatest poets had been, by degrees, now nearly attained by the subject of our sketch; and oh! with many a glorious thought

("For books we know  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good,  
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness may grow.")

had he, for hours and hours together, gloated over their number, amassed by his own efforts, a means to raise "the ennobling stir" ever at the command of his inclination. Likenesses of Keats, "the inheritor of unfulfilled renown," and the musical Shelley, hung upon the wall, and busts of a glorious trio—the blind old bard,

"Who heard the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*  
Rise to the swelling of the tuneful sea,"

and of Shakspeare and Milton, proudly rose above the rude bordering of the ancient bookcase. Books lay here and there in confusion; and one solitary flower, a dwarf-leaved myrtle, in a corner, offered to the eye a strange contrast with all around it, in its deep and glossy greenness.

Upon a bed, so placed as to have the library at command, and all the ornaments in view, lay a young person, apparently but little beyond boyhood. He was tall, as the long spare figure, traced by the raised coverlet, intimated. His countenance was like snow in colour, and seemingly as frail in reality. Upon the pale cheek, in the ominously-confined spot of seemingly glowing healthfulness, the lamp of death burned brightly and unceasingly; and, with a most painful contrast to the surrounding decay, dark glittering eyes shone forth with a lustre and activity worthy of health in its most happy hour. Surrounded and hemmed in by weakness, disease, and approaching dissolution, it seemed as if the departing soul had, ere leaving its clay dwelling, crowded itself, with all its feelings, into the chamber of vision, and from it, like a revolving beacon of various hues, ambition, (the destroyer,) disappointment, and regret, gleamed forth alternately in fitful flashes. Unto himself alone was this state of health to be traced. It was study—unceasing, untiring study, urged on by a restless and ever increasing love of fame, which had destroyed the bloom of natural health, and lit death's watch-fire upon that cheek—which had sharpened the feature, and narrowed and made livid the lip—which had,

"In that eye which once so mildly beamed,  
Kindled unnatural fires,"

and had wasted and withered the frame, and laid that young aspirer unto fame upon his deathbed! His had been a bold and a careless career, and now it was soon to close—its object unattained. He thought not on health, or on the loss of health, but brotherhood with the great—destination and triumph during his own life—honour and fame during the life of the world!

There was a calm, a deep unbroken calm. The mother, to whom hope had shaped him, until now, into a support which could not be broken, sat gazing earnestly upon his face. It was one of those intervals of silence, which were forced by efforts disproportioned to his strength, for it appeared as if there was a determination within, since the great

end of his labours was not reached, to have linked with his memory, in the hearts of those who loved him, an eloquence on the subject of his lofty projects and his lost hopes. The eye, which had been ranging restlessly around the chamber, was suddenly and fixedly arrested, and returned to the pale form which hung in anxiety upon its fitful wanderings. Her crushed spirit had been silently yielding up its tribute of submission to the now manifest design of her Maker; and a full tear, which had just burst, and was bearing away its burden of sorrow, while trickling over the wan visage, had in an instant stayed the glance, and quelled the risen passions of the young enthusiast. Like the drop of oil upon the troubled pool, so wrought that tear upon the swollen heart; and where lately leapt up the wild antic waves of dilated passion and overstrained and distorted fancies, now the stream of natural affection, of untainted and genuine feeling, flowed along calmly and peacefully.

He raised himself on his arm, and stretching himself forward, clasped the offered hand with an earnestness which words cannot express. What was the most favourite creation of his young fancy—what the most ennobling vision which had ever been enjoyed in his most rapturous trance, to that frail form, to that mother, whom he then pressed so earnestly, so convulsively, to his cold, wasted, and weak bosom? We may, for a time, leave the accustomed path, and beneath the guidance of a wayward and a blinded love of greatness, become unfamiliar with what was once our most intimate and peculiar care and joy—but at such a time, giving way to the impulse of natural feeling, we shall return, and, admitting the uncertainty of our late giddy and fantastic pursuits, acknowledge, in sincerity, the unparalleled enjoyment arising from natural affection. The poet drew his thin figure up, and bending forward, still twining her hands with his long, slender, transparent fingers, and fixing an indescribable look of love and sorrow upon his parent's pale countenance, thus poured forth, in a voice most musical, the subdued feelings of a noble heart,—“Mother! this has been a dark world to thee—a world which has shewn itself unworthy of purity in virtue, of intensity in love, of perfection in benevolence and charity, and of truth and strength in religion and in faith—unworthy of these, for ungrateful, unkind, and harsh, to thee, the possessor and practiser of all! Were there not creatures enough who revelled in sin, on whom to place the troubles, the afflictions, and the misery, which have been allotted as the burden of a being so delicate and so unsupported as thine? But, mother! in all thy strugglings with the troubles and the changes of humanity, around thee there was—oh, how evidently!—the strength of Deity within to support and sustain thee! How awful does such might appear upon so frail a pedestal!” There was a pause, while, with upward gaze, the poet appeared to scan, in fancy, some great colossal figure. “Almost all the scenes and sorrows incident to our feeble race,” continued he, “have now passed beneath thy delicate and refined observation. The babe who, but hours before, was prattling with the innocent glee of infancy, and bearing away with its merry movements, and its half-uttered delight, the bands of care which bound the hearts around it, hast thou seen, in an hour, frozen, with all its little beauties, into a cold, unmeaning, and crumbling clod—thou hast seen youth, when it had become a joy and a support to thee, blotted from existence in the hour of its highest hopes—and thou hast seen manhood, strong, buoyant, unfearing manhood, while heated amid his greatest expectations, stretched, as by lightning, a motionless mass. It is not long since around thee were merry faces and happy hearts, supports and comforts—where are they now? They passed from us one by one—fleeted away like shadows. Mother! we were companions in these scenes of sorrow—we were the mourners—we were the sufferers—we were the survivors; and I was the comforter, the promiser, and should have wrapt myself up in thy happiness alone, nor chosen the foolish course which now is ending thus.” He paused. “Foolish course!” The weak form became, as it were, strengthened, the eye became more intense in its piercing, the soul had again fallen back into the rough channel which for so long it had flowed in, and with a proud look, and a voice which defied the weakness, he almost shouted aloud, “It was no foolish course! Thyself, my love of thee, my delight in thee, and my great hopes, tell me, even yet, that it was no foolish course! I had a glorious hope—to place around that pale brow a lustrous coronet, more fair than that on wealthy beauty's brow, which should defy the dimming rust of ages—to have brought thee into greatness—to have placed thee high among thy kind—to have had thee writ in the annals of thy country, as the mother of one who had helped to hold it pre-eminent as the birth-place of the great.” Again the voice which had gradually ascended became mild, and the



flushed cheek resumed its paleness. "Had I listened to the warnings, the oft-repeated warnings, which mingled ever with thy sweet 'good nights,' when, to your rest, (I fear it was not rest,) you left me o'er my lamp, I would not thus perhaps be *dying* now. At this time, in this strange silence, your monitory words rise distinct and bold upon my memory; but then, amid the thunders of ambition, they were as the cry of humanity within the war of elements. But yet, oh! wert thou not proud, my mother, that thy son was not the slave of the low wishes which the world now entertains. I could not think to

"Live in narrow ways, with little men,  
A common sight to every common eye;"

and yet, so I am to leave the world! Mother! forgive me, if I have at any time forgotten thee—forget me, if I have at any time wronged thee; for oh! though my greatest wish was ever, life in memories, still would I be forgotten, as the worm men tread upon, had I, with knowledge, trodden on the worm."

The chamber door was slowly and silently opened, and one who had been the dearest, and latterly the only companion amidst his fellows, entered with a countenance reflecting the anxiety and the grief which held sway in his bosom. He was a few years older than his dying friend; tall, and of a frame displaying unbroken health and strength. Having proceeded to the bedside, with a brother's love he clasped the chill form to his broad breast, and for some minutes the friends lay locked in one embrace. From early school-days these two had been as one; and when the task was over, and was heard,

"The shout that rent the noontide air,  
When the slow dial gave a pause to care,"

and a host of merry voices, from the green meadow, proclaimed that sport was in its happiest mood, with truant step might these two friends be seen wandering in the by-ways, conning the classic page, or reading the works of those who possessed "the noble nature." And yet what a mystery is about us in this life? With the one, in the ruddy cheek, and the strong sinewy frame of health, was the probability held out of a long and a pain-free life; while with the other, in the dim-coloured countenance and the emaciated body, was stamped the blasting certainty of approaching death. They had the same delights, the same hopes; but while in the one, ambition burned steadily—in the other, like a meteor, it flashed incessant fires.

"This is kind—oh, this is kind, William," said the invalid. "I shall soon, (I *now* feel) leave you alone, with all the many thoughts *we* gave to life together. *You* will be great, William! I have ever thought so—ever said so; but it will not be that we shall stand together above the multitude. Yet when thou art high in the society we loved to hope we should enjoy together, inspiring those thoughts in human bosoms which we hoped to have done together, when gaining and in possession of the reward which we expected to win and enjoy together—then, oh! then think of me, as by thy side, as I would have been, had a life time been allowed me."

Oh! the glowing language in which the poet traced the years of friendship they had spent together—the melancholy strain in which he ran over the catalogue of his high hopes, and the energy, the frantic energy, with which he implored his friend to be the friend of those he left behind him, are beyond description. Exhausted by the violence of his gesture and speech, and by the increasing burden of his thoughts, he sank into a gentle slumber in the arms of him who loved him as a brother; the friend, with gushing eyes and a throbbing heart, gently disengaged himself and retired to seek composure.

He was still sleeping, when again the door was gently opened, and a beauteous form

"Came gliding in with lovely gleam,  
Came gliding in serene and slow,  
Soft and silent as a dream."

It was a young creature—and oh! how fair!—worthy of a poet's love—the deep, enthusiastic, unlimited, but refined and honourable, passion of the inspired heart. To him who now lay dying, amidst things earthly,

"She was the life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all."

She was young, very young; and yet years had seen those two youthful beings living in a holy and mutual confidence.

"She was like him,  
But softened all and tempered into beauty;  
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings."

and, in the face of a meddling and misjudging public, which ever "to the marriage of true minds seeks out impediments," had she held herself aloof from almost all other society, and shared, with a boundless sympathy, the solitude, the hopes, and now the confinement and the sorrows, of him whom her young heart had singled out, and whom she regarded as one whose name, hereafter, his country would pronounce with reverent pride. It was a pleasing and a rare sight to behold one so very young, leaving the enjoyments of a happy home, and shunning those scenes of joy, where,

"From bower to bower,  
Sisters went bounding like young orlades free,"

and attending with such a mature and woman-like care and kindness, upon the prisoner of that lonely chamber. Since weakness had forbidden him the enjoyment of the country walk, and the enlivening, clear summer air, each day had that young being, with an eager step, sought his favourite path, and, with a memory burdened with past joys, and a heart heavy with present sorrows, gathered, as she went along, from every flower and herb which he had looked upon with admiring eye, and lauded and sung with poetic and admiring phrase, a bright bouquet, to place beside his silent couch, and

"From his chamber take the gloom,  
With a light and flush of bloom;"

and which, with its varieties of glorious hues and soothing fragrance, might lift, in fancy, that wasting form, and place it amidst the favourite scenes which the weak limb denied its visiting.

She embraced the mother with a daughter's look, and hurriedly passed on; and, as if all-confident in her unflinching watchfulness, and with a kindly motive to indulge in everything which might give pleasure to her dying son, the matron left the apartment. Bending over him, like a stricken flower, the maiden continued gazing earnestly upon the pale lineaments of him she loved. She seemed to be afraid, lest in that slumber he might leave the world in which they had enjoyed so many happy hours, and indulged in so many pleasant hopes together, without their once more mingling thoughts of purity together, more dear to her than "treasures from a royal hand." Oh! what a scene was then there for the limner forth of lovely forms! She was a tall, slender girl. Upon her brow, like the drifted snow in whiteness, natural nobility sat brightlier than a gemmed diadem: and, parting, simply on it, ringlets poured their velvet richness about a person where every human grace showed its perfection. Her eyes were large, blue, and with long, dark, silky lashes. Look to the boasts of Grecian art, in forms of female beauty, for features possessed of such a glorious symmetry, and thou hast, in imagination, but a shadow of a resplendent reality. Not a word escaped her lips, not a motion lived throughout her whole frame; but from her eye, like a clear star in the blue, winter heaven, the spirit of mingled anxiety, sorrow, and love, poured itself forth in a full stream. It was the watch of a guardian spirit open to the human eye—heaven's duty commenced on earth—the future angel entered on its tasks of beauty even before casting aside the mantle of mortality; and oh! what a rapture is the possession of the pious heart, to know that "viewless love floats round it constantly"—that such a glorious form, with care of such intensity, hangs ever sentinel upon the thought, thrills with a holy and exulting joy, throughout the shining frame, at every movement of the soul toward the peace and happiness of heaven, and weeps and laments each backward stumble, proclaiming at the throne of light, its every glory swelling with religious gladness the triumphant history of a holy day, or, sorrowing features muffled in its wings, in shame for faults committed by its charge, slowly reporting, with faltering tone, advantages gained unto the enemy.

The poet's slumbers were comparatively, at this time, sound, and apparently healthy, and a strange, pleasing look of tranquillity had spread itself upon his countenance; but the permanently weak frame requires but a short season of rest, and soon the breathing became less heavy, and gradually lighter, till, without any other change in outward movement, opening his large eyes slowly, his gaze became riveted on the fairness which hung above. So anxiously, so gently, was removed the poppy wreath—so lightly had it hung upon the poet's brow, that then when it was gone, it was all but not the same to him. Reality to him was still a dream, and, while immovably he held his vision on the beauty over him, he again spoke aloud, but in a noble tone, unlike o his frail frame, as the sweet sound is to the reed it lives with,—“So soon with us!

I float upon an atmosphere of blessings, which every instant grows more pure and *bright*! My sister now in all, come live with me! Ere I gained freedom from yon star *of sin* did I not say to thee that I should watch thy departure, and be guide to thee unto *thy* God—and now, oh! with what pride I bear thee upward! Come, dwell with me, *and* now be taught to smile at all the hopes, and all the fears, and all the pleasures, *all the* sufferings, the sorrows and the joys, which on the earth we were so much the slaves *of*. My love of fame! My sister, send thine eye, like an arrow of the armed cherubim, unto yon world, which, in the blue expanse but seems to be to sight better to *shew* their broad vacuity what *nothing* is, and less than it to these that roll around with *such* a majesty, to God himself—seems fame now unto heaven! Oh! though all men on earth—on all the earths—had raised at once their voices, and upon mine ear showered down the praises I desired, it would have been but as the falling of a pendent drop unto the thunder of an angry sea, compared to that acclaim, to that infinity of welcoming, which the bright millions of my fellow saints bestowed on my ascension, and which now, in silent gladness, they prepare for thee! Up! up! my sister soul—heaven grows impatient for our entry there—thou hast past the sorrows which can never return, and art entering on the joys which never end. Oh! with what rapture hath begun eternity which cannot change—how precious the first errand I have borne—how glorious the first service I have done, in being chosen to guide thee to God, in bearing so much purity to heaven? Oh! what a peaceful quiet strews this airy path! It is paved with unseen downy wings of happy spirits—a ladder formed of souls, in links of love, to make more sweet to thee the passage into glory—we swim upward in the eddy of a Father God's affection."

The imaged peace was wrought into such truth, that in the calm feeling induced by it, the dreamer again glided into repose, and it was long ere he awoke. When he did so, the vision had departed, and with a wildered eye he gazed around him, and breathing in a low tone of astonishment—"Not heaven!" remained entranced and motionless for some time, with a sad and mournful look of disappointment, until recalled by a kind motion of his careful watcher; burying his head in her bosom, he burst into tears and wept. "I had thought," murmured he, "that thou wert safe—but it has been a dream. Oh! what a lofty flight my fancy soared! I was in heaven—and if to earthly fancy it appeared what never can be described, what must the actual heaven in glory be? And joys were there, most wonderful, which here we but have seen, what unto those above were as the putrid frame unto the living spirit. Flowers were there, brought into life by breath of God himself, at whose bright hues the very seraphim winked in amaze, whose forms seemed trembling with a soul of beauty, and in whose fragrance was the heart lulled into calm adoring!—and music there, stealing unseen around, in whose triumphant swell and falling cadence, in gleam that stretched throughout infinity, the heavenly multitude, in sympathy, now rose abrupt with spreading wings on high, now quivering slowly sank. And oh! a thought I ever held with thee did yonder seem the very truth we wished it; and those on earth we knew, and loved, and wept, and shared in sorrow with, did gather there, and live in sweet relation. Oh! that I ne'er had left such glorious dream! I am again within the world of doubts, when late I thought that doubt was what I soon should lose remembrance of."

In language made eloquent by sincerity of feeling and form, eloquent with energy, did his fair attendant soothe him with kindness, and a prediction of future happiness to all, and confirming her words by an act, holy in everything, with those who live in virtue, pressed her lips warmly to those of her heart's own.

With an eager motion he brought from beneath his pillow what bore the last thoughts, the reigning thoughts of a dying son, traced in the feeble writing of a grieving, but proud, mother; and with the words, "the last step in a pleasant path—would it were worthier of its theme!" he raised himself upward, and proceeded in a voice which half told the value of many thoughts which words but poorly expressed, to read aloud the following address:—

God! whose existence birth had never,  
Nor change!  
And without either, flowing ever  
In mystery strange,  
Like some vast, boundless river,  
Balking, at outset, each endeavour  
Of mortals' mind to range  
In search of limit, source,  
Outlet, or course!

Thou! who before that loom dost ever stand,  
Which fills infinity,  
And with all-powerful hand,  
All-seeing eye,  
Weavest the subtle web which spreads o'er all,  
And which men call eternity,  
Listen to one to whom Thy thought did give  
The power to live!  
Almighty Architect!  
Of what eyes cannot trace,  
Who high didst raise the structure space,  
And deck'd  
The broad expanse with heaven, Thy home on high,  
The sky.

The cloud, the sun, moon, earth, and star,  
All forms that are;—  
Who shaped and placed the ocean in its bounds,  
And gave to being sounds—  
Who of the dust, in image like to Thee,  
Didst form Humanity,  
And into it, with breath create, didst roll  
The undying soul,—  
Thou who didst draw, 'twixt good and ill, the line,  
And of the body didst design  
Pain, death, decay,

And change again to clay,—  
Listen to one to whom Thy voice hath come  
To change his home,  
And who, with his last energy, would raise  
A hymn of praise!

God of the creature! laud to thee  
For causing him to be!  
From an unthought-of nothing making him  
Even an atom of a scheme,  
Of end so glorious, wisdom so supreme;  
Giving to him on earth a form so fair,  
So suited there

For pleasures, many, various, and rare;—  
The sinewy limb, which ever still

Followed the will,—  
The ear, within whose magic chambers hung  
Sounds of melodious tongue,  
Offspring of art, or Nature's voice, of all  
Most musical,—

The eye, through whose bright portal, passing in,  
Beauty and grace, proceeded on to win  
(Like two knights errant vowed to part  
The charms of spell-bound damosel,) the heart,—  
And that kind sense, the fragrance gatherer,  
Arriving ever with sweet load to stir  
The pensive soul into a happy mood  
Of joy and gratitude!

Father of kindness! laud to thee  
For watching o'er his infancy,—  
Shielding, with unseen arm, a form,  
A reed, (amid earth's dangers,) in the storm,—  
Making the earth fairer, and the heavens more bright,  
For little eyes that joy'd but in their sight,—  
Making men kind, and thought of care unknown,  
At season, when, had cruelty been shewn,  
And thought oppressed, existence would have flown.

Omniscient Father! unto thee be praise  
For guarding him in *all* his after days!  
In granting him a heart embued  
With strong desire to follow good,  
And mind which took delight to trace  
Thy power, Thy wisdom, and Thy grace,  
In every circumstance and place,—  
That chose a lonely path to tread,  
A part from worldly noise and thought,  
And woo the charms with which thou'st made  
The earth so richly fraught,

But of thanksgiving would he lift  
A louder strain, for that great gift,  
By which, as in a brilliant dream,  
All things did seem.  
In beauty, grace, and look of pride,  
So magnified,

As to appear  
 To brighter sphere  
 Than earth to be allied,—  
 By which the spirit of the beautiful  
 Like music stole,  
 And into silent joy did sink  
 The soul,—  
 By which, into the ear,  
 Sounds did appear,  
 Not from earth's creatures, or earth's art, to be,  
 But as if borne  
 By some rude wind, and borne  
 Hither, a fragment of heaven's minstrelsy;  
 By which he could, at movement of the will,  
 Gather and fill  
 His thought, with homes, and deeds, and forms of love,  
 And from the world of pain,  
 And care, and stain,  
 Waft himself into purity above.  
 To those, oh Father! whom he leaves behind,  
 Make the world kind,—  
 Let not their burdens be too great to bear;  
 And when from earth and sorrows they are free,  
 Let them be taken back again to thee!  
 God! hear his prayer!

Gradually had he become more excited, and lifting himself higher as he advanced, till, at the conclusion, the upper part of his figure rested, raised on a thin, pale arm, but which seemed then endowed with a supernatural strength; as in the last effort of the expiring gladiator, throwing his whole remaining power into one supporting limb, he raises the body which deceived to shew the spirit still unconquered. In such an attitude, his head thrown forward, and seeming, by his whole appearance, as if he offered to a seen God, the written memorial of his gratitude, did the poet remain for a few minutes, till, with the words—"Accepted—I come!" he fell from his position. The frenzy left his eye, and the flush his cheek; the power so suddenly summoned, as suddenly departed, and with an almost inaudible voice, he breathed a wish that all should come to him—a wish soon gratified. They stood around for a long time, while he gazed with affection's utmost expression on each of their countenances successively, till vision was dimmed by tears.

"Mother, come near me," said he, soon, while he motioned for her approach. "My dear mother—my kind mother—God bless you!" he paused. "I am dying fast," resumed he in a very low voice, and with the look of one intent on a doubtful sound; "I feel life ebbing—I shall soon leave you now; but in my heart I do believe it will not be for ever. We shall meet soon, mother! your face is very wan," and he surveyed her haggard features with a sorrowful look; "your form is bent—your hair is grey—your heart is—" he would have added "broken," but utterance was denied him. "But yet, it is painful, most painful, to leave you. Mother, my last request, and his voice became firmer, "let not men hold opinions that are strange of me; tell them what I was—tell them how I lived, in good intention to all—tell them how I died, in the faith of my fathers and reason. Let them not think that I was a child of effeminacy and idleness; let them ask themselves what labour is so heavy, and how heavy must the labour be, which destroys health and steals existence, and tell them my labour led to death. Let them not think my object silly, my pleasures selfish—tell them my aim was glorious, and meant to be to them more than to myself. And now, my mother, what shall I render thee for thy unfailing kindness in thy office of a parent—for the pains thou hast undergone—for the anxiety thou hast been subjected to—for the watches thou hast kept, and for the troubles and cares thou hast borne for me during all the moments of my life, and now more than all, when I have been a burden, and thou wert aged and weak? I have *only* thanks, but they are true and unbounded thanks. Oh! that you could now see my thoughts! Mother, farewell! Kiss me, farewell! Oh! that I were again in my cradle, watched by thee! Farewell—farewell! farewell!" Reader, they were the last two, and words are not to describe the parting embrace of such a once large and happy family.

"Come here, Mary, thou of whom it will be said,—'she gave her heart to one who died in youth.' Let me press thy pale brow. Fresh fresh, on my memory are the days when, ere I knew thee, I walked in loneliness and discontent, even amid my favourite pleasures;—

"When, with my years, my soul began to pant,  
With feeling of strange tumult and soft pain,  
And the whole heart exhaled into one want,  
But undefined and wandering, till the day  
I found the thing I sought, and that was *thee*!"

And, oh! bright is the remembrance of the day when first we met. Our love was sincere in its beginning, is sincere till our separation; rich happiness was in it;—and so, though the many fair projects I did frame, the many virtuous pleasures I did dream of, the many happy years which we did hope for, are now lying crumbled here—I am satisfied! Again enter the world, Mary—enjoy its pleasures, its innocent pleasures! Cast not affection from thee. But oh, Mary! do not forget him, (but do not remember him to pain thee,) who would have sought thy bosom as an asylum from the world—who would have honourably maintained thee—who would ever rightly have valued thee, changelessly loved thee, and ceaselessly blessed and prayed for thee, had not He, whose home is love, taken him from the world. I do remember how, in hours of love, when aught like a foreboding crossed my mind, I sung to thee in words of one we loved, how, after death, I should be near thee, still near thee, over thy pathway gliding; and now, when levity hath left my heart, and I am within the shadow of death's dark portal, do I repeat to thee—that if above such power to will is given, ever near thee shall I be in sorrow, or in joy—in solitude, or the throng. Bring me the myrtle. Look at it—the leaves are fresh, and bursting with its health. When thou gavest it to me, what were my words? My care shall nurse it till my love grows cold. The emblem I did choose outlives myself; again receive it, for my frame, though not my love, grows cold, and tend it carefully. It was a holy type in that faith of love,

"Which yet my bosom with life can fill,  
Unquenched, undimmed by death."

Farewell, Mary! Be kind to her I leave so unable to war with the rude elements of this world's life—be a daughter to her for the sake of him who loved thee. Farewell! William! by our friendship, which began with childhood, had no alteration, and is with us here, watch over these two feeble and delicate creatures—be their protector, their guardian, their adviser, their kind friend. In my last hour I entreat this;—it is my last, and greatest wish on earth. Farewell!" He again set his glance on them, and was silent.

\* \* \* \* \*

The poet raised himself forward, and with a glad, contented, and mildly proud expression, said calmly,—“My deathbed is a sweet one. Affection, love, and friendship, are my guards! There is no pain in my body—there is reason in my brain—reverence, hope, and faith, in my heart, and heaven in my fancy!”

Last words!

“The broken lily lies, the storm is overpast.”

*Highland Mary Lodge, Greenock.*

### THE SIBYL'S PROPHECY.

SWEET Prophetess! at thy fair hands  
Submissive I receive  
The fate thy mimic spell commands,  
And female hearts believe.

Though dark and drear are written here,  
The dreams of future woe,  
Think'st thou that death would be severe,  
If angels struck the blow?

Long in my soul this magic scroll  
Shall thoughts of thee renew,  
While years, as they events unroll,  
Young Sibyl, prove them true.

*Seacombe, Cheshire.*

JOHN BALL.

## CHURCHYARDS.

BY GEORGE HURST, P. G.

WHEN a stranger appears in a town, or village, if he have any taste or curiosity, that would induce him to extend his researches beyond the larder of his inn, where is it that he may be expected to carry his observations? Unquestionably to that venerable edifice, the old parish church.

Notice him as he walks into the old church-yard—his gait and manner instantly change. If he be of a gay and lively disposition, although his progress there had been marked with all kind of vagaries, you observe at once a propriety in his deportment, and a gravity in his manner. The serious man, as he approaches this repository of the human earth of many ages, becomes thoughtful; on his entry, a melancholy spreads over his countenance, and you see at once he is reflecting upon death and mortality. Still further observe the burly, obese, and heavy man, whose loud laugh and vociferous roar make the room shake where he places his portly person; in the churchyard his step becomes light as an infant's—his voice is subdued down to a whisper, as if he feared to disturb the repose of the multitudes mouldering beneath his feet. Your chapel-yards, burying grounds, cemeteries, and new-fashioned places, with equally new-fashioned names, carry with them none of these feelings of deep respect and reverence. What the cause is it may be difficult exactly to say. Perhaps, in spite of the enlightenment of the present day, in spite of the "march of mind," of philosophical pride, and alas! of dark doubts and scepticism, we can scarcely yet scoff at all those things which were venerated by our forefathers.

If we recur to the time ere our feelings were rendered callous by commerce with the world—ere we could boast of that cold and repulsive quality, experience—to the time of our early childhood, at that time we can most of us recollect that we felt a kind of superstitious awe when within the walls of the old village churchyard. This awe was certainly far from universal, for we may remember many a graceless urchin who delighted in playing at hop-step-and-jump over the graves, bounding over the grave-stones, and ever finding amusement in trampling down the mould upon any new tenant of the sacred earth. But *le temps qui tout découvre* has frequently shewn that these wayward dispositions, early displayed, were the indications of future evil; and seldom, where their career has been watched, has there been found an advent of good.

Oft on approaching the sacred precincts, when the dim twilight of the evening has given a shadowy appearance to the various surrounding objects, have we felt a cold shudder, fancying that some grim spectre would arise from behind the time-worn, or half-sunken, tombstone, or the deep buttress that casts a wide and awful shade. More than once do we remember seeing, or believing that we saw, strange forms flitting by, when the night had somewhat advanced, and the moon was partly obscured by a passing cloud; even in our maturer years we must, in some measure, believe this, for churchyards have ever been the resort of ghosts. As for cemeteries, and chapel-yards, what right has a ghost in any of them—unless to complain that its body has not received Christian burial?

There are many slight circumstances from which we may indicate the general character of a person, such as the manner of walking, expression of countenance, tone of the voice, and even the style of putting on the apparel. The taste displayed in the arrangement of his house and grounds, are strong indications; but if I wished to understand the character of a clergyman, I should only require to walk through his churchyard. If it displayed neatness, if the graves were kept in good order, and some attention was paid to the ornamental, as far as the cultivation of suitable shrubs is concerned, I should at once pronounce the clergyman to be a kind-hearted, benevolent man; one who respected the feelings of his parishioners, however humble they might be in station—one who saw, in the "old churchyard," a ground not only consecrated by a religious ceremony, but by the best of human affections. It may seem carrying this matter beyond what is rational in importance; but of one fact I am certain, and to the same fact I invite the attention of others,—it is, that the order in which a churchyard is kept, influences, in some measure, the character of the parishioners. We have all observed the degree of satisfaction evinced by the near relatives and connections of a deceased person, when the grave is neatly mounded, and the green turf grows fresh

upon it; and if there be shrubs near, if they flower freely, and emit a grateful fragrance, the notice of these things softens the mind, gives rise to kindly sentiments, and naturally leads us to reflect upon the frail tenure by which we hold our mortal existence. I am sure this is so with regard to the last resting-place of people who have filled the humbler stations in society; I doubt whether the same can be said of the gorgeous monuments of the great, these rather shew us that pride, even in the grave, attempts to continue its exclusiveness.

It is now some time since, travelling in the south of Wales, I noticed a churchyard that could be only looked at with unmixed satisfaction. The neighbourhood was well wooded with trees of various kind and foliage; and its situation was rather remote from any houses. The taste and feelings of the inhabitants of the village were shewn by the manner in which the graves were laid out. The chief part of them were bordered round, and diversified with flowers; these the friends and relatives of the deceased kept in order. Here you could easily discover, from the neatness of the *parterre*, in what degree the memory of the deceased was cherished.

By the side of one bed of unusual freshness, I noticed a young female bending and carefully examining the flowers, that not a single withered leaf should remain. She was dressed in the simple, but comfortable, linsey-woolsey of her country. When she arose, she displayed a figure rather round and full, but taller, and with nothing of the squareness that usually distinguishes her countrywomen. Her features were well-shaped and regular, and surmounted by a forehead, so full, clear, and intelligent, that Spurzheim would have been enchanted with it. But on this countenance grief had deeply fixed his mark; and it was evident that his ruthless and freezing fingers would soon mar its loveliness. I walked up to her—(I trust the reader will believe me)—not from a prying curiosity to intrude myself into the sacred presence of sorrow, but that I knew sympathy will assuage the violence of mental agony, and to relate the tale of woe to a pitying ear gives a melancholy pleasure to the afflicted. Her eye was intently fixed upon a small bunch of rosemary. I took her gently by the hand, she raised her head, and looked inquiringly upon me; she then threw her regards again upon the grave, and sighed deeply. After a pause of a few minutes, she again raised her eyes towards me; tears were gathering within their jetty fringes, and I could scarcely repress my own. We walked a few paces, and then sat down together upon an old tombstone, where we continued for a few minutes silent; she then uttered a few words in the Welsh language. I had always considered the Welsh as a harsh, guttural, and unmusical language; but there was a sweetness in her tones and manner that stole upon the ear, and made it seem more like the smooth, soft, liquid sound of the Italian. We shortly afterwards commenced a conversation in the English language, in the continuance of which she related to me the whole tale of her sorrows. It may seem strange, that unknown to each other as we were until that moment, an intimacy could have arisen, and transitory as it was, seemed on an equal footing with ancient friendship. This may appear inexplicable to persons of a repulsive, cold, and cautious temperament, who consider the human inhabitants of this magnificent world to have lost every particle of the divine nature which was implanted in the soul of man at his creation—who pass through the world, expecting to meet with nothing amongst their fellow-creatures but fraud, dissimulation, and treachery; but those who understand humanity as it really is, who, although they may know and lament the extent of evil existent in the world, still can appreciate a counterbalancing degree of good—such persons, (and to such alone would I address myself,) can understand, that when the affections sympathize, we require not the slow, formal process of years of intercourse to engender confidence and esteem.

The tale of her sorrows contained but little of the romantic; it was a simple story, such an one, in all its principal circumstances, as we may hear frequently. A mutual attachment had sprung up between herself and a young man, who resided in the same village. He was an only child, and his parents being much wealthier than hers, considered a match between them unsuitable; especially as they had formed for him some brilliant schemes of ambition, which they considered would be effectually marred by an unequal match. To wean him from this attachment, they sent him to a remote part of Yorkshire, to remain with a distant relation, a clergyman, who had recently taken orders. With this gentleman it was intended that he should finish his education; during the progress of which he had evinced considerable capacity. His disposition being meek and dutiful, he submitted, without resistance, to the wishes of his parents;



but it was with the deepest regret and anguish of mind. After his departure it might be said that he never looked up again. A deep melancholy seemed to have entirely prostrated his energies; and after a few months had elapsed, his parents were informed that his native air alone would give him a chance of recovery. His return was resolved upon, and it was soon known, after his arrival, that there was every reason to fear that the restitution of health was beyond human skill. Upon hearing this, she said she determined on attempting to see him, and even to inquire for him at his parents' house, however in their harshness they might repulse her. No sooner was her resolution formed, than she put it into practice. When she reached the house, she knocked at the door, but with a trembling hand. It was quickly opened—for her progress thither had been marked—and it was opened by the parents themselves. For this she was unprepared, and, expecting to meet with nothing but reproaches, she involuntarily shrank back; but instantly she felt herself gently drawn into the house—the old man had taken her hand! He looked at her earnestly—he endeavoured to speak, but could not, his feelings had the mastery over his utterance. The poor old lady wrung her hands and sobbed bitterly.

This would have been too much for her utmost firmness to have supported, but she observed in their countenances no angry, or reproachful, expression, but the appearance only of regret and tenderness. From the anguish of the parents it was obvious that there was too much reality in the dangerous nature of their son's malady. They led her to an apartment where her lover was seated and then left her, evidently avoiding witnessing a scene, which, in the excited state of their own feelings, they could not sustain. The interview was calm and affectionate. The young man's bodily weakness increased, together with a consciousness that his earthly pilgrimage was rapidly drawing to a close; but the calmness of resignation had so completely subdued him, that he no longer exhibited any appearance of violent excitement. He expressed himself grateful to Providence, that the being he most valued, should be restored to him, to comfort him during the short time that remained for him on earth. In this his prayers had been answered; and this blessing, he said, he was convinced was but a type, or forerunner, of happiness, reserved for them in a future state of existence, in which he felt assured they should be united eternally. From this time she was constantly with him, and occupied herself entirely with such attentions as might assuage his malady, or contribute to his satisfaction; the effect of which was an apparent improvement in his health. This relumed the almost extinguished torch of hope in the parents' minds, and induced them to speak, in anxious anticipation, of the day when, on his perfect restoration, they should see her and their son united in marriage. And the old lady would often say, that although she might be disappointed in her ambition of seeing her son a great man, she should have the satisfaction of seeing him, what was infinitely better, a good and a happy one. But these golden expectations were doomed to be disappointed. A few weeks elapsed, and the disease returned with the cough, and all the other characteristics of a decided consumption; and flattering as that disease frequently appears, he never after shewed sufficient amendment to give them the slightest hope or encouragement. He now seemed scarcely to have another wish than that she should be always near him during the short period that remained of his earthly existence. Death had no terrors for him; and instead of repining that he should be cut off in his early youth, he blessed Providence that he should be spared the pains and troubles of a lengthened life. This state of mind was indeed a great consolation to the parents and herself; but how much it enhanced the value of the loss they were about to sustain? He continued quiet and placid, and bore all his sufferings without a murmur. He gradually became weaker, and after the lapse of a few weeks he died without a groan, and she had received his last breath.

On seeing the awful transition from life to death, and then beholding him cold and inanimate, on whom she had placed her entire affections, never again to look upon her—but cold, stark, and motionless, and soon to undergo changes still more horrible, the poor girl felt the full poignancy of grief. She could not have survived this dreadful event, but that after the first paroxysm had passed, she became insensible, and remained so for a considerable period. Since that time she had regularly attended his grave, and should continue to do so, until the same ground became her own final resting-place.

I was greatly interested;—how long we sat and conversed, I know not; but the sun declining below the horizon informed us that it was time to separate. When the

are really concerned, who can measure time by the usual divisions? all is lost, the intensity of the sentiment that fixes the attention. We rose and walked to the gate of the churchyard; I felt a sad reluctance at parting. She looked at me restly and sorrowfully, and I thought within myself, if the memory of her so attachment could but pass away, here might I hope to find comfort and forget-of my own past sorrows. As I passed along the road I repeatedly looked back another and another look at her, till a turning brought the old yew tree in a line between us, and screened her from my sight.

*in Queen Lodge, Bedford.*

[To be continued.]

### THE BEREAVED MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Oh, Willie! take my hand in thine,  
And place thy other on my brow,  
For oh! my heart is aching sair,  
And my poor head is giddy now.  
Tell me of hope and happiness,  
Speak of repose, my only one,  
And strive to make my sorrows less,  
For both our little ones are gone,—  
Gone to the cold grave, dark and drear,  
And left us childless, weeping here!

I marked our first-born on thy knee,  
And knew that he would shortly die,  
And yet my fancy seemed to see  
A ray of hope still lingering nigh;  
But when the latest sigh was past,  
I thought my heart would break in twain,  
And almost wish'd that night my last,  
To ease my bosom's burning pain;  
And oh! my grief grew great and wild,  
While gazing on my lifeless child.

But all the sorrows I had borne,  
Unto my fancy seemed but light,  
To what I suffered on that morn  
When he was carried from my sight;  
And some might think my nature weak,  
And some might say my grief was wild,  
When last I kiss'd the pale, cold cheek,  
And wailed my first-born, first-lost child:  
But there are hearts which may not know  
A childless mother's grief and woe.

Few are the days yet fled by  
Since sorrow seared our hearts with woe,  
And now our other infant joy  
By death's cold hand is levelled low.  
The fainting ray of heartsome glee  
Is shrouded now in deeper gloom,  
And, oh! there seems no rest for me,  
No hope, save that beyond the tomb!  
Oh, Willie! speak to me of peace,  
And bid my bosom's sorrows cease!

Oh, Willie! knew ye what I felt,  
 And how my anguish'd soul was torn,  
 And how my spirit seemed to melt,  
 When from my sight my child was torn?  
 I knew he could not with me stay,  
 For he was cold, and pale, and dead,  
 Yet, when they bore his form away,  
 My latest hold on earth seemed fled;  
 And wild and frantic was my grief,  
 And nought could give my heart relief.

The room was thronged with neighbours kind,  
 And all were clad in sable dress,  
 While many strove to win my mind,  
 From brooding o'er life's loneliness;  
 But comfort shed no winning ray,  
 Nor breathed a single soothing tone,  
 Till all our neighbours went away,  
 And we were left to weep alone:—  
 And then our tears did fastly flow,  
 And each one wept the other's woe.

No tongue can tell how oft at night  
 I waken from a pleasant dream,  
 Wherein my pleasures look as bright  
 As our first sunny joys did seem;  
 And turning round to clasp my child,  
 My poor heart feels its lone distress,  
 And waking sorrow grows more wild,  
 Soon as I feel my loneliness:  
 Yet, God is merciful to me,  
 For Willie—He hath spared me thee!

When I am busy in the room  
 Where oft our little children played,  
 My fancy pierces through the gloom,  
 To seek the scenes which hope portrayed;  
 And sometimes a light-hearted cry  
 Of little-ones, upon the street,  
 Will wake me from my revery;  
 I run my children dear to greet,  
 But ere I reach the chamber door,  
 I weep to think they are no more!

Oh, Willie! take my hand in thine,  
 And place thy other on my brow,  
 For, oh! my heart is aching sair,  
 And my poor head is giddy now.  
 Tell me of hope and happiness,  
 Speak of repose, my only one,  
 Oh, strive to make my sorrows less,  
 For both our little ones are gone,—  
 Gone to the cold grave, dark and drear,  
 And left us, childless, weeping here!

S. SHER

*North Shields.*

## THE SUICIDE.

At one period of life, the very idea of committing self-murder produced a thrill of horror in the suicide's mind, which was almost unendurable. No possible circumstance could be conceived that he might be placed in in this varied scene of existence, that could induce such a paroxysm of mental aberration, as to cause this dread alternative to be resorted to. His subsequent career proved the fallacy of this position. His mind, for a short time, had been the slave of passions so uncongenial to the dignity of man, so directly at variance with the nobler powers with which, as an intelligent being, he must have been endowed, that the results of such a vicious course might have been both anticipated and foreseen by any common observer of human depravity.

His father had bequeathed him a handsome patrimony: but having deemed his paternal authority too austere, his death had not been a source of much regret; indeed, in his anxiety to possess the wealth, he had even forgotten to drop the usual funeral tears, either sincere or affected. Being an only son, his mother had nursed in him a spirit of prodigality, by secretly supplying him with ample means during his father's life-time. He had had duplicity enough to conceal any of these peculiar acts from him, and this was more effectually accomplished by his mother throwing the mantle of her ill-timed affection over his indiscretions. Having been set free from this drag on his pleasures, no settled purpose of action, no object of a useful tendency occupied his mind; in these respects he was almost as erratic as the wandering stars that traverse the boundless tracks of space, as if seeking a fixed locality. The influence of this indecision soon became apparent. Mingling in company with those whose morals were anything but in accordance with the great principles of human rectitude, nay, even courting these, and feeling delight in such associations. However much their sentiments, opinions, and actions, were opposed to the standard of propriety, he never questioned these, but gloried in being identified as fellow-worker with characters who had renounced allegiance to everything save drunkenness and dishonesty. No artifice that their diabolical ingenuity could devise was left to slumber in obscurity—society paid tribute to their unhallowed operations. In such an atmosphere, tainted by all that was detestable in theory, or polluted in practice, did he spend his precious hours. The fundamental basis of the association was gambling;—this was the nucleus, around which had gathered a band of men as desperate in fortune as they were in principle.

He soon became initiated in all the degrading mysteries of the fraternity; and though as yet he had stood aloof from the commission of any gross violations of the moral law, he was negatively contravening these in tacitly sanctioning their perpetration by others. At length the seductive influences overcame the scruples of conscience—"the still small voice" was hushed amid the syren enjoyments—and he stood boldly forth on this arena of infamy, a candidate for those inglorious laurels that the debauchee and the prodigal covet to wear. Often did the jackals of this pandemonium introduce their unsuspecting victim to the circle under the guise of friendship, and as often were they seen writhing in all the agonies of mental woe, when cheated of their last shilling. This misery was their felicity.

He now quaffed the intoxicating beverage till his senses were literally steeped in the depths of insensibility. He had forsaken the maternal roof, that a freer scope to his libertine actions might be indulged in; the admonitions his mother had tendered as correctives, had stung his heart to the quick, and he resolved to drown these compunctions by additional revelry—with impious daring he had breathed defiance to their sacred power, and wished their utter annihilation. The competency he inherited was fast diminishing—squandering in profligacy what had been amassed by frugality. The dice, cards, &c., were now the idols worshipped—apart from these, and he was miserable.

When a glimmering of reason did venture to revisit its former habitation, the truth of the rapid decrease of his means flashed across his mind, leaving, in its speedy transit, remorse; this impression was, however, of so short duration, that it found its quietus in the succeeding game and libation. He now played deeply, frequently, and recklessly. As long as he had only moderately sipped the delirium-exciting liquid, his brother demons paid him some deference, judging, no doubt, that he would not be imposed on with impunity;—it was hollow hypocrisy! This mask was soon removed when they saw a fitting opportunity. A conspiracy was entered into among them to denude him of all he had in the world; and even his life, if that would stand in their way, was to be

forfeited in promoting their nefarious designs! Every day, every hour, these vultures threw their meshes around him more effectually, till they had consummated their scheme of villany.

By some fatality he had eagerly sought this den of infamy; he had courted the company of those who now plotted his destruction. For these he had banished the memory of paternal precepts—for these he had divested himself of character and self-respect—for these he had shunned the weeping entreaties of an aged mother—for these he had resisted the whisperings of conscience—and for these he had been haunted with the spectres of a thousand recollections;—now he was to reap the merited fruit. The confederated gamblers had hocused him on the night that the plot was to be effected; they were successful in the stratagem, for in the reelings of intellect and memory, he staked his all;—every shilling he possessed in the world was cast on the die! He lost—and was lost! He was soon insensible, and ignorant of his real condition; however, having passed a feverish night's sleep, the morning brought a partial consciousness, the truth gradually developed itself, and the bitterness of woe was the consequence.

When he saw, partially, his dismal position, the conflict of his mind was terrible; the stings of remorse harassed his conscience fearfully. The veil that had clouded his mental vision was rent asunder, as if by magic; and though his nobler powers had been victimized by the blasting influence of moral dereliction, still the shrivelled fragments retained enough of vigour and perception, to discover that he lay amid the crumbled ruins of mind, fortune, and reputation.

The past presented a scene of sickening sadness—the present was misery arrayed in its gloomiest garb—and the future was robed in darkness and anguish! In this state of mind he formed the soul-harrowing resolution of ridding himself of a world that had now been stripped of any charm that induced to live, yielding no ray of hope, no streak of joy. The alternatives of living or dying were before him. Living would be a species of martyrdom more terrible than he could endure—dying, though it was hurriedly commingling the past with the stern realities of the future, still seemed preferable. He had reached the extreme verge of human wretchedness, and was now ready to plunge into the gulph which opened its devouring jaws below.

The sullen and acute heavings of the heart wrenched every feeling of sympathy from their source, and he floated an isolated wreck of humanity on the stormy sea of ruin, sinking deeper and deeper in every succeeding wave. He at length procured a deadly poison, retired to solitude, that he might effect the dreadful purpose with more certainty; and having mixed the fatal potion, he paced his desolate apartment for a few moments, bidding farewell to earth and all beneath the sky, and, amid the convulsive chokings of horror, he seized the poisoned chalice, and swallowed the destroying draught to the dregs! He invoked the messenger of death to approach in heart-rending accents, then uttered an awful scream, and awoke,—having been dreaming, during which the suicide had lifted a tumbler that was placed beside his bed, containing water and cream of tartar, and had emptied the contents by drinking them.

JOHN MACDOUGALL, P. PROV. G. M.

*Highland Mary Lodge, Greenock.*

## AN ADDRESS

Delivered at the Athenæum, Birmingham, February 19th, 1844, for the benefit of a widow of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity, by JOHN HUGHES, P. G., of the Loyal Union Lodge, No. 1361, written expressly for the occasion by Mr. THOMAS RAGE, author of "*The Deity*," &c. &c.

MINISTRANT Spirit at the throne of God!  
Sweet Charity! Thou heaven-descended maid,  
Whose smile wakes hope and joyance in the heart  
Of the lorn children of disquietude,  
Thee we invoke! Thy holy influence shed  
On all assembled here; and deign to bless  
What we this night are seeking to obtain.  
To thee we dedicate this sacred cause,  
Sacred, because pronounced so by the word

Of truth, by heaven in mercy sent to man  
 To guide his steps through this dark wilderness,  
 Unto "another and a better world."  
 For there we're taught, in lines of living light,  
 To cheer "the widow and the fatherless  
 In their afflictions."

And 'tis ours to dry  
 The widow's tears, when, brooding o'er the form  
 Once loved, which ruthless death hath snatched away,  
 She droops in sad despondency, and scarce  
 Can be awakened from her moody dream  
 By all the sad realities of life,  
 And the keen pangs of hunger. And 'tis ours  
 To still the orphans' sobs, and over them  
 Spread the protecting wings of brotherhood:  
 A brotherhood that's Odd indeed in name,  
 But whose inherent principles of love  
 Are manifested in such acts as these,—  
 Pouring the oil and balm of consolation  
 Into the wounded heart; cementing firm  
 The social links which death hath snapped asunder;  
 And thus uniting to the Commonwealth  
 Its broken vessels and disjointed members.

These are our deeds,—oh! Charity! for this  
 We ask thy aid. Oh! deign then now to smile  
 On our proceedings; with thy blessing crown  
 Our efforts; and let their results be such  
 As well may make the Widow's heart expand,  
 And turn her desolation into joy:  
 While FAITH to Heaven up-turns the eyes, so long  
 Bent down by sorrow to this lower world:  
 And HOPE smiles glad some through the burning tear:  
 And thus FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY unite,  
 To shed bright sunbeams on the darksome grave.

### WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUNDS:

AN ADDRESS, WITH REFERENCE TO THE WIDOW AND ORPHANS' SCHEME, IN  
 CONNEXION WITH THE EDINBURGH DISTRICT.

BY JOHN COCHRANE, M.D.

In recommending this scheme to notice, it is no part of my present purpose to enter upon a lengthened detail of the numerous and important advantages resulting from mutual benefit societies, or to draw illustrative parallels between the families of our members, and the families of those who make no provision for the evil day—but who live as though they had made a treaty with poverty, disease, and death. The active medical practitioner, of all others, is most familiar with the varied phases of human life, and more particularly with its darker aspects, too frequently the attendants upon ignorance, improvidence, crime, disease, and poverty. He is often called to look upon the last expiring efforts of human nature, in the cheerless abodes of friendless misery. Often has it been my painful experience to witness the mortal remains of a husband and father extended upon the barren floor of a wretched room, destitute alike of furniture and of every comfort, and tenanted by the still more wretched widow and her naked and starving offspring, without bread to eat—much less means to consign the once loved partner of her bosom, and the father of her children, to his last resting-place.

I am not of those who think the finer feelings, and more ennobling traits of human character, are confined to the educated and the upper ranks. I believe that benevolence is often blunted, and humanity steeled and sophisticated by education and wealth, and

that the greatest displays of disinterested kindness and exercises of hospitality and affection, are to be met with in those countries and districts where the politer arts and artifices of life are least known, and where time is not reckoned by the continuous struggle of man with man for the means of subsistence. I would not here be understood to despise education, or a virtuous emulation for the creature comforts, and even wealth. On the contrary, I wish to see a healthy and elevated tone of friendly and social feeling, and a strong desire after useful information, pervading all ranks of the social fabric. I wish to see men exalted to their proper sphere, and combining in friendly associations, to enable them to effect, as a body for each other, what they individually could never hope to attain for themselves. How many, even of those who compose our Lodges, if laid upon a bed of sickness and death, would have been unable to procure the necessaries of life for themselves or families, or the medical skill required to alleviate their pain, heal their diseases, or smooth the path leading to the grave, if they had remained unconnected with such institutions. How many would have remained strangers in our city,—knowing few, if any, to case or enquire for them; or to whom they could entrust the secrets of their bosoms, or the care of their helpless offspring. But in our Lodges, under the shelter of the same roof, we meet from time to time; we grow familiar with each other's faces, and the natural dispositions of each other's minds and characters; we cultivate the amenities of social life, and form friendships, inasmuch, that in the hour of adversity, or sickness, we can calculate upon the sympathy and support of those with whom we have commixed, and whom we have selected as being most congenial to us, and most likely to afford the consolation and assistance of which we stand in so much need. There are incalculable advantages of which we, the sterner sex, can avail ourselves; but there are other considerations no less pressing and important, and which are inseparably connected with us, as fathers and husbands, to which I would direct especial attention. It is not the privilege of the gentler sex to meet with us, to prefer their claims, and plead their wishes and wants; yet, on them devolve the care of our families, and the comfort of our homes. They are equal sufferers with us when pressed with the iron gripe of poverty, when exposed to the contumely of the world, and when we are prevented, by sickness or other causes, from procuring the supplies which nature requires, and the shelter and comforts which, under other circumstances, it would have been in our power to command. We may philosophise as we will, but contentment at home is the great desideratum of man's toils, competitions, and anxieties; it is the *plus ultra* of all that this world can afford us, and it ought to be one, if not the greatest, of our endeavours to procure it. Seeing, then, that we depend so much upon woman for sympathy, assistance, and happiness; and seeing that conventional rules have excluded them from having a voice in those deliberations of public meetings and associations, in which they are equally interested with ourselves, it behoves us to legislate for them, to espouse their cause, as being, in fact, our own cause, and wherein we can mitigate their grief, and relieve their wants, it is our bounden duty to do it. This is the point to which I would direct especial attention. Human life is very uncertain. Every day's experience affords melancholy proofs of the instability of earthly enjoyments, and the capriciousness and certainty of death. Our own families, and the circle of our friends and acquaintances, are daily thinning around us. Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of, or see the remains of one with whom we were connected, or of whom we knew something, consigned to the narrow house appointed for all living. We see this, and we hear of it so frequently, that we cease to be impressed with the solemn warning it affords; and see and hear of it as if it did not concern ourselves. Too seldom, alas! when we pass a funeral on its way to the graveyard, do we allow our imaginations to wander to the deserted home that corpse had once tenanted; it is but little to us that a bereaved, and perhaps a friendless, widow, and her starving progeny, are now its sole inhabitants, not knowing whither to turn them for bread to eat, or a kind counsellor to solace them, or direct their steps. Who can lay his hand on his breast, and say, of a truth, I will meet you all here again on another occasion, I am certain of life for a month, a week, or a day, or even an hour. God only knows if ever we shall all meet together again; one or other of us may, and in all human probability will, be removed to another and an eternal state; and who of us can tell who that one may be. Of one thing we are sure; however protracted that day may be, it will come—the last lingering ray of life must depart—and friends, or strangers, must convey us to the pit; the

crumbling mould will rattle upon our coffins, and the earth and green sod will screen us from the world of being.

Like crowded forest trees we stand,  
And some are marked to fall;  
The axe must strike at God's command,  
And soon will strike us all.

This is the common lot, and every human compact implies in its obligations that it must be broken up by death. The monarch must resign his crown, the debauchee the intoxicating draught, and the votary of pleasure, the *ignis fatuus* of his hopes; the bonds of consanguinity and affection are alike despised by the ruthless destroyer, and all must go down to the grave, and be forgotten of their kindred and race. Seeing then, that this change is inevitable, and that child, and parent, and husband, and wife, must be separated; and seeing that our children and wives are precluded from preferring and discussing their rights and claims in our associations and meetings; we should ask ourselves respectively how far we are prepared to meet that awful summons, and how far we have performed our duty to those whom we have implicated in our fate, and who have none other to look to but us. If—which God forbid it be the case—but if one of us should be called hence this very night—one who has a wife and children unprovided for—have you, I would ask, secured friends to whom you can safely consign them; or, have you been provident enough to spare from your earnings, time after time, as much as will secure to them the necessities of life until they have recovered from the shock of your death, and are enabled to bring their little resources into requisition, and supply their own wants? Have you, I would ask, done this? or have you improvidently forgotten your obligations to God, and to your wife and children; and are you prepared to leave them friendless, without bread, or means—outcasts upon society—to beg, to starve, to steal? This is a cause that strikes at the root of things. It is a cause in which we are all deeply concerned, whether we be rich or poor, married or single, childless or parents; for the interests of society are inseparably linked together in one common chain, and an injury done to any one link, affects the integrity of the whole. Of what avail is it to the starving widow and her helpless orphans, to tell her that her late husband had brother Odd Fellows; that he was one of the fraternity who unite together for each other's good, and who support their sick, and bury their dead; when she and they have been left uncared for, and his death has dissolved the union between her and her husband's friends. This is as unjust, as it is ungenerous, on our part. The cry of the orphan, and the prayer of the widow, have claims upon us, as christians, as husbands, and as fathers; but how much are those claims strengthened, when we reflect that the widows and orphans, whose cause I plead, are our own; linked with us in the common bond which unites us as men and brethren, and the widows and orphans of those who profess to be friends, and who bind themselves to respect each other's interests, and promote each other's good. Hitherto, the scheme which embraced the widows and orphans of our deceased members, has lacked vitality; it has not received the attention, or support, nor have its claims been advocated, or enforced, with the spirit their importance demanded. I would willingly raise my feeble voice on their behalf, and stimulate one and all of you to activity in re-modelling the widow and orphans' scheme, and in aiding the erection of a fund, to carry it into active operation in such a manner as will merit the approbation of our own consciences, and encourage the wise and considerate to join issue with us in promoting the good of the interesting parties, whose claims it is alike our interest and duty to consider. The highest consolation, the greatest satisfaction that any one can feel on quitting this sublunary scene, this vale of tears, is surely that of having provided for adverse circumstances; and the more so, when he knows that such is intended for his surviving relict, and dear offspring.

Lawmarket, Edinburgh.



## THE POOR MAN'S CHILD TO HER FATHER.

BY ISABELLA CAULTON.

(Author of "*The Domestic Hearth, and other Poems.*")

"Love had he seen in huts."  
WORDSWORTH!

To thee, my father, should belong  
A daughter's votive lay,  
Could I but gather flowers of song,  
And wreath a garland gay;  
But tho' within my heart lies deep,  
Love without blot or stain,  
No lyre of muse is mine to sweep  
With a rich, or lofty strain.

Yet, fain would I now sing to thee  
Of the time long, fled by,  
When on my steps of infancy  
Glanced tenderly thine eye;  
Of hours when, with thy voice so mild,  
Thou gav'st at coming night,  
An evening blessing to thy child,  
A kiss, and kind "good night."

Those days *are* passed, for now afar  
That child is toiling lone,  
And many a grief has come to mar  
The little youth had won;  
But, oh! how oft could I have made  
Petition but to be  
Again the happy girl who played  
Beside thy parent knee.

Alas! it is a sad, sad world,  
Where poverty must creep  
Her way, 'mid tauntings on her hurl'd,  
And only rest, to weep;  
Where partings such as tear the heart  
And rend its bonds in twain,  
Sever the links all wide apart  
Of love's enduring chain.

And this, my sire, our lot hath been,  
Struggles all vainly tried,  
Joy's visionings but dimly seen,  
And hopes that soon have died;  
And on thy brow, and on thine eye  
Hath grief her signet set,  
The wrinkles on thy cheek that lie,  
With sorrow oft been wet.

Yet, hath not poverty the power  
All comforting to hide,  
For I do mind me of the hour  
When my poor mother died;  
And memory yet can breathe the words,  
From her pale lips that came,  
"The God who my poor prayers has heard,  
Will list to yours the same."

Oh! father! though we meet not here,  
 In this frail world of woe,  
 Yet mercy points a happier sphere,  
 Where dwells nor pain, nor sickly fear,  
 As linger here below;  
 And He, my father, He who lives  
 In majesty above,  
 Will guide us there, for strength He gives  
 To those who humbly love.

Father! my words are well-nigh done,  
 My song is near its close,  
 My wild buds wither one by one,  
 Their leaves all feebly close;  
 I do not trace these lines to thee  
 To bid thee not forget,  
 For well I know in memory,  
 My name will linger yet.

But, father, when the evening breeze  
 Comes with its balmy spell,  
 When sunset streams upon the trees  
 The light thou lov'st so well;  
 When thy knee bends to words of prayer  
 With those who still dwell near thee there  
 In love, pure, undefiled,—  
 Then, father, let one holy line  
 Be breathed before the throne divine  
 For her, thine absent child.

### MEMORY AND REVERY.

(By the Author of "*The Bridal of Newarth*," &c.)

MORTAL! thou hast known me long,  
 By my voice, and by my song  
 Of the days when hope was young;  
 Many a charm for thee I've wrought,  
 Which again sweet visions brought—  
 Dreams of childhood's pleasures fled,  
 Glances from the loved and dead;  
 Many a July holiday,  
 Many a festive Christmas lay,  
 With its merry cakes and wine,  
 Berries red, and presents fine;  
 Many a joyous household scene,—  
 Alas! that such should e'er have been,  
 To be, alas! no more,—  
 Save when my charm removes the screen,  
 In a soft and tender light  
 Of sorrow, mingled with delight,  
 Revealing joys I cannot all restore.  
 Mortal! I will deign to tell  
 Whence I cull my magic spell,—  
 From the merry sounding bell,  
 From the hues of dying day,  
 Poet's song, or roundelay;  
 Plume of hearse, or tuft of yew,  
 Scented flowers, and herbage new,—

Childhood's laugh, or sudden tone  
Of some dear departed one.  
I'll watch thee in the twilight hour,  
By lonely lake, in darksome bower,  
On rocks, in caves, in hoary tower,  
Will still be nigh.

## REVERY.

Memory's form and fancy's hue,  
Imagination's wildness too,  
In my nature mingled are;  
In mine eye a fixed star  
Sheds a soften'd light afar.  
With fancy gay, and memory,  
'Tis my task to follow thee.

## THE ODD FELLOWS' CHRONICLE.

ANNIVERSARIES.—In consequence of the many accounts which we have received of the proceedings at Anniversaries, we have thought it necessary to devote considerably more space to them than in our last. We have no doubt that some of the speeches will be perused with much interest.

WOOTTON BASSETT.—We noticed in our last the conduct of the Rector on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversaries of the "Independent," and "Providential Dolphin" Lodges, at Devizes, and we have pleasure in giving insertion to the following report, abridged from the *Wiltshire Independent*, of Thursday, May 23rd, 1844 :—

The old town of Wootton Bassett was roused from its usual dulness on Wednesday, by the proceedings of the Odd Fellows connected with the Lodge established in that place. The principal street was filled with standings, shows, and other attractions for the holiday folks, of whom a large number had flocked into the town. Many members of the Order from the neighbouring Lodges came in, and having assembled at the Angel Inn, walked in procession to the parish church. The service was read in a most impressive manner by the respected Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Ripley; the Rev. Sir Erasmus Williams delivered a most elaborate discourse, illustrative of the principles of Odd Fellowship, and enforcing every christian duty on his hearers, taking his text from JOHN, chap. 13, v. 34. Service being concluded, the procession paraded the town, headed by Mr. Wastfield's Odd Fellows' band, from Devizes; and at three o'clock the members and friends, to the number of about 160, dined at the Angel Inn; where Host Franklin set before them a splendid repast, consisting of every delicacy in season. The Rev. Sir E. Williams, Bart., presided; James Lovett, Esq., of Cricklade, occupying the Vice chair.

The usual loyal toasts—"The Queen," "Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales," "The Queen Dowager, and the rest of the Royal family,"—having been proposed, and responded to,

The Chairman rose and desired their particular attention to the next toast. As he had mentioned in his sermon, Christianity was not to be found fault with for the misbehaviour of any individual christian; neither were the principles of Odd Fellowship to blame for the misconduct of any single Odd Fellow; and on the same principle, though some of the clergy had shown harsh conduct towards the body of Odd Fellows, they were not justified in throwing the odium of those acts on the clergy in general. He hoped he had said enough that day in allusion to an unpleasant business which had occurred to them, to lead them not to feel harshly towards the individual to which he alluded. Many of their most staunch friends now had formerly been their bitterest opponents; and on the same principle they might possibly another day find that gentleman a strong supporter of the Order. At all events, railing would do them no good; it was not christian, nor in accordance with the principles of Odd Fellowship, to return railing for railing; and he could not but hope that a farther knowledge of the rules of the Order might induce him to see the error of his ways, and to make amends for the unkindness

he had hitherto shown towards them. Circumstances had prevented his bringing another clergyman with him to the meeting; but while they were supported by their respected vicar, and he might add, by himself, also a clergyman, and both of them magistrates for the county, they might safely believe that their principles were not wrong in any sense whatever. He proposed that they should drink the healths of the "Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese, and with them that of the Rev. Mr. Ripley, and many thanks to him for his kindness and attention to us this day."

The Rev. Mr. Ripley begged to thank them cordially for their kindness. With regard to the Bishop and Clergy, he was happy to say that they lived, their head especially, strongly in the esteem of the diocese. The bishop had gained the esteem of all, and the clergy followed his example to the best of their power, and he thought they were not likely to fail with so good a leader. It gave him great satisfaction to be present on this occasion. Immediately he received the request he had most readily agreed to open his church to the society. The principles of Odd Fellowship were not altogether unknown to him, although he was not a member, and he held them in the highest respect. Experienced as he was with regard to the meetings of other clubs, he had never seen any meeting which struck him more than the one he had witnessed on this day. Nothing could be more striking than the procession; but he referred more particularly to the decorum and order which he witnessed in the church. Nothing could have been more pleasing than the attention to the service, and to the excellent sermon which was delivered. He thought their attendance should be considered as a mark of high respect paid to the church; for while it was imperative on the members of other societies to attend church, he understood that it was purely a voluntary act on the part of the Odd Fellows. He would fain hope, and he really believed, that the refusal they had lately met with in another quarter, came from strictly conscientious feeling. He could not suppose otherwise, knowing as he did the high character which those gentlemen bore for assiduity in their ministerial labours. He begged again to thank them for the kind way in which they had received his health; and he assured them that if on any future occasion it should be the wish of the Odd Fellows to attend church, if he were vicar at the time, he should always be most happy to meet their wishes.

The Chairman said the next toast was one which would try their mettle whether they were good Odd Fellows or not—"Odd Fellowship all over the world." It was known to many that a few years ago Odd Fellowship was not known in America, now the members in that vast continent were beyond number, and were spreading throughout the whole land. They were also to be found in France, Spain, Germany, and most other countries. He hoped the time would come when those noble principles would be implanted in the breasts of men in every part of the world; and he did not think he could desire a better boon for the human race, because they were founded on religion, and were in consonance with the spirit and teachings of the great founder of their faith. With the strongest desire that it might be realized, even in their own days, he would propose "Odd Fellowship all over the world."

The Chairman said he would now propose "Success to Odd Fellowship in our own country." The Order of Odd Fellows originated in only one individual, a mason by trade. He went to Manchester, and, with the help of a few other men, formed the present society. They were chiefly unlettered men, but their heads were clear, and their hearts were in the right place. Thus the order of Odd Fellows was established, or rather, revived. Now it was sometimes asked,—Can any good thing come out of Manchester? He would appeal, in reply, to the 300,000 men who formed the society of Odd Fellows, not one of whom could be admitted until two sponsors had borne testimony to the respectability of his character. In no other society would they find such a guarantee for the respectability of its members. He trusted that as Odd Fellows they would maintain the same line of conduct which had influenced the body since its revival at Manchester; for while they carried themselves as became the principles of the Order, they must flourish and increase. He would propose "The Grand Master and Board of Directors of the Order in Manchester."

Mr. Charles Hunt said he felt rather unnerved at his incapability to do justice to the toast he was about to propose. When he mentioned the name of the Rev. Sir Erasmus Williams, and reminded them of the excellent sermon which they had heard from him in the morning, the valuable and important lessons of which he hoped would not be without benefit to all who were present, he had no doubt all would join most cordially

in his proposal, that they should drink the health of their worthy and honourable Chairman, and couple with it a vote of thanks to him for the support and sanction which he was always ready and anxious to give to the Order.

The Chairman, in returning thanks, said he claimed no merit to himself for supporting the society. When the subject was first brought under his notice, he knew nothing about the Order; but he did not therefore shew himself as their enemy—he did not deny them entrance into his church; but he requested that he should be furnished with any documents which would give him an insight into the doctrines of the Order. He read them attentively, and the result was that he considered it his duty to give his support to a society which tended so much to carry out those principles with which he was by his profession connected. He believed that Odd Fellowship was a great and firm pillar in the support of morality; and he could not do otherwise than support a society banded in the same compact with himself for the suppression of vice in every shape. He joined the Order, and he could with truth say, that of no title he possessed was he prouder than that of Odd Fellow. In proposing his health, Mr. Hunt had spoken of his sermon, and moved a vote of thanks to him. A former sermon of his on the same subject had been printed *for the benefit of the Widow and Orphans' Fund*, and he wished to announce that the sermon he had preached that day would be also printed—the profits to go to the same fund; and he would recommend all who wished to be informed on the principles of Odd Fellowship, to buy his sermon, price sixpence. He begged again to thank them for the very kind and flattering manner in which his health had been proposed and received, and to assure them that he was by principle, and not for whim or frolic, an Odd Fellow. From the first he had endeavoured to promote the interests of the Order. He had been on the confines of a controversy with persons high in the land, who had impugned their principles, which had only been prevented by an apology from those persons. As long as he had a pen to wield, or a mind to think, he should always be at his post to defend the principles of Odd Fellowship, let them be attacked from what quarter they might. He said this most fearlessly, because he had not the slightest doubt of coming off a victor, having truth, morality, religion, and everything good on his side.

SELBY.—The following interesting report is abridged from *The Doncaster, Nottingham, and Lincoln Gazette*:—

The anniversary and dinner of the Selby Independent Order of the Loyal Wallace Lodge of Odd Fellows, was appointed to be held on Tuesday, the 25th day of June, 1844. It had been expected for some time previously that the meeting this year would be more than usually attractive, and preparations were accordingly made for an increased number of visitors, and for the proceedings being conducted with the greatest *elation*. The Lodge was established in 1830, and has for the last few years been greatly extended as regards the number of members, and its consequent sphere of usefulness. It numbers now about 300 members. In order to meet the demand for tickets, a demand which was made by great numbers of the gentry in the town and neighbourhood, it was arranged that the dinner should take place in the public room erected a few years since in Park Street; and that invitations should be given to all who chose to attend, especially the clergy and gentry residing in the town and neighbourhood. An application was made to Dr. Hook, the vicar of Leeds, to preach a sermon, and the reverend gentleman at once kindly acceded to the request; and afterwards dined with the brethren. Thomas Clarke, Esq., of Knedlington, a magistrate for the East Riding, and an honorary member of the Lodge, also promised his services on the occasion, and consented to take the office of chairman at the dinner.

The morning of the anniversary was ushered in with clouds, and about ten o'clock it was evident that the remainder of the day would be rainy. At eleven o'clock the members met at the Petre's Arms, and notwithstanding that the rain then began to fall heavily, they walked in procession through the principal streets of the town, headed by the Selby band, the flag of the Order, &c., the members being dressed in their sashes, and accompanied by the usual regalia of the Order.

At one o'clock the members went in procession to church, where the whole of the pews in the middle aisle were devoted for their accommodation. The church was well filled by a numerous congregation. Prayers were read by the Rev. J. L. Walton, the incumbent, assisted by the Rev. S. Smith, curate, the Rev. Dr. Hook, and the Rev.—Oxley, of Leeds. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Hook, vicar of

Leeds, from Acts 26, 28, "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." The sermon, which was listened to with the greatest attention, was a plain and practical discourse, and delivered in the preacher's usual well-known forcible manner. He alluded to the happiness of our being born in this happy land, where religion had been established for ages, and in an age when men's minds were forcibly directed to the blessings and advantages of christianity, and when every one ought to be indeed not almost, but altogether christians; and he concluded an eloquent discourse by exhorting his hearers to become christians, and to love one another.

After the sermon a collection was made in behalf of the Widow and Orphans' Fund in connexion with the society, which amounted to ten guineas.

During the service, Mr. Hirst, of Selby, presided at the organ. The following were the musical performances, all of which were executed in a skilful and creditable manner:—Services, Kent, by Messrs. Cawthra, Clapham, Dealtry, and Jackman, of Leeds; Green's Anthem, solo, "Oh! how amiable," and chorus; 100th Psalm; voluntary by Mr. Hirst; grand chorus, Hallelujah, Handel.

The dinner took place at the Public Room, in Park Street, at three o'clock, at which time upwards of 300 sat down. The room, which is decorated by a handsome portrait of the Hon. Edward Petre, painted by Thomas Burton, Esq., was provided for the occasion with four long tables, and one cross table at the bottom. The chairman's table was devoted exclusively for strangers; of whom the number present exceeded one hundred; and was composed of the principal clergy; gentry, and tradesmen of Selby and the vicinity. This attendance of strangers presented a very striking feature in the day's proceeding, and was a strong and convincing proof, if any were needed, of the respect in which the Lodge of Odd Fellows is held by their more opulent friends and neighbours. This will no doubt stimulate them to further exertions in their charitable work, and cause them more fully to carry out their excellent intentions of affording relief and assistance to the brethren, and of making the "widow's heart to sing for joy."

The chair was taken by Thomas Clarke, Esq., of Knedlington Hall. On the right we noticed the Rev. Dr. Hook, Leeds, C. Paver, Esq., Peckfield; the Rev. — Oxley, Leeds; William Burton, Esq., Turnam Hall; Rev. S. Smith, Selby; William Dobson, Esq.; C. Newstead, Esq.; T. Fisher, Esq.; T. Hawdon, Esq.; Joseph Dobson, Esq.; C. M. Weddell, Esq., West Bank; W. E. Richardson, Esq., Riccall Hall, &c. On the chairman's left, were the Rev. J. L. Walton, vicar of Selby; John Foster, Esq.; Rev. George Brawne, Cawood; Edward Parker, Esq.; Rev. J. Ion, Hemingbrough; M. Pearson, Esq.; Rev. Richard Paver, Brayton; Rev. V. Green, Hambleton; T. M. Weddell, Esq.; W. Dobson, Esq., &c.

The duties of Vice-chairman were ably performed by Mr. Bennett, P. Prov. G. M., who was supported on his right and left by John Fothergill, Esq.; W. Carter, Esq., of Howden, P. Prov. G. M.; Mr. Gallsworthy, P. P. D. G. M. Among the company present were Messrs. Twigg, Burton, Battle, Richardson, Dobson, J. Adams, W. and G. Hawdon, Dearden, Bew, R. Tune, Gutteridge, Hodgson, &c. &c.

The proceedings during the afternoon were enlivened by the performances of a party of glee singers from Leeds, the same as had been engaged at the church.

The dinner was provided by Mr. Armstrong, of the Petre's Arms, and consisted of the usual substantial as well as delicacies.

On the removal of the cloth, *Non nobis domine* was sung by the glee singers, who were stationed in the orchestra.

After several toasts had been given, the Chairman said the next toast was more intimately connected with the present meeting, and he need hardly say one word to induce them to receive it in a most flattering, a most marked, and a most ecstatic manner. It was success to the Independent Odd Fellows. Institutions like this which they were now met to commemorate had existed in all times and in all civilized countries, and had risen from two sources, namely, conviviality, and the interests and weakness of our common nature. This society was for the protection of those who constitute its weaker members. All men had their speculations, their ups and downs in life; some speculations were successful, but some were often the reverse. But this was an order arising from our kindly feelings one to another—the dearest, the worthiest, and the best feelings implanted in the bosom of man. Let them study to cultivate and cherish such a feeling; for he was sorry to say that he must accord with the poet, who said

Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
 Inwoven with our frame!  
 More pointed still we make ourselves,  
 Regret, remorse, and shame!  
 And man, whose heav'n-erected face  
 The smiles of love adorn,  
 Man's inhumanity to man  
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

He would now propose as the toast—"The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and may it blossom as the rose, and spread its branches throughout the world."

Mr. Bennett, the Vice-chairman, on rising to respond to the toast, was received with hearty cheers. He well recollected that when he joined the society, it was looked upon with a very jealous eye. They had now outlived that time, if he might judge from the countenance which was given to their society. It was known at first that it was a society of working men, who combined together for a certain purpose, that purpose not being known. But the object then was the same as now—to form a fund for the purpose of relieving one another in sickness and distress. They knew no party—they were connected with no denomination whatever—they interfered with neither religion nor politics—their principles were founded upon that part of Christianity which taught mankind to assist each other, and to love their neighbours as themselves. The society had now become so far extended as to have 250,000 members. The number of Lodges was 3,700, and the number of Districts 320. They had extended the society not only in England, but in Wales. They had opened Lodges in Scotland, in Gibraltar, in Australia, in France, in America; all being under the same bond of union, and all in direct communication with the Board of Directors in Manchester, and under the same rules as the society he was addressing. With such objects in view as were possessed by the society, he could heartily respond to the toast, and say, might it blossom as the rose, and spread its branches throughout the world.

The Chairman said the next toast was one which he felt some difficulty in proposing, and especially because the revered and respected individual was now on his right hand. The health he had to propose was that of Dr. Hook, whose sphere of utility was hardly confined to his own place. Many were aware of some late proceedings in parliament in connexion with the reverend Gentleman, who was about to give up, gratuitously, a vast amount of patronage in Leeds, and full half of his income. He was about to be instrumental in rearing up for that vast population a number of churches, which must be productive of incalculable good to the present and future generations. Much more could he say, if the object of his remarks were not in their immediate presence; and he would conclude by hoping they would drink his health with that kindness which was due to him. He would say no more on the subject, but apply to the reverend Gentleman the words of the poet,—

"This churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
 His dews fall everywhere."

He begged to propose, as the next toast,—"The Rev. Dr. Hook."

Dr. Hook, on rising, was received with loud cheering. He said,—Mr. Chairman and brethren, I should be well content, if I could apply to myself a tithe of the praise which the Chairman has bestowed upon me. My humble desire is, what ought to be the desire of every one, humbly to do my duty in that station of life in which God has placed me. I am always happy to have an opportunity of meeting the brethren of this Order; and I think that festivals such as the present are not without their use. The great object of our Order (said the reverend Gentleman,) is to promote the happiness, the welfare, and the independence of the working classes—to assist them in distress—and, when they are called hence, to allow them to think that their widows and orphans will not be forgotten. But on such occasions as this, we have another object in view. After worshipping our common Father in His sanctuary, we come here to meet together as friends and brethren; and the great object, on such occasions, is to bring all classes of the community together; for until there is a cordial and good understanding between all classes of society in this country, we can hardly hope or expect that it will keep up that proud position which it has so long maintained in the world. But besides these, we have each of us individual objects in belonging to this Order. Some of our brethren belong to it in order to obtain help and assistance in time of need. It has pleased God to place

me in those circumstances of life in which I do not expect to be called upon to draw upon the funds of the Order; but my great object in joining this Order, is for the opportunity which it affords me of meeting on friendly, on equal, and on social terms, with the working classes of my own neighbourhood. The object of bringing all classes of society together is worthy of support, and I therefore cordially wish prosperity to our Order all over the world; and

May christian virtue here prevail,  
And love and concord never fail.

A variety of other excellent speeches were made, and the proceedings of the day were such as to give all who partook in them, the highest degree of satisfaction and delight.

POTTON.—The following curtailed report is from the *Hertford Mercury*:—

The anniversary of the Widows' Refuge Lodge, at Potton, was celebrated on Monday, June 17th, 1844, with great splendour. About noon a large procession was formed of the members of the Lodge, and several visiting brothers, who, headed by an excellent band, and the various banners of the Order, wound their way through the main street to the church. The venerable vicar of Potton, the Rev. Richard Whittingham, although now in his 86th year, cheerfully complied with the request that he would officiate on the occasion, and delivered an excellent sermon from the 146th Psalm, v. 9: "The Lord careth for the strangers; he defendeth the fatherless and widows." A collection was made at the church doors on behalf of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, and the procession then returned through the various streets to the Lodge-house.

At three o'clock about 200 persons dined in the spacious new barn belonging to Mr. Braybrooke. The barn was handsomely fitted up and decorated with evergreens, oak branches and flowers, and the banners of the Order. The chair was taken by John Cressy Lloyd, Esq., and the Vice-chair by Mr. Braybrooke. Dinner was provided in excellent style by Host Keeling. After the cloth was removed, the usual loyal toasts were given, and warmly received.

The Chairman then gave the health of the venerable and much-respected Vicar, and in giving this toast, he could not help expressing his great reverence for that gentleman, and thanks for the excellent sermon, and also for joining this festive board. The toast received the full honors of the Order, and warm cheering.

The Rev. R. Whittingham, in acknowledging the toast, said,—The company had performed a double kindness to him—they had not only drank his health, but had actually assisted it; they had removed some of the rust from his lungs by making him their advocate that day. He congratulated the brethren on belonging to this excellent Order of union and peace, for it was perfectly lamentable to see how mankind were set against each other—to see with what bitter animosity different sections regarded each other. It was the grand design of religion to unite men of all shades, and to bring them into one family; there was, therefore, a double credit due to this Order, for it effected this desirable object, and alleviated distress at the same time. Should he hate a brother because his face was not like his own—because his mind was not cast in the same mould? No! mankind could not all think alike on all matters, and therefore some great means should be adopted of bringing them together upon some point, where they could agree, and go hand in hand. He admired their principle of admitting all creeds and all sections, for the ignorance which had existed as to the qualities of each, arose mainly from the want of intercourse with each other. He remembered that when our army besieged Salamanca, the collegians had an idea that all Protestants were cloven-footed devils; but on meeting them, to their great surprise, they found their feet made like their own—in fact, that they were men like themselves, with only a few points of difference of creed. So with all classes—when brought into contact, they learn that they can no longer reasonably be at such variance. "You Odd Fellows," said the reverend speaker, "are all enemies!—of what? Bigotry!" Thirty years ago, when I preached to the Missionary Delegates, composed of about 300 ministers from all parts, a gentleman said, "bigotry is dead and buried;" but I regret to say, that a ghost of bigotry exists in Wales, and it has also been flitting about in this parish, but your Order has to-day put it to the blush. I repeat my congratulations to you upon your principles, and wish you long life and happiness.

The Chairman then gave the toast of Dr. Whittingham and the Clergy.

Dr. Whittingham warmly acknowledged the toast. It gave him much pleasure to meet a body of men actuated by such excellent principles; he met this division of the



Order with as much delight as he had on a former occasion met the Odd Fellows of the vale of White Horse, near his own parish. From the great concord that pervaded this Order, he felt convinced that it was impossible to attend the meetings without a full conviction of the good arising from it to society at large. The principles of it were contained in their watchwords, "Friendship, Love, and Truth." One of the G. Ms. of the Order, Mr. Skelding, of Oxford, in speaking of the advantage of the Order, in his Preface to the Widow and Orphans' Fund Rules, said that he believed a vast deal of prejudice had been removed by circulating statements and documents as to the real principles of the Order. A good deal of controversy had been excited by the title of the Order—it was, indeed, somewhat a curious name, "Odd Fellow," but to him it was not so much repugnant as it was to some persons, for, in his opinion, it conveyed an excellent lesson. He would explain. When he first went to his present residence in the vale, he set a man to fix his barometer, but he made a mistake about it; the nail in the wall had too large a head, and the hole was too small. "Oh," said he, "I'll do it, it wants *oddsing* a bit." The people there say matters want *oddsing* when they go the wrong way. When bigotry exists, he (Dr. W.) would say, "join this Order, you will all be reconciled—I would have you odds all these matters. When any differences occur amongst the people, it is the duty of some one to step in, bring them together and odds their differences, and make them regard each other as brethren. What! had so many centuries passed, and even yet men refused dealings with some of their fellows? This, surely, was a relic of the old prejudice entertained by the Jews towards the Samaritans; but how did the Samaritans in return? Why, that which disarms all bad men—a return of good for evil. The evil influence, however, he lamented to say, still existed in many places, particularly in sects of religion; they would not meet each other—they ought to odds all these matters. He read something the other day which struck a deep chord in his breast. Baron Rothschild had given a large sum for the erection of a Jewish synagogue; but he reconsidered the matter, and with a liberality worthy of all praise, he altered his intention, doubled the amount, and directed it to be given to the destitute of *all* denominations. Such was the principle that influenced the Order of Odd Fellows; and he was of opinion that it would stand the strongest test. Again returning thanks, he wished them all prosperity, peace, and happiness, and sat down amid loud and continued cheering.

The Chairman gave—"Prosperity to the Order of Odd Fellows," and called upon Mr. J. Wyatt, the D. G. M. of the District, to respond.

Mr. Wyatt did not expect to have been called upon to acknowledge the principal toast of the day; but he nevertheless felt some degree of pride that the Odd Fellows in his District had promoted him to that position in the Order which enabled him to take so prominent a part. He could say with great sincerity, that one of the best things he ever did was to join that Order, which had been the means of bringing together in harmony, men of all grades, and men of the most opposite and conflicting opinions. Immediately after his initiation he took a great interest in the Order, and by a continuation of courtesy and warm feeling he had been carried by the unanimous votes of the members through every office, with one exception, and that one he now stood in nomination for. This general feeling in his favour he could hardly account for, except that it was, because he had such uniform zeal for the advancement of the Order in all its ramifications. At the last District Committee he had been elected to represent the members at the Annual Parliament, and being anxious to give a good account of his stewardship, he paid great attention to the proceedings. This was not the place for him to detail the whole of them, but he would just give them a few statistics to satisfy them that the Order was in fine working condition, and that the excellent men forming the executive government had held the reins of power with ability, integrity, and untiring zeal; that their exertions had reaped prosperity for the Order, and honour for themselves. The Order of Odd Fellows possessed the finest lasting qualities; it numbered some of the brightest ornaments of the pulpit, the bar, and the medical profession, and 250,000 of the most orderly men of the middle and working classes, and it had a safe annual income of £270,000. Of this sum they annually expended about £230,000 in relieving the sick and destitute, the widow and fatherless. Besides the ample investments possessed by the various Districts and their Lodges, the executive had now invested, to meet contingencies, £4207. 11s. 7d. The company would therefore see that it was no vacillating and unsafe society, that it was not likely to stand still; for during the past

year there had been an increase of 318 Lodges, and 15,500 members. Odd Fellowship had now placed its unsullied and bloodless standard in almost every section of the United Kingdom, in America, France, Gibraltar, and Barbadoes; its influence was extended for the civilization of the tattooed natives of New Zealand, and for recalling back to the fold the miserable outcasts of New South Wales; Germany, too, had come forth from her metaphysics, mystery, and romance, and had begged for a Dispensation, that she might cast in her share towards this social and intellectual movement. Mr. Wyatt then gave some lengthy details on the working of the Order, and of the proceedings at the annual parliament at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and announced that the A. M. C. for next year would be held at Glasgow.

**GREAT BERKHAMPTSTEAD.**—The following is extracted from the *County Herald*:—

On Wednesday, the 19th of June, 1844, the second anniversary of the Castle Lodge was celebrated at the Castle Inn, Berkhamptstead.

This quiet and retired town was, at an early hour, all bustle; the flag floated from the tower of the ancient church, and in the immediate vicinity of the Lodge-house several stalls were erected; in fact, the travellers by the railway described it as a fair day.

At half-past nine about 160 brothers left the Lodge, in procession, (headed by the fine band of the Second Life Guards,) including the Grand Master of the District, the Officers of the Castle, and neighbouring Lodges, in full costume; and on having paraded the town, they entered the church, and occupied the centre of the sacred edifice. In the galleries we observed the principal inhabitants, and several elegantly-dressed ladies.

An excellent sermon was preached by the curate, the Rev. L. S. Wilson, B. A., from the Gospel of St. Matthew, chap. vi., verses 19 and 20: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." The Rev. Gentleman, in the course of his address, alluded to the excellent foundation on which the Odd Fellows' Society was founded. At the close of the sermon, a collection of £9. 6s. 6d. was made, which will be equally divided between the Superannuated Fund, (of the Lodge,) and the West Herts Infirmary.

On the brothers leaving the church, they proceeded to the Rev. C. Lacey's, and to Sir John Seymour's, Bart., and then returned to the Castle.

Adjoining the tavern was a splendid marquee, upwards of seventy feet in length, which was decorated in a very handsome manner with evergreens, the ancient arms of Berkhamptstead, and the devices, "Adelaide our Patron,"—"Friendship, Love, and Truth."

The arrangements of the stewards were excellent; seats were set apart for the ladies behind the chairman.

Shortly after three o'clock, the Hon. Granville Dudley Ryder, M. P., entered the marquee, followed by several gentlemen, the band playing "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England," and was conducted to his seat by the committee, secretary, &c.

On the right of the Hon. Chairman, we noticed the Rev. J. T. Croft, (Rector of Berkhamptstead,) F. Moore, Esq., the Rev. C. Lacey, the Rev. S. L. Wilson; and on the left Sir John Seymour, Bart., the Rev. E. J. Randolph, the Rev. E. Wilcox, Wm. Claridge, Esq., H. Lane, Sen., Esq., &c. The Vice-Chair was occupied by P. G. M. Lancaster, supported by P. D. G. M. Bateman. Brother J. M. Mills acted as Toast Master.

Grace having been said by the Rev. J. Croft, upwards of 200 sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by the host, brother Parsons, and complete justice having been done to it, grace was again said by the Rector.

The Chairman, after the loyal toasts had been disposed of, said, he had much pleasure in proposing "the healths of the Grand Master and Board of Directors." Since the revival of the Manchester Order some few years since, hundreds and thousands of his fellow-subjects had been relieved, and that, at a time too, when it was so much required. They were loyal to the Queen, and assisted each other in the severest hours of sickness and death; and, above all, carried out the Divine precepts of the King of Kings. The Lodges were not only spreading rapidly throughout the kingdom, but had even extended to the Colonies. This toast was given with the honours of the Order.

P. G. M. Lancaster, in returning thanks, said, the various Lodges owed much to the Board of Directors, who sat gratuitously for twelve months, and to whose great exertions might be attributed the proud station in which the Odd Fellows of their Order were now placed. It was a great satisfaction to the members to know that each Lodge had its own government, and the disposal of its own funds; still, if any dispute should arise, there was an appeal not only to the Board of Directors, but to the Grand Master; and it was most gratifying to state, that in no one instance had their decision given dissatisfaction. He did not wish to boast, but he confidently hoped that, ere long, their society would become one of the first in the country. He had the honour of being present at the last anniversary of the Castle Lodge; at that time they talked of success, but he little thought their numbers would be augmented by 15,000. Without wishing to speak for one moment against the many excellent Institutions which this country could so proudly boast of, he would defy competition with their own. He had seen the various stages of Odd Fellowship. He had, in his official capacity, waited on a sick brother, and relieved him; his last hours had been rendered tranquil, and every consolation in the power of man had been offered to his widow and children. He was happy to see the chair occupied by a gentleman of such acknowledged worth and high standing in society. He was glad to find that the prejudice which existed against their Order was rolling away. In conclusion, he should like to say a few words to the brothers of the Castle Lodge, as to the very prosperous state of their Lodge. If anything was wanted to shew that the manner in which they had conducted themselves had given satisfaction, the attendance of their noble Chairman, their esteemed Rector, the Clergymen, and several Magistrates, was a sufficient answer. He begged of his brethren to avoid intemperance. The excellent sermon they had that day heard had been highly spoken of, and many of his friends had said more on that head than he should like to repeat. He sincerely thanked the ladies for their kind patronage and attendance on that day, and, in conclusion, he begged leave to propose "the health of Mr. Wilson, and many thanks for his services that day."

The Rev. Gentleman, in returning thanks, said, his humble exertions should be always at their service; but he hoped next year they would ask their worthy Rector to preach for them.

The Chairman next gave "the health of the Grand Master and Officers of the North London District," which was given with the honours of the Order.

D. P. G. M. Bateman, in returning thanks, said, he felt highly flattered, and he was certain his colleagues would also, for the handsome manner in which their healths had been proposed and received. They had seventy-three Lodges, containing 4000 members, to attend to, and it was pleasing to hear that their conduct had given satisfaction, and he trusted that, on leaving office, they should stand as high in their estimation as they did at the present moment.

The Rev. C. Lacey here rose, and said, he was requested by the honourable Chairman to propose a toast, namely, "the Loyal Castle Lodge of Odd Fellows." He had known the neighbourhood of Berkhamstead for twenty-five years, and the many acts of kindness which he had received during that long period would never be forgotten. He felt greatly gratified in being present that day. The Grand Master had so fully entered into the merits of their Order, that it was unnecessary for him to repeat them. He, however, must say he felt satisfied with the principles; and it would not be out of place to mention that, in ancient times, it was the custom to look at home, and not assist others; that part was reserved for them, and it was a heart-warming scene to find all ranks meeting together for that grandest of all objects, namely, assisting together in one common object—charity. These were the principles which had brought the Lodge to its present position, and he sincerely hoped that they would increase annually.

Brother Secretary Thomas, in returning thanks, said, he wished the task had fallen into more able hands; he was but a poor speaker, but he was happy to say that the major part of his speech was cut and dried in the shape of the list of subscriptions. Proud, indeed, should he be to announce them; in fact, that day was one of the brightest which had ever shone on the Castle Lodge. The result of that day would give them fresh vigour to go on with the good work which they had commenced. It was a fact worth knowing, that out of several thousand persons in Leeds who recently applied for relief, not one single Odd Fellow was amongst the number. He would say, in conclusion,

that if Odd Fellowship was more fully carried out, both the gaols and workhouses would become thinner.

Mr. Thomas then read a short report, from which it appeared that, during the past year, the following sums were paid by the Lodge:—

	£.	s.	d.
Widows and Orphans .....	46	14	7
Surgeon .....	28	9	4½
Sick Gift .....	37	0	0
Funeral and Donations .....	15	5	0
District .....	14	1	0½

Mr. Thomas then read the following list of donations, which were loudly cheered:—

	£.	s.	d.
The Hon. G. D. Ryder, (Chairman) .....	10	0	0
Sir John Seymour, Bart. ....	5	0	0
Sir Anthony Paston Cooper, Bart. ....	5	0	0
Rev. J. Croft, Rector, (for the Widow and Orphans Fund) ..	2	2	9
Rector S. L. Wilson, the Curate .....	1	1	0
The Misses Wilson .....	1	1	0
Rev. E. J. Randolph .....	1	1	0
Rev. C. Lacey .....	1	0	0
Rev. E. J. Wilcocks .....	0	10	0
R. Sutton, Esq. ....	3	3	0
F. J. Moore, Esq. ....	3	2	0
W. Claridge, Esq. ....	1	0	0

Sir John Seymour here rose and said, he had a toast to propose, which he was sure would be most cordially received, particularly by the Odd Fellows. Need he mention the name of their Hon. and excellent Chairman? Anything he could say in his praise would be superfluous; but one thing he would venture to declare, that a better chairman could not have been found, and that a better man, or kinder father, did not exist.

The Chairman, in returning thanks, said, he felt extremely obliged to them for the kind manner in which they had responded to the toast. His duties precluded him from being an active member in promoting the interests and objects of the society by personal exertions, but such as they were he had great pleasure in according them, as he could not help feeling that it was the duty of those whom a kind Providence had amply provided for, to assist those who had to labour for their daily bread. He had great pleasure in presiding over them on the present occasion, and he trusted the Lodge would continue to prosper.

Brother Mills proposed "the health of the Rector, the Rev. J. Croft," to whom they were indebted for the use of the church. He was too well known and respected by the parishioners of Berkhamstead, and the neighbourhood, to render any comment necessary on his part.

The Rev. Gentleman, in expressing his acknowledgments, said he had a peculiar pleasure in being present that day, to assist in commemorating their second anniversary. He had learnt enough, during the past year, of their Institution, to hold it in his highest esteem. It assisted the distressed, in addition to soothing the bed of sickness; it was, in fact, an illustration of the Divine precept, "to love our neighbour as ourself." He was sure the Lodge might depend upon all the assistance which the parochial clergy could give it. It should have his warmest support, and he would promise that of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who spared neither care nor pains for the eternal welfare of those committed to his care. In conclusion, he begged to assure them that he should pray for the complete success of the society of Odd Fellows.

Many other toasts were proposed, which we have not space to particularize.

Lowick.—The following is extracted from a very lengthy report given in the *Berwick and Kelso Warder*:—

On Monday, July 8th, 1844, the inhabitants of Lowick and its vicinity, found the festivities incident to their annual feast, enlivened by a public procession and dinner of the brethren of the St. Thomas Lodge of Odd Fellows. So early as nine o'clock, a.m., the brethren of the St. Thomas Lodge assembled in their Lodge-room, and proceeded with the initiation of new members. Members of the various Lodges in the District continued also to arrive, from Berwick, Belford, Alnwick, &c. &c., to the number of nearly one hundred in all, up to eleven o'clock, the hour of divine service in the church. The brass band from Alnwick, conducted by Mr. Finlay, was in attendance, and as the church bell began to ring, the procession, marshalled under the direction of P. G. James

Smith, of Belford, proceeded through a densely packed lane of gaily-dressed spectators of both sexes, and all classes, to the parish church, which was immediately filled to overflowing, to hear a sermon from the Rev. W. S. Gilly, D. D., Canon of Durham, and Vicar of Norham, for behoof of the Widow and Orphan's Fund of the Order. The Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, Incumbent of Lowick, went through the church services in an impressive manner, in the course of which several highly appropriate psalms were sung in great vocal force. There must have been 500 present.

The Rev. Dr. Gilly preached a discourse which rivetted the attention of all present, and became the theme of universal admiration expressed out of doors.

At half-past two o'clock the brethren and their friends, to the number of 200, sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Host Wm. Sanderson, of Lowick, in a spacious pavilion, erected for the occasion, and festooned with flowers and evergreens. George Darling, Esq., of Hetton House, occupied the chair, supported right and left by the Rev. Dr. Gilly, Dr. Alexander, R. Smeddle, Esq., Governor of Bamburgh Castle, Mr. Scott, of Beal, Mr. Pinkerton, of Ancroft, &c. &c. In the unavoidable absence of William Lowrey, Esq., Barmoor, Mr. W. W. Fyfe, of the *Berwick and Kelso Warter*, officiated as Vice Chairman, supported by J. Sibbif, Esq., of Ancroft Greens, Mr. John Lowrey, Dr. Taylor, Mr. Andrew Robson, of the *Berwick Advertiser*, Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Phillips, of Lowick, &c. &c. The Alnwick band added eclat to the toasts by performing appropriate airs during the evening.

Mr. John Moore, of Berwick, being called on, said, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Mr. Chairman, is a vast body of men, amounting to near 300,000, united together for mutual benefit, to assist each other in cases of sickness and distress. The Order is divided into upwards of 320 Districts, and subdivided into more than 3500 Lodges. It is governed by a code of laws called the General Laws. The Districts and Lodges have each separate bye-laws, which bye-laws must be in strict conformity with the general laws, otherwise they would be null and void. Lodges having the privilege of framing their own bye-laws, are enabled to fix their own amount of weekly contributions. Owing to the wide extent of the Order, it would be impossible to have a uniform rate of weekly contributions, inasmuch as the members of a Lodge in an agricultural district, could not be expected to be able to pay the same amount of contribution as the members of Lodges in large towns, where the wages of the working classes are much higher than in the rural districts of the country. Thus, some Lodges have a contribution of fourpence per week, some fourpence-halfpenny, some fivepence, and others again are as high as sixpence. Lodges, also, fix their own amount of sick money—some giving twelve shillings per week; some ten shillings; others ten shillings per week the first year of sickness, eight shillings the next, and seven shillings per week so long as the sick member is unable to work. Other Lodges, again, give ten shillings the first year, seven shillings and sixpence the second year, and five shillings the next, and so long as the party is unable to follow his employment. But Lodges must be, and are, guided by the different circumstances under which they may be placed. For instance, some Lodges have a considerable number of subscribing members of the middle and upper classes, who will never require the assistance of their Lodge; consequently such Lodges can pay a high amount of sick money, and retain it at that amount. But again, there are other Lodges composed exclusively of the working classes, each of whom would be liable to claim the sick gift. A Lodge so circumstanced could not pay and continue a high amount of sick relief. Is it not strange, Mr. Chairman, that a society offering such advantages should not be more generally appreciated. There are great numbers of the working classes who stand aloof not only from the society, but from all of a similar nature. And what think you is the paltry—the absurd excuse which some of these men make for not becoming members? Why, that it will not stand! That it will not stand for ever, I suppose, they mean. Who ever heard of a human institution standing for ever? What! will the mighty empire of England—the acknowledged mistress of the world—stand for ever? No! That banner which now floats triumphantly in every known region of the world—

"The flag that's braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze,"

will one day be levelled with the dust, and trampled beneath the foot of some more powerful foe! How then can an Order, like the Odd Fellows, stand for ever, when mighty empires crumble into dust,

"And leave not a rack behind!"

But, Mr. Chairman, if there be an institution within the whole pale of civilized society, calculated to stand for many—many years to come, it surely is that of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. If there be one society with prospects brighter than another at the present day, it is that of the Odd Fellows. Let those who object to it on this ground, argue the case thus,—I have a wife and a numerous family, but I have no income except that which is produced by the labour of my hands and the sweat of my brow. When these fail me my income ceases, and I am at once brought to want. If I were stretched on a bed of sickness, my wife and family would be reduced to a state of pauperism. O, bitter thought! And can I not avoid this? Here is an Odd Fellows' Lodge, which offers ten shillings per week sick relief, ten pounds funeral money, and if I should be in the Widow and Orphans' Fund, my widow would receive thirteen shillings per quarter for herself, and thirteen for every child under fourteen years of age. I will become an Odd Fellow at once. But then it will not stand. Not stand! Why, it will surely stand as long as I stand. A society so rich, so strong, supported by so many great and good men cannot momentarily sink into ruin. It will stand long enough to benefit me and mine, and let future generations look for a better society if they can get it. If the objectors would argue the case in this manner, nine-tenths of them would be satisfied. By your leave, Mr. Chairman, I will now read an extract from the April number of the *Odd Fellows' Magazine*, and then contrast it with another class of objectors, who urge that the working man should invest his money in the Savings Bank, as being safer than in an Odd Fellows' Lodge, and where no one will be benefited by it but himself:—

Died Nov. 4, 1844, brother Holland Holland, of the Cochrane Lodge, Bury District. Of this deceased brother, the following particulars will not be read by the members of the Order without feeling a deep sympathy for the sufferer, whilst they will afford thoughts of pride and thankfulness—of pride that he and they were Odd Fellows—of thankfulness, that they were the means of taking away the bitterest pangs from his long and unutterable afflictions—of giving comparative peace and plenty where there must have been strongly felt the miseries of poverty—and of making a home, wherein otherwise must have been found the worst of wretchedness, by their good deeds, the abode of gratitude, hope, and gladness. He was initiated in the Cochrane Lodge on the 13th of Dec. 1828, at the age of 24, and was by trade a collier. On the 1st of August 1837, whilst at work in the pit, a serious accident befell him, whereby he lost the entire use of his limbs; and from that day to the date of his death, a period of six years and three months, he was confined to his bed. He had a wife and three small children. The following is the amount of pecuniary assistance he received from sources connected with the Order.

	£	s.	d.
Received from his own Lodge in sick allowance .....	137	5	0
Donations from the various Lodge in the District .....	70	0	0
Donations from the A. M. Cs. at York, Isle of Man, Wigan, and Bradford ..	40	0	0
	£187	5	0

Now, supposing that this person, Holland, had, instead of becoming an Odd Fellow, placed his guinea in the Savings Bank, and added to it 4d. per week up to the time he received the accident, a period of a about eight years and seven months, he would have had, including interest, about £9. 6s., which, at ten shillings per week, he would entirely have withdrawn in little more than eighteen weeks, and then he would have been reduced to want. Place the two cases in juxta-position, and you will at once, I think, decide in favour of Odd Fellowship. Beside the inestimable benefits of the sick and funeral allowance, Odd Fellowship is of great service to a member when obliged to travel in search of employment, and there are hundreds of respectable, industrious, honest, and sober characters sometimes obliged so to travel. When a member is compelled to travel in search of work, he is supplied with a travelling card. But, I would here, Mr. Chairman, draw your attention to one of our General Laws, which states that no member shall receive a card who loses his situation through any strike, as the Order does not countenance trades' unions. This is a very necessary law, sir, and is most strictly adhered to. In every district there is a relieving officer, whose sole duty is to relieve members on *tramp*, and each member in possession of a proper card, is intitled to relief. He has the advantage, too, of attending the different Lodges in the towns through which he may pass, where he will not only receive extra relief on making his case known, but, which is often of greater importance, he will receive better information as regards obtaining employment than if he had wandered the town for two or three days. Another observation, Mr. Chairman, and then I am done. The Order is not niggardly in its actions, it extends, with a liberal hand, its aid in support of other institutions. At the holding of the last Annual Committee, in Newcastle, the Committee voted £10 to the Infirmary

and £5 to the Eye Institution. And every year wherever the committee is held, it gives freely its support to the charities of the place. Mr. Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Gentlemen, I beg to give "Success to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity."

Mr. Peter Hilton, of Bedford, rose and said,—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, it is through the instrumentality of the past and present Officers and Board of Directors, and their assiduous attention to the business of Odd Fellowship, that has caused it to spread so far and so wide in our own country, and of late to extend itself to the utmost limits of the British possessions. Great credit is due to those officers for their assiduity in promoting the welfare of the Order, but when it is known that their services have been given gratuitously, a double portion of gratitude and applause, is due to them for their meritorious and advantageous services. But there is one of these officers, in particular, who has done more for Odd Fellowship than any other officer or brother in the whole Unity, I mean Mr. Wm. Ratcliffe, Corresponding Secretary of the Order. Although his services have not been gratuitous, he has been the means of making a profit to the Order, exceeding any amount of salary he has ever received. When he was elected to this office in 1838, the Board had given up a part of their trade, because the secretary had too much to do; but, after Mr. Ratcliffe had had twelve months' experience in this office, he advised the Board to recommence the trade which had been given up, and said he would manage it with the other business, and by his advice the trade was resumed, and since then by this trade alone, no less than £1200 profit has been realised to the Order. Besides keeping the accounts, and conducting the correspondence of the various Districts, he has to keep the accounts of the trade of the Order, which must have been very great, as the profits in the last six years amount to £14,461, and, in the same time, he has examined 3,756,000 articles previous to being paid for. Gentlemen, a man that can keep such a correspondence, and manage the accounts of a firm such as that of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, must be a man of no mean talents, of a persevering character, and of truly business habits, and such we find is the character of our worthy and respected brother, William Ratcliffe. The Board of Directors was established in 1827, and previous to that date very little was known, by most of the members, of the state of the fund, and the business connected therewith was very imperfectly done; but since the establishment of this firm, the Order has improved, year after year, both as regards the state of the funds, and the number and respectability of the members. Until the last Annual Meeting, the Board of Directors were elected from the Manchester District; but at that meeting it was resolved that the Board should be elected from any District in the Unity; and there is every reason to believe that this resolution will prove advantageous to the Order, as the Directors, coming from different parts of the country, will be better able to furnish an account of the working and prosperity of the Order, and concoct measures to carry out its principles, than if they all belonged to the Manchester District; and I have no doubt that those elected this year possess an equal share of talent, as compared with those of former years. Amongst these officers there is a Richmond and a Machan, who have spent much of their time and talents for the last twelve years in furthering the cause of Odd Fellowship; a Mansfield, who has exerted himself for upwards of fifteen years for the good and welfare of the Order; and a Mac Dougall, who has done much in Scotland to propagate our principles there; and the whole of the officers who have exerted themselves so much in our cause, are men in the middle rank of life, and therefore have little occasion to provide for themselves by joining a benefit society, and therefore must have done it to encourage others to follow their example. And now, gentlemen, I will give you the health of the "Officers of the Order, and Board of Directors."

Dr. Alexander here rose, and said,—that with the leave of the Chairman, he would venture to depart so far from the order of toasts in the programme, as to propose in this place, "Cottage Improvement," coupled with the name of the Rev. Dr. Gilly. With regard to the importance with which cottage improvement bore upon the objects of their society, no person would deny that, or dispute the utility of carrying it into effect. He was aware of the many difficulties, which, however, opposed themselves to this object; yet, in the hands of an individual so well qualified as the Rev. Gentleman, he trusted it to see all these difficulties overcome. The name of Dr. Gilly was so well known, that it would be necessary for him only to advert to it. He had earned for himself a name even amongst the high names of the land. And in regard to his labours in the cause of

cottage improvement, it must be gratifying, even to Dr. Gilly himself, to witness the beautiful moral tone they have already tended to produce. He apologised in proposing such a toast, as an utter stranger to the Rev. Dr., and a member of a different religious community; but the Rev. Dr.'s reputation was not merely local.

The Rev. Dr. Gilly said,—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—but I ought to beg pardon as soon as I begin to speak—I had forgot I had the honour of being a brother of the Order. When I attended a meeting of the Odd Fellows, last year, at Berwick, I expressed a wish that I should become one, and they have done me the honour since to elect me an honorary member. I am gratified at having the honour of belonging to your body, and the privilege of speaking to you as a brother to brothers. I meant shortly to have stolen away, having twenty miles and more, for you may add eight to that, still to go, in consequence of engagements; but Dr. Alexander has stolen a march upon me. I thank Dr. Alexander for the manner in which he has spoken of my name, and am not only very proud, but feel it my duty, pleasure, and happiness, as it has been somewhat the business of my life, to contribute to the improvement of those orders, who are to benefit by cottage improvement. In all directions in which you can ride through our villages, new cottages are seen rising up in an improved style, and with an increased accommodation. And why so? Do you suppose this to be owing to an individual who has published a small pamphlet, which has had but an indifferent circulation? Think you his influence would have availed unless there had been something more? Is there not something in the character of the peasantry which insures the propriety of all that can be done for them? I appeal to your Chairman, does he not feel what he owes to their sobriety and general good conduct? The greatest pleasure I can enjoy on occasions like this, (continued Dr. Gilly) is to see gathered together, persons of different orders and classes, and the frigid distinctions of society removed for a time. It is exhilarating to the spirit, and improving to the heart. It is not only because I see so much good order, but it also gives me more lasting pleasure when members of the industrious classes rise up to make such statements as we have now listened to. Mr. Moore, in describing the increasing career of Odd Fellowship, has made a statement attractive in the utmost degree; and the same may be said of the address which followed. Where the mass of the population is leavened with so much intelligence, see how it works! There is now no use made of the timid, ungenerous notions, of danger in imparting information to the people. What danger can there be in bringing forth such talent, such an intellectual display as we have had this evening? Why, the larger the sphere, the richer the gold—the wider the opportunity of seeing what a degree of talent and intellect might be found amongst the people. This was no new thing. What was Demosthenes? The son of a blacksmith. What was Virgil? A farmer. Terence, one of the best and most distinguished comedians, what was he, the father of genteel comedy, as he was called? Why, a slave, a negro slave. See what was the power of education. Æsop's fables were known to them all, with their depth of humour, instruction, and fun. And who was Æsop? A poor, deformed slave. Of our own country he could mention a name that would make their ears tingle—it was that of Shakspeare, the son of a butcher. A little before him came Cardinal Wolsey—he, too, was the son of a butcher; and, grateful for what he had been enabled to earn by his talents, had founded institutions for schoolmen of poor degree to rise out of them and do honour to their country. Chantrey, our great English sculptor, was the son of a mason. And how many more, asked the Rev. Doctor, shall I name to you? I would still mention one, in whose honour there will soon be a great festival held, the poet of the people—Burns!

Mr. W. W. Fyfe, Vice-chairman, said,—Mr. Chairman, Brethren, and Gentlemen,—I rise not to expound the moral philosophy of Odd Fellowship; although I think even I may produce matter of fact sufficient to sustain its claim—the claim of 300,000 brethren struggling to do good—to be estimated as an engine of moral regeneration. It is not my business to defend its mysteries, which because they are necessarily secret, are gratuitously traduced by the uninitiated as irreligious; although I think that in taking the ministers of our holy religion along with us, in seeking their countenance, in profiting by their services and by the services of the sanctuary on our public days, in being always ready to discard every syllable of ceremonial that has been found distasteful to religious minds—a good case might be made out for Odd Fellowship, its innocent rites and guarded secrets. But it shall be my care to show, from actual fact,



that the boasted tendency of our Order is a true one—the tendency to make “better husbands, better fathers, better men, better members of society.” When I find that in undertaking to speak to the subject with which I have the honour to be entrusted, I have actually assumed the responsibility of proposing the toast of the evening, I must confess my inadequacy to be considerably augmented by my dismay. It is so little, however, that humble individuals like myself have it in their power to do for the good of such a cause as this, that even at the risk of a conspicuous failure, I rejoice in the opportunity of showing my good will to Odd Fellowship, by proposing “Prosperity to the Widow and Orphans’ Fund,” which we have this day met to institute. This fund is but a corollary to the great proposition of social amelioration propounded by the Order; but nothing whatever is more characteristic of its faith, hope, and charity. Do not, I beseech you, imagine that this parade we are making in the public eye—those principles we are proclaiming on the public ear—are the ephemeral sights and evanescent sounds of the day and the hour. No, deep and far into the bosom of the social system, philanthropy now strikes her roots; and every stem now planted will spring a glorious tree of goodly promise and abundant produce. Transcending the march of intellect itself, the economic providence manifested by this Institution in its gigantic infancy, develops a feature of the age which *may* anticipate the labour of statesmen, and *must* improve the character of civilization. For, what are all the disclosures of science, and what the triumphs of cultivated intellect, in comparison with that which promotes the mutual harmony of men, and secures the ease and comfort essential to their happiness? Odd Fellowship, with all its oddities, has, at least, this singleness of purpose, that it practically imposes the duty of providence upon its votaries. When the history of the world is scanned, few instances will be found, where equal efforts have been made to inculcate, amongst the industrious classes, a knowledge of their own resources; or to give them a foretaste of the benefits they may store up in prosperity against the day of need. The working man, more than any other member of the social circle, is subject to vicissitudes; his sun may grow dark at noon-day—the loadstar of his hopes may pale, nay shoot, from the zenith—but the age, awake to the risks which its millions thus incur, has here erected an Institution where the poorest and the humblest working man may provide against reverses, and instead of becoming a pauper and a burden on society, receive the succour and sustenance which he himself has earned. The exact calculations of actuaries, and other monetary machines, are baffled here by the fact, that men who are thus provident against the ills of life, can usually contrive to avert them. The habit of saving a weekly contribution, begets prudence in affairs, elevates the character, and renders the fortunes of an individual prosperous. Under circumstances like these, then, the Odd Fellows’ Institution may, in the discretion of its officers, safely offer benefits to its brethren in necessity, such as no differently constituted society could afford. To visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction is a theme for eloquent homilies, of which we have had so admirable an illustration to-day, and pre-eminently a task for those good men, to whom the word and the deed have been fitly assigned. But without trenching on the province of these estimable persons, I may be allowed to say that while in ancient society, the heartless indifference of the heads of families towards the widows and children to be left behind them, was degrading to humanity, the widow and the orphan have a claim written in the book of nature to sympathy and support. The suttees and truculent customs of pagan countries requiring the immolation of unfortunate widows on the husband’s funeral pyre, can scarcely be called more barbarous than would be the improvident abandonment of such widows, each with a band of helpless children, on the cold bleak waste of a desolate world. In spite, then, of the pernicious doctrines of Malthus, marriage is an honourable estate; and the possession of children is a blessing, which the love of offspring in all mankind abundantly attests. The very Romans, the most artificial and unfeeling of all barbarians that ever withstood the progress of human improvement, had a law—*jus trium liberorum*—as it was called, in virtue of which the privileges of having three children were exemption from the trouble of guardianship; priority in bearing offices, and a treble proportion of corn; while those who lived in celibacy could not succeed to an inheritance, except of their nearest relations, unless they married within 100 days of the death of the testator; nor receive an entire legacy! In the abstract, then, the fear of a surplus population; and, in these piping times of peace, we have something more than the fear of it staring us in the face, is a most

unnatural and improper restraint upon society. Everything tending to alleviate these apprehensions—every provision against the destitution of widows and children, is, therefore, worthy of all commendation. The outstretched hand of charity never performed a nobler action; the throbbing heart of generosity never beat with holier emotions; there is not, in the sight of man, a brighter example; nor any benevolence meriting a richer blessing from on high, than that which sheds a ray over the gloom of the widow's bereavement, and bids the helpless orphans "sing aloud for joy." As if in retributive justice, this defends us against the weak prejudices of those who decry our Order as irreligious. The same regard for the honour of bright dames which first distinguished the christian institute of chivalry, sways our bosoms too in this utilitarian age; but is transformed into a tender concern for the sorrowing partners who may survive our deaths. I am happy to announce that the collection in church to day amounted to £5. 6s. 9d., an excellent nest egg, from which the members of the Lowick Lodge may reckon the hatching of their chickens. "Prosperity to the Widow and Orphans' Fund."

The proceedings of the Lowick Anniversary will long be remembered by all who partook in them; and the influence of the highly respectable and intelligent parties present cannot but have a beneficial effect in favour of Odd Fellowship.

**AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF IMITATION.**—The vicar of a parish in the north of England has, in his love for Odd Fellowship and as an inducement to procure members, offered to pay the proposition money of all his parishioners who are eligible for initiation.

**MR. THOMAS ARMITT.**—We have much pleasure in giving insertion to the following communication which we have received from Mr. Armit. It is a simple, touching, and manly acknowledgment to his brethren for their kindness, and is characteristic of the worthy and single-minded veteran labourer in the cause of Odd Fellowship. For an account of the services of Mr. Armit, we may refer to his biography in the *Magazines* for March and June, 1836:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

"Dear and esteemed Friend,

"You would oblige by inserting the following in your next Number, if convenient.

"Allow me to say that I feel ill at ease until I have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude. In the first place I have to tender my heartfelt thanks to my friends that assisted me in a pecuniary way to reach with ease and comfort the A. M. C., and likewise those who took such an interest in my welfare as to bring my case under the notice of the Deputies. I have also to thank the many able advocates who so warmly and affectionately pleaded my cause that the propriety of some remuneration being awarded to me was on all hands assented to. The only difference in opinion was as to the amount which should be granted. My friends may be assured that whatever the sum might have been, what was kindly intended would have been gratefully received. It may be asked by the younger branches of our society, "What has this man done to be so distinguished?" I would respectfully refer them to the simple fact that those who have known me for the last twenty years (I mean the present and past Officers of the Order, and other working-bees in the hive of Odd Fellowship, who must be the best judges of my conduct) came forward, as with one voice, to save me from sinking in abject poverty and despair. This will speak louder in my behalf than anything I can say, and I have only to add that I have devoted the principal part of my life towards promoting the best interests of the Institution, and have always endeavoured, to the utmost of my ability, to render it prosperous, happy, and secure.

"I conclude with again tendering the thanks of a grateful heart for favours received, and my best wishes for our future welfare.

"THOMAS ARMITT, P. C. S."

**PROCEEDINGS IN DIFFERENT DISTRICTS.**—We have noticed, at considerable length, a few of the most interesting anniversaries, and have no doubt that the sentiments expressed by the speakers will afford much gratification, especially elevated as some of them are by their talents and position in society. It speaks well for the growing influence and importance of our Order when we find so much intellect and intelligence amongst our members, and we hail it as the harbinger of a still more bright and glorious era of prosperity. We regret that we have been unable to make use of numerous satisfactory and pleasing accounts which have been forwarded to us, and, did space permit, there would have been few indeed that we would not willingly have inserted.

At present our friends must be contented with the following brief summary:—On Whit Monday, the members of the Chandos Lodge held their anniversary at Newport Pagnell, when some excellent speeches were delivered by P. G. Gannon, E. Daniell, Esq., and others.—We had placed in hand an extract from the *Chester Courant* containing a general outline of the constitution and present state of the Independent Order, and we withdrew it with much reluctance. It is stated that the following are amongst the nobility and gentry who have been enrolled members in the neighbourhood of Chester, viz:—Lord Robert Grosvenor, M. P., John Jervis, Esq., M. P., R. G. Temple, Esq., and C. Townsend, Esq.—At Rochdale a very pleasing anniversary was held, and several excellent addresses were made on the subject of forming a library and school connected with the District. We are happy to learn that a liberal subscription has been entered into, and that a small but well-selected library has been got together.—Anniversary accounts have been forwarded from the following places, and we have been delighted not only with the general unanimity and harmony which have prevailed, but with the intelligence which has been manifested:—Manchester, (where the Officers of the Order have frequently honoured the meetings with their presence,) Salford, Bury St. Edmunds, Baldock, Hemel Hempstead, (chairman, Sir J. S. Sebright, Bart.,) Dunstable, (chairman, Lord Charles James Fox Russell,) Northowram, Battle, Kelso, Malmesbury, York, Leamington, Hythe, Leigh, New Mills, Newton-le-Willows, &c. We may recur to some of the above anniversaries in our next.—The members of the Leeds District had a grand procession and gala on the 10th of July, 1844. The length of the procession was about two-thirds of a mile, and it contained from two to three thousand persons. It included five bands of music, various silken flags—several emblazoned with the Arms of the Order—and the rich insignia of the Liverpool and Birmingham Districts. The most affecting portion of the procession, and that which could not fail to excite the sympathy of almost every spectator, and to call forth at least a general good wish for the institution of Odd Fellowship, was eight carriages filled with the widows and children of deceased members of the Order. Nearly the whole of the mothers and children were in mourning, and presented a very clean appearance. The children, poor innocents! seemed all life and happiness; but there was sorrow in the countenance of many a mother, and we fancied we saw the tear-drop standing in the eyes of more than one woman whom death had deprived of that Odd Fellow who, to her, was more dear than any other human being. Though these widows could not but feel some grief on such an occasion, they must have had that grief alleviated in a great measure by the reflection, that the brethren of their deceased husbands had stretched forth the hand of Christian assistance, and helped to “temper the wind to the shorn lamb.” The procession was followed by a festival at the Zoological and Botanical Gardens, Headingley, and the clear sum of £65. 2s. 4½d. was realized for the Widow and Orphans' Fund.

### Presentations.

August 15, 1844, a skeleton lever watch, and gold guard, together with a purse containing £21. 10s. 0d., to P. G. Luke Healy, of the Robert Naylor Lodge, Manchester District. The presentation was made, in most appropriate terms, by Mr. John Dickinson, D. G. M., and its total value was between £40. and £50, the sum of £6. 6s. 0d. being subscribed by various members of the Birmingham District, and the remainder by members of Mr Healy's Lodge and District. Mr. Healy was initiated in the Humphrey Chetham Lodge, Manchester District, on the 7th of June, 1841, and during the time he belonged to that Lodge, he used every exertion to bring forward eligible members, being the proposer of about thirteen. When he had been a member of the Order about three months, he read the memoir of P. G. M. Robert Naylor, in the Magazine, and was so much struck with it, that he determined, if possible, to obtain a Dispensation for a Lodge to be called after him. He eventually succeeded in doing so, and the Robert Naylor Lodge was opened on the 25th of April, 1842. In this Lodge he has proposed no less than 110 members. Having to visit Birmingham, on business, during the time he was there, he was, with the assistance of some Past Officers, instrumental in forming the St. Patrick's Lodge, which was opened four or five months after the Robert Naylor Lodge. He has also brought forward members in Dublin, London, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Preston, Bolton, Blackburn, Congleton, Newcastle in the Potteries, Burslem, Wolverhampton, &c. Since the presentation, £4. 0s. 0d. has been subscribed in addition. P. G. Healy is now actively engaged in getting up another Lodge, to be called after a distinguished Past Officer of the Order. A handsome gold seal and key, value £2. 6s., by P. G. Murray, of the John Francis Campbell Lodge, Islay, to P. Prov. G. M. Macdougall, of the Greenock District.—August 5, a patent lever silver watch, and gold guard, to P. G. John Coldbeck, of the Morning Star Lodge, Manchester District.—January, 1844, a handsome silver snuff box, to P. G. Mitchell, of the Queen Victoria Lodge, Walton le-Dale, by the George and Dragon Lodge, Leyland District.—May 15, 1844, a splendid silver snuff box, to P. P. G. M. John Hall, by the Liscard District.—November 13, 1843, a

valuable silver patent lever watch and guard chain, to P. G. William Bigle, by the Collingwood Lodge, Birmingham District.—A handsome silver snuff box, to P. G. Thomas Hillingale: A handsome silver snuff box, to P. G. Joseph Cashmore; both by the Nelson Lodge, Birmingham District.—September 28, an elegant silver medal, to C. S. Millard: December 29, a neat silver medal, to P. P. G. M. Shenton; both by the Cheltenham District.—June 4, 1844, a splendid silver snuff box, to P. G. John Dickson, by the Exchange Lodge, Liverpool District.—June 3, 1844, a splendid silver medal and chain, with gold centre, to P. G. William Hall, by the Princess Royal Lodge, Norfolk.—June 29, 1844, a beautiful silver snuff box, to P. G. James Greaves, by the Well Wisher Lodge, Blackburn District.—May 6, 1844, a silver medal, with gold centre, value £4. 10s., to P. G. J. Andrews, of the Justice Lodge, by the Rural Charity Lodge, Birmingham District.—June 22, 1844, a patent lever watch, to Prov. G. M. Joseph Myers, by the Victoria Lodge, Knaresborough District.—March 29, 1844, a splendid silver snuff box, to P. P. G. M. John Morgan, by the Trowbridge District.—An elegant silver medal, to P. D. G. M. C. Hurd, by the Olive Branch Lodge, Trowbridge District.—July 31, 1844, a gold patent skeleton lever watch, value £18. 18s. 0d., to P. G. Samuel Hindle, by the Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.—July 22, 1844, a very handsome gold watch and chain, value £20, to Prov. C. S. Banyard, by the members of the Bury St. Edmund's District; the origin and present gratifying position of the Order, in Bury, having been the result mainly of the exertions of Mr. Banyard.—June 26, a handsome patent lever watch and guard, to P. Prov. G. M. Clayton Kenyon, by the Stretford District.—July 20, a handsome widow and orphans' emblem, and two portraits, to P. G. Henry Gibbon, by the Regulator Lodge, Stretford District.—A splendid silver medal, to Prov. Joseph Myers: a splendid silver medal, to P. G. Richard Wilkinson, both by the Earl of Harewood Lodge, Knaresborough District.

### Marriages.

April 18, 1844, P. S. William Fawcett, of the Wellington Lodge, Huddersfield District, to Miss Mary Rogers.—April 24, 1844, brother Joseph French, of the Pride of Briton Lodge, Market Harborough District, to Miss Charlotte Rodgers.—May 28, 1844, brother Isaac Kitchen, of the Solway Lodge, to Miss Tyson: April, 1844, P. G. John Thompson, of the Earl of Egremont Lodge, to Miss Gialster: W. M. Johnstone, Esq., surgeon, of the Hevelyn Lodge, to Miss Jane Clarke Nicholson; all in the Whitehaven District.—May 19, Sec. Samuel Smethurst, to Miss Hannah Hall: June 9, brother Thomas Whitehead, to Miss Jane Whitworth; both of the Rainbow Lodge, Blackley.—June 1, 1844, P. S. John Brown, of the Queen Mary Lodge, Leith, Edinburgh District, to Miss Mary Dunn.—April 28, 1844, brother John Wilson, of the Orphans' Joy Lodge, Whitby, to Miss Elizabeth Franck.—March 2, 1844, brother William Middleton, of the Phoenix Lodge, Mansfield District, to Miss Mary Wright.—March 18, 1844, P. G. John Webster, of the Rushcliffe Lodge, Nottingham District, to Miss Catherine Barrett.—June 19, 1844, V. G. William George Smith, of the John Bateman Lodge, North London District, to Miss Mary Ann Coleman.—June 4, 1844, brother Richard Geers, Esq., surgeon, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Newhaven, Miss Caroline C. Aldrich.—July 29, 1844, P. V. G. William Tenington, of the Princess Royal Lodge, Norfolk, to Miss Anna Hall.—January 1, 1843, brother William Wilkinson, of the Victoria Lodge, Chester District, to Miss Elizabeth Clare.—December 24, 1843, N. G. John Southwell, of the Woodland Lodge, Hawarth, to Miss Ann Firth.—April 4, 1844, P. G. Heaton Lambert, of the Mechanics' Pride Lodge, Taunton, to Miss Martha Allen.—June 23, 1844, V. G. Henry Allen, of the Pride of the Village Lodge, Liscard District, to Miss Elizabeth Wilding.—May 6, 1844, N. G. Samuel King, of the Princess Victoria Lodge, Bacup District, to Miss Ellen Butterworth.—July 16, 1843, brother William Burnop, to Miss Sedgworth: April 20, 1843, Matthew Bainbridge, to Miss Pig; both of the Good Intent Lodge, Bishop Auckland District.—July 17, 1844, brother Edwin Dunn, of the Charity Lodge, New Mills District, to Miss Jermina Parker.—August 4, 1844, P. V. John Bradbury, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, New Mills District, to Miss Ann Wyatt.—May 14, 1844, P. G. Richard Wilkinson, of the Victoria Lodge, Knaresborough District, to Miss Katharine Deighton.—June 10, 1844, brother William Baker, of the Victoria Lodge, Knaresborough District, to Miss Charlotte Horner.—October 13, brother Thomas Morris, of the Orphans' Hope Lodge, Oxford District, to Miss Ann Partridge.—June 2, 1844, P. G. William Bell, of the Flower of the Dales Lodge, Stokesley District, to Miss Elizabeth Medd.—March 31, 1844, brother William Phillips, of the Welcome Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Jane Phillips.—September 27, 1843, P. G. George Robson, to Miss Dixon: March 21, 1844, brother Richard Dixon, to Miss Jane Thwaites; both of the North Star Lodge, Durham District.—August 12, 1844, brother John Patrick, to Miss Ann Jackson, Durham.—Oct. 15, 1843, brother W. Preston, of the Woodland Lodge, Hawarth, to Miss Elizabeth Johnson.—February 26, 1844, brother John Ventres, of the True Friendship Lodge, Staiths, to Miss Sarah Skelton: August 1, 1844, P. G. John Kerby, of the same Lodge, to Miss Dobson: June 11, 1844, brother Thomas Stonehouse Taylor, of the Heart of Honesty Lodge, to Miss M. Jefferson; all of the Stokesley District.—July 28, V. G. James Bateman, of the Captain Trafford Lodge, Stretford District, to Miss Margaret Royle.

### Deaths.

August 7, 1844, after a lingering indisposition, deeply regretted by her relatives and friends, aged 51 years, Elizabeth, wife of P. G. M. William Gray, of the Apollo Lodge, Manchester District. Mrs. Gray was well-known to the members of the Order, and was universally respected. From the position which P. G. M. Gray held in the Order, his house was the resort of parties from all Districts, and the general urbanity displayed by himself and lady, together with the warm interest taken by them in the welfare of everything connected with the Institution, secured for them the good wishes and kind feelings of all parties. Mr. Gray became a member of the Apollo Lodge in 1826, and from that period his best exertions have been used to advance the prosperity and promote the harmony of the members of the Order by all possible means. He has been twice G. M. of the Order, and has always done his utmost to carry out such measures as he thought were calculated to benefit the Society, no matter whether the measures were likely to bring him popularity or not.

He has always been a steady and firm friend to those who had the interest of the Order at heart, and has proved himself the uncompromising foe of such as sought to subvert principles based upon a good and sure foundation. It is only justice to the departed Mrs. Gray to say that as far as she had the power, the intentions and meaning of her partner, towards the members of the Order, were carried out to the fullest extent.—July 1, 1844, deeply and deservedly respected and regretted, P. G. Isaac Gleave, of the Prince Albert Lodge, Manchester District.—The pie-eminent utility and usefulness of our Order are strikingly manifested in the two following instances—one is a case of pitiable and helpless insanity, continuing for the space of four years—the other, bodily infirmity, which rendered the individual a claimant upon the funds of his Lodge for nearly twenty-three years; the last fourteen of which he was constantly in receipt of the sick gift of the Lodge;—July 15, 1844, brother John James, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Leicester. This brother was afflicted with lunacy and paralysis for three years and ten months; during which period he received in sick allowance from his Lodge, £100, and his widow, at his death, a funeral gift of £10: July 21, 1844, P. G. James Blower, of the Wellington Lodge, Manchester District. Through bodily infirmity this brother, who had been a member of the Order about twenty-six years, was unable to follow his employment; and during a period of twenty-three years, he received from the funds of his Lodge, £185. 13s. 9d.—January 19, 1844, the wife of brother W. Bullivant, of the Duke of Devonshire Lodge; January 23, brother Charles Slater, of the Foundation Stone of Truth Lodge; February 4, P. G. Francis Glover, of the Charity Lodge; May 19, brother William Southern, of the Foundation Stone of Truth Lodge; May 20, the wife of brother Edward King, of the Rose of Sharon Lodge; June 20, the wife of brother Francis King, of the Duke of Devonshire Lodge; July 24, Sec. Jabez Wood, of the Hand of Friendship Lodge; July 29, brother William Mellor, of the Hand of Friendship Lodge; all in the New Mills District.—December 2, 1843, brother James May; May 20, 1844, brother Joseph Woodhead; both of the Phoenix Lodge, Maudsfield District.—January 11, 1844, host John Wilding, of the Queen Victoria Lodge; February 1, brother Francis Redmain, of the same Lodge; February 26, P. G. William Threlfall, of the Orphans' Protection Lodge; May 29, brother Henry Culshaw, of the King George the Fourth Lodge; all in the Leyland District.—April 5, 1844, the wife of brother Williams, of the Earl of Egremont Lodge; February 27, 1844, brother Thompson, of the same Lodge; May 24, 1844, Ann, wife of Host Ponsonby, of the Mountain's Pride Lodge; both in the Whitehaven District.—June 3, 1844, P. G. John Fernley, of the Morning Star Lodge, Manchester District.—January 10, 1844, brother George Bellis, of the Heart of Oak Lodge; March 8, brother Joseph Hughes, of the same Lodge; January 10, brother Peter Hogg, of the Philanthropic Lodge; February 6, brother William Barnett, of the Victoria Lodge; March 14, brother Edward Williams, of the same Lodge; May 12, brother Peter Kenyon, of the same Lodge; all in the Chester District.—July 23, 1844, brother William Grimmer; also, the wife of brother William Turner; both of the Welland Lodge; July 22, the wife of brother Waite, of the Haven of Happiness Lodge, Spalding District.—March 30, 1844, brother Henry Joice, of the Mechanic Lodge; July 2, 1843, brother Joseph Sanderson, of the Good Intent Lodge; both of the Bishop Auckland District.—May 18, 1843, brother George Nuttall; August 21, 1843, brother Robert Jackson; February 19, 1844, the wife of brother James Oates; all of the Caution Lodge, Bacup District.—September 6, 1843, P. G. James Langstaff. November 8, 1843, brother John Hopkinson, of the Ofspring of Caution Lodge, Bacup District.—September 20, 1843, the wife of brother James Maden. May 10, 1844, the wife of brother Edmund Hague; both of the Princess Victoria Lodge; November 8, 1843, the wife of brother John Whittaker; January 13, 1844, the wife of brother George Billington, of the Duke of Buccleuch Lodge; July 29, 1843, brother William Flood, of the Deer on the Hill Lodge; all in the Bacup District.—February 2, 1844, brother John Mahon, of the Pride of the Village Lodge; April 14, 1844, brother Robert Hitchinough, of the Fountain of Friendship Lodge; May 29, 1844, Jane, the wife of brother Jonathan Olephant, of the Rose of the Valley Lodge; July 1, 1844, brother Yates Witten, of the Queen Victoria Lodge; all in the Liscard District.—June 2, 1844, Mary, the wife of P. V. James Procter, of the Victoria Lodge, Knaresborough District.—July 2, 1843, brother Thomas Kelham; August 22, 1843, brother Thomas Chapman; August 12, 1843, P. P. G. M. William Bullivant; April 16, 1844, P. P. G. M. Richard Bullivant; these two brothers were near twenty years members of the Order; June 24, 1844, brother Frederick Robinson; July 27, brother John Alstead; all of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Leicester.—September 14, 1843, the wife of brother Henry Palmer, of the Shakspeare Lodge; September 16, the wife of Host Oliver, of the Byron Lodge; October 27, brother Thomas Robson, of the Saint Oswald Lodge; October 26, the wife of brother William Sayer, of the Lyons Lodge; October 29, brother Roxby, of the Rose Lodge; December 27, the wife of brother Thomas Wilde, of the Prince Albert Lodge; February 18, 1844, the wife of brother William Rowley, of the Rose of Coxhoe Lodge; March 16, brother Job Argus, of the Pride of Eden Lodge; March 28, brother William Peverel, of the Shakspeare Lodge; all in the Durham District.—August 11, at Berwick, P. D. G. M. William Yeoman, formerly of Manchester.—July 31, 1844, the wife of brother James Bonas, of the St. Hilda Lodge, Whitby District.—August 31, 1840, the wife of brother Thomas Lister, of the Sincerity Lodge; January 7, 1843, brother William Ker-shaw, of the Farmers' Lodge; January 19, 1843, brother Thomas Whitworth, of the same Lodge; February 5, 1843, the wife of brother John Moors, of the Welcome Return Lodge; April 26, 1843, brother Joseph Ogden, of the Welcome Visit Lodge; September 12, 1843, the wife of brother James Lowe, of the Sincerity Lodge; September 22, 1843, the wife of brother Benjamin Brierly, of the Sincerity Lodge; March 31, 1844, the wife of brother Robert Schofield, of the Welcome Visit Lodge; May 4, 1844, brother Thomas Brown, of the Welcome Visit Lodge; all in the Shaw District.—April 25, 1844, brother William Jones, of the Rose of Falgarth Lodge, London.—June 23, 1844, of a few days illness, P. G. Henry Heap, of the Britons' Pride Lodge, Rochdale District. His death is greatly lamented by his brethren, but much more so by his aged mother, to whom he was the principal stay of life.—May 19, 1844, V. G. John Lawson, of the Heart of Honesty Lodge; May 7, 1844, brother Rowntree, of the Cleveland Lodge; both in the Stokesley District.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]





*Geo. Walker Jr. Esq. fms*

THE  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.  
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JANUARY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1845.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE WALKER, JUNR., P. PROV. G. M.

GEORGE WALKER, JUNR., was born in the city of Durham, on the 22nd of October, 1807, at which place his father was a printer and publisher, to whom the subject of this memoir, after the usual course of education, was apprenticed; and on arriving at maturity he succeeded to the business, which he now carries on.

In the year 1834, the Shakspeare Lodge (in which Mr. Walker was subsequently initiated) was opened at Durham, by the Sunderland District, to which he was solicited to join; but his mind was, at that time, so strongly abused with idle and absurd prejudices against secret societies, from his having been, some years previously, connected with a Lodge, or convivial club, of the "old Order of Odd Fellows," that he refused to become a member, and it was not until the early part of the year 1837, that he, after much solicitation, determined on being initiated in the mysteries of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and on the 23rd of April, in that year, he was duly installed.

Shortly after his admission, in consequence of a domestic affliction, he was unexpectedly called to London, and, during his absence, was appointed Secretary to the Lodge; although unacquainted with the laws of the institution, he cheerfully undertook the office, the duties of which were not of a sinecure nature, as the Lodge had then increased to nearly 200 members. He, however, carried out the promise he had made, and applied himself "diligently to the business of Odd Fellowship," and very soon became a "proficient therein." From that period he took an active and prominent part in the affairs of the Lodge, and became an enthusiastic and unflinching advocate of the Order, and spared neither exertion nor expense in disseminating and diffusing its principles; and unequalled have been his endeavours for the benefit and advantage of the Institution. He passed, in regular succession, through the offices of V. G., N. G., and G. M. of the Lodge; and in August, 1839, he was appointed G. M. of the Durham District, (leave having some time before been granted for his Lodge to form a District,) and in the two succeeding years he filled the office of C. S.

Whilst Mr. Walker was C. S. of the District, the Byron Lodge (with many others) was opened, and at the earnest solicitation of his colleagues, he accepted the office of N. G. at its opening, and although the Lodge was a distance of seven miles from his residence, he attended at his own cost, and was hardly ever absent on a Lodge-night for nearly eighteen months. The members, however, fully appreciated his worth, and before the expiration of the term of his office, he was presented with a lever watch, value ten guineas, together with a splendid silver medal, for the efficient services rendered by him to their infant Lodge.

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At the Quarterly Committee, in March, 1840, Mr. Walker was elected to represent his District at the York A. M. C.; and he has also attended the subsequent annual meetings of the Order at the Isle of Man, Wigan, Bradford, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. At the Isle of Man A. M. C. he was chosen one of that important body, the committee for hearing appeals; and at Bradford he was further honoured by being selected as one of those individuals whose portraits were to embellish the Magazine. As a proof of the confidence reposed in his knowledge of the laws of the Order, and in his talents and judgment, it may be mentioned that he was nominated by the Directors, after the York A. M. C., to inquire into and report the cause of the disturbance and differences that had arisen in the Stockton District on account of the principal officers being arrested, and which at one time assumed a serious aspect, and threatened to annihilate the Order in that District; this duty he performed to their satisfaction, and, we believe was, in a great measure, the means of allaying, by the suavity of his manner and conciliating temper, the searching inquiry that he instituted, and the prompt measures which he advised to be carried into effect, the excited and disturbed feelings which had unhappily arisen. In 1841, in consequence of the defalcations and expulsions of the officers of the Chester-le-Street District, which left them without qualified persons to fill the offices, Mr. Walker was called on by the Executive to preside over the District, with which requisition he readily complied, and officiated as G. M., and after a brief period he succeeded in reconciling the differences, and eradicating the jarring elements of discord which had sprung up amongst them; and so satisfied were the members with his assiduous attention to their interests and welfare, and the efficiency with which he had served them, that they honoured him with a beautiful massive silver snuff box, which was raised by voluntary subscription.

For the establishment of a District Widow and Orphans' Fund Mr. Walker was always a most ardent and zealous advocate, and on its formation was appointed President, which office he continued to hold for two successive years. He has not only contributed liberally to its funds, but several other Districts have received from him handsome donations.

Mr. Walker is universally and justly esteemed and respected by those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. His cheerfulness of disposition, overflowing courtesy, and unostentatious liberality, have won him golden opinions from a large circle of friends; his knowledge of the laws and the principles of the Order are widely acknowledged, and the quickness of his perception, and the soundness of his judgment, are felt and appreciated by the members of his District; we believe there are few, if any, to be found, who are his enemies, for his life has been characterized by charity and good-will to all men.

## WINTER.

SUMMER'S sweet smiles have faded from the lea,  
 And modest Autumn's charms have passed away;  
 No more we meet the butterfly and bee,  
 Nor list the song birds singing on the spray:  
 Winter comes scowling on in dark array,  
 The toiling peasant shudders in the gale,  
 And the lone redbreast chimes its pensive lay,  
 Beside the barn where sounds the thrasher's flail—  
 The cold wind hisses through the leafless wood,  
 Shaking the star-shaped snow-flakes from each tree;  
 The village children seek the frozen flood,  
 Or wage their snow-ball battles with great glee,  
 While the poor mendicant, with ceaseless moan,  
 Roves on his weary way dejected and alone!

S. SHERIF.

*North Shields.*

## CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

'Tis Winter, cold and rude,  
 Heap, heap the warming wood;  
 The wild wind hums his sullen song to-night;  
 Oh, hear that pattering shower!  
 Haste, boy!—this gloomy hour  
 Demands relief; the cheerful tapers light.

Though now my home around  
 Still roars the wintry sound,  
 Methinks 'tis Summer by this festive blaze!  
 My books, companions dear,  
 In seemly ranks appear,  
 And glisten to my fire's far-flashing rays.

COWPER.

WHILST we write the year is waning fast, and another will have dawned upon us ere this article shall meet the eyes of our readers. It is night, and we hear no sound save the ticking of the clock, and the bubbling murmurs that are caused by the jets of flame springing from our cheerful fire. Without, the heavens are gloomy and starless, and the earth is enchained with strong and icy fetters. It is a time when memories of the past rush thickly upon us, and we feel as though Death were even now waving his wings over our head. Our thoughts revert to the past, and the forms of those who were our mates in other years seem to flit before us. How many of our brethren who were replete with health and vigour when the year 1844 first beamed upon them, have now departed to the land of spirits! How many, who, a few months ago, were full of bright hopes and sanguine aspirations of the future, are now sleeping in the cold and silent grave! We could name, alas! too many. Some have left us in the freshness and vigour of existence, when scarcely a shadow had fallen upon their hearts, and they were eagerly anticipating the honours they might shortly win, whilst others have passed away full of years, and proudly distinguished by their eminence in the ranks of our beloved Institution. We have now lying before us the account of the death of one, who, some years back, was actively employed in the cause of Odd Fellowship; and we have no doubt that such of our readers as may have been for a length of time connected with the Order, will read with feelings of mournful interest, the following extract from the *Nottingham Journal*.—

The remains of Mr. John Elsom, boot maker, Clumber Street, Nottingham, one of the churchwardens of St. Paul's, were interred in the general cemetery, in this town, on Sunday, the 24th of November, with distinguished marks of respect by the members of the Manchester Unity of Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which he has long been a valuable member. His remains were alternately borne by six of his men (at their particular request) and Messrs. P. P. G. M. Bishop, Aston, Maxfield, Hubbard, Burton, and Rayner; Messrs. P. P. G. M. Hammond, Gee, C. Beck, (town councillor,) Topham, Pitman, and Saywell, bearing the pall; mutes, on the occasion, Messrs. P. G. Hewitt and Howson; conductor of the procession, consisting of about two hundred, P. P. G. M. Leger. The voluntary attendance of so many members, a great number of whom have served the highest offices of the Order, and who retain the most exalted honours of the District, declare most plainly the universal and high estimation in which the deceased was held by his brethren; and to say he died much regretted and beloved, is speaking in too formal and cold a language the spontaneous effusion of some thousands of hearts.

The following particulars respecting the career of the deceased as an Odd Fellow, will no doubt greatly interest many of our readers, and thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land:—

The deceased was born at Aslackby, in Lincolnshire, on the 24th of December, 1801; his father had served the office of parish clerk for twenty-three years. He became a member of the "Mount Gilead Lodge, No. 131" (now held at Mr. Cressey's, the Poultry Hotel,) in 1824. He served the offices of his Lodge, G. M. of the District, and for five years held the office of Corresponding Secretary; on six different occasions he sat at the Annual Moveable Committee, which is the highest legislative and executive body in the Order; and to his persevering exertions may be attributed the existence of a General Fund of the Order, which now amounts to £8000; its business transactions amount to more than £13,000 annually, the profits of which (after paying all the general expenses of the Order, and on an average giving away annually £400,) find a gradual increase.

He ever nobly stood forward as a defender and advocate of the Order; as an officer, he demanded subjection to the law, and uncompromisingly required obedience; his principles he would surrender to no man. What those principles were, and his views of Odd Fellowship, may be gathered from a reply made to an address by P. P. G. M. C. Beck, on presenting him with a medal for his services:—"The great founder of the Christian dispensation was first introduced to mankind at this very season, 'with tidings of great joy,' which important event, be it remembered, demands our supreme reverence, inasmuch as we know that it is from that source alone by which Odd Fellowship derives its pre-eminence—that implants in the human bosom those lively emotions, those kindred feelings and wonted sympathies, which constitute our bond of union."

And with the most lively emotions he took up his pen to plead the cause of the fatherless and widow; and from the thrilling interest excited, the profits of the Magazine (a periodical of no mean literary worth,) which, from its extensive sale, now produces a considerable sum, are devoted to this laudable undertaking. Hundreds of these institutions have arisen throughout the united kingdom, and the one in this District, founded seven years since, of which Mr. Elsom held the treasurership from its origin, now boasts of a fund of £372, to be devoted exclusively to the widows and orphans of this District. To have been the channel of benefactions, making the widow's heart dance for joy—to have received the thanks of the brethren repeatedly—two medals—the appearance of his portrait in the Magazine (in March, 1837)—have been some of the tributes and consolations he has received. But we doubt not that, amongst his dying assurances, were hope and faith in the Word of his God, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me," and in the instructions given by that Order of which he greatly boasted. "The memory of a brother, though dead, should not be forgotten." A widow and two orphans are left to lament their bereavement.

May all our members exert themselves to merit such praise as is justly awarded to our deceased brother, and may we all so conduct ourselves as not only to receive the praise of our brethren, but the still better approval of our own consciences.

No season of the year is so fitting as Christmas for the entertainment of melancholy, yet not unpleasing, reminiscences of the dying year, which almost insensibly merge into pleasant visions of what the coming year may bring forth. Though we have lost many energetic advocates of our cause during the year, and though but few are left of those who guided the bark of Odd Fellowship in its early struggles with the waves of adverse opinions, we have yet amongst us many whose unflinching zeal for the Order entitles them to the confidence and approbation of their brethren. New blood has of late been freely poured into the veins of our Institution, and we prognosticate for it a long career of happiness and prosperity. The year now breaking upon us is likely to bring with it many new and important results, which we trust will be found for the general good. We must all endeavour to promote the interests of the Order by every practicable and honourable means, and we believe that few indeed of our members will hesitate to do so. Slight differences of opinion may occasionally arise amongst us, as is the case in every community; but we have all

in view the same charitable and benevolent objects, and if we now and then differ as to the means, we continue to be united for the best and most effectual scheme of administering to the wants and alleviating the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. If there be amongst us any heart-burnings—if differences may have arisen in bosoms where friendship had previously existed, it is now at this solemn and religious season, that we should endeavour to eradicate them, and purge away all unholy influences. At this very moment the stillness without is broken by "the minstrels playing their Christmas tune," and the rude, though pleasing strain, impressing us with its divine origin, warns us that this is indeed the period when universal love and humanity should prevail. We picture to ourselves the many homes where are now congregated those who are most dear to each other, who have been separated for many months, and of whom it may truly be said, that to them "Christmas comes but once a year." How many anxious days have passed in anticipation of this blessed time—how many sleepless hours of the night have been spent by parent and child, and brother and sister, in thinking of the moment when they should again clasp each other to their hearts. It is fitting that there should be at least one part of the year when friends should meet together—when only kind and beneficent thoughts should be in existence, and all bitterness and hatred between man and man should be buried in oblivion.

We cannot but regret that Christmas is not now honoured as of yore, and that much of the joyousness which formerly greeted it has ceased to be. The Lord of Misrule, the Abbot of Unreason, the Mummers and Jugglers, the Boar's Head, the Wassail Bowl, and the Yule Clog, are now but the remembrances of a by-gone age; and with them, we have lost much of that true English hospitality which was the characteristic of our ancestors. We hope, however, that it will be long before Christmas shall entirely have lost its influence over the hearts of mankind, and that our churches and houses may, for centuries to come, be decorated with the green holly, ivy, misletoe, laurel and rosemary.

"'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year."

We shall conclude with our hearty good wishes to every member of the Institution, and with a sincere hope that the Order may continue to increase in numbers, harmony, and power. Of one thing we are thoroughly convinced, that where our principles are fully carried out, they cannot fail to produce to those who profess them, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

#### BALL IN THE FREE TRADE HALL ON BEHALF OF THE PUBLIC PARKS. &c., FUND.

[From the *Manchester Times*.]

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, pursuing their benevolent course of action, gave a ball on Tuesday Evening, in the Free Trade Hall, the proceeds to be applied to the noble design of opening public parks and walks for the health and recreation of the great mass of the community in Manchester and Salford. The arrangements for the festive assemblage were superintended by an intelligent Committee, who devoted much of their attention to the comfort of the visitors. The doors were opened at half-past

six o'clock, and at eight, the time announced for the commencement of dancing, upwards of a thousand persons had arrived. Mr. Swinscoe's quadrille band had been engaged, and were stationed on the platform at the west end of the hall; and the fine band of the 70th infantry were seated in the opposite gallery. The ball was opened with a country dance, and was maintained with great spirit and effect. This was followed by Waltzes, the Lancers, La Polka, Saraband, the Circassian Circle, and the Gallop. Mr. Pitt conducted the whole of the dances, he having been installed by the Committee as M. C.; and it is merely an act of justice to that gentleman to state that his entire superintendence evinced his talents and general fitness for the office. Up to eleven o'clock the company was rapidly increasing, and at that hour the gay throng, either promenading around the spacious hall, or engaged in tripping it "lightly on the fantastic toe," presented a heart-cheering spectacle. We felt increased attachment to the fair daughters of Eve, for coming forward on so praiseworthy an occasion, and our gratitude to them was further enhanced, for the influence they had so successfully exerted in attracting the "lords of the creation," in such numbers, to assemble on the occasion. At eleven o'clock dancing temporarily ceased, to give to our townsman and poet, Mr. John Bolton Rogerson, the opportunity of delivering a Poetic Address, suitable to the occasion. Mr. Rogerson, surrounded by a number of gentlemen, including C. J. S. Walker, Esq., of Longford, one of our magistrates, took his station in front of the platform. Mr. James Mansfield, a distinguished member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, was called to the chair, and in a short speech introduced to the surrounding assemblage Mr. Rogerson, who spoke the following Address with feeling and energy:—

### AN APPEAL FOR THE ARTISAN.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

God made the earth for all:—the pleasant fields,  
The waving tree that luscious fruitage yields,  
The tender herb, the odour-giving flower,  
He gave to man, an universal dower.  
He placed no barriers to the poor man's tread,  
For each alike his bounteous gifts were spread;  
For all mankind he form'd the verdant plain,  
And fed its greenness with sweet dews and rain,—  
For all created meadow, grove, and hill,  
The dancing streamlet, and the murmuring rill;  
At his command the forest-monarch stood,  
And proudly tower'd above the stately wood.

In that pure time when earth was fresh and young,  
Ere sin and sorrow into birth had sprung,  
Man walk'd erect in glory and delight,  
And all was beauteous unto mortal sight;  
The rivers raced in sparkling joy along,  
And fearless birds swept by with happy song,  
The quiet lakes like crystal mirrors lay,  
Reflecting back the splendours of the day,  
Or faintly imaging the azure skies,  
When studded o'er with myriad starry eyes:  
Hatred and death were not—beneath one shade  
With gentle lambs the mighty lions play'd,  
But now a curse came withering through the air,  
And man first felt the horror of despair;  
From Paradise our guilty parent fled,  
His race for ever doom'd to toil for bread;  
And yet, though banish'd from his Eden-home,  
He still was free o'er verdurous paths to roam;  
God shut not out fair nature from his eyes,  
He hung no smoke-wreaths o'er the arching skies;  
Labour and death were blended in the ban,  
But earth's green beauty gave a joy to man?

The blushing flowers still smiled upon the plain,  
And sent not forth their fragrant breath in vain;  
The golden fruit still shone through leafy gloom,  
And man drank rapture from the breeze and bloom.

Shall we, the creatures of a later age,  
Make darker still this earthly pilgrimage?  
Shall man pass on ungladden'd to the grave,  
For ever toiling like a pent-up slave?  
Shall he for ever cast around his eyes,  
And only gaze where dingy chimneys rise?  
Shall nought the ear of pale-faced labour greet,  
Save ceaseless noises of the busy street?  
Heaven wills not so.—Oh! ye who have the power,  
Stand nobly forth!—let all partake the dower  
Which God hath given; let generous thoughts have birth,  
And generous deeds spread gladness o'er the earth;  
Let footsteps stray where babbling waters run,  
And silver fountains glitter in the sun;  
Let maid and lover breathe the tender tale,  
Not in the smoke, but in the breezy vale,  
Whilst o'er their heads a shade the foliage weaves,  
And mocks their murmurs with its whispering leaves;  
Let him whom sickness bows for vigour seek  
Where purer gales may fan his pallid cheek,  
And he shall quit his long-prest couch of pain,  
To feel the warm blood thrill through every vein;  
Let age and childhood 'mid sweet scenes appear,  
Where birds flit by, and skies are bright and clear;  
Let youth disport upon the verdant ground,  
Where healthy games and playful strife abound;  
Let rich and poor mix freely in the throng,  
And pass with smiles and pleasant words along;  
Let lofty wealth forget that it is great,  
And honest toil think not of lowly state;  
Let all combine with hand and earnest will,  
And England shall be MERRY ENGLAND still.

The Address having been spoken, the company resumed dancing; and the gay festivities were prolonged with unabated spirit till "chanticleer proclaimed the morn." We understand that the proceeds of the ball, with contributions from the various Lodges, will form a very handsome donation in favour of the scheme for the public parks. It is stated that upwards of sixteen hundred persons were present.

## THE SCULPTOR.

BY MISS MARIAN MOSS.

(One of the authors of "*Early Efforts*," "*Romance of Jewish History*," &c. &c.)

THE long dark lashes, wet with tears unshed,  
Heavily rested on his faded cheek;  
Pale as the grave, save where one spot of red,  
Born of decline, burnt in a crimsoned streak.  
The hand of death was in that hectic glow,  
The rich redundancy of night black hair  
Hung in thick curls around the polished brow,  
So young, and yet so deeply lined with care.

## THE SCULPTOR.

The form was thin, the hand was worn and wasted,  
 And you might almost trace the flowing blood  
 In the blue veins. 'Twas hours since he had tasted,  
 Aye, hours since those parched lips had tasted food.  
 The graceful throat, the well-turned neck and head,  
 Looked like some bright creation of his own;  
 Oh, what avails it! soon will he be laid  
 Where beauty and deformity are one.

His home—a wretched chamber in St. Giles—  
 Was grimed with gathered dust of many a year;  
 No summer sun e'er in that chamber smiled,  
 The hapless occupant's lone heart to cheer.  
 Papers were carelessly strewn upon the floor,  
 Where were his books? alas! all, all were fled,  
 All had been parted with—for he was poor—  
 To purchase *what?* a hard, dry, crust of bread!

A half-finished bust upon the easel laid,  
 The chisel thrown aside. Oh! you might trace  
 The Sculptor's character—its light and shade,  
 In every feature of that marble face;  
 The graceful head, the full bust of the south,  
 The high and thoughtful beauty of the brow,  
 The sweet repose that marked the dimpled mouth,  
 As if 'twere ready into life to glow.

It was a type of female loveliness,  
 So perfectly was formed each line and feature;  
 Through poverty, through sickness, and distress,  
 He still had wrought upon his fancy's creature.  
 He looked upon the beautiful creation,  
 "Yes, I will finish it," he said, and sighed,  
 "It was the work of young imagination,  
 "Ere poverty oppressed, or hope had died."

And he did finish it—the work was o'er,  
 But with it life's last energies had fled;  
 "'Tis done," he shrieked, and sank upon the floor,  
 He never rose again, for he was dead!  
 They laid him in the grave, so drear and lone,  
 No bright spring flowers flourished on his breast,  
 There was no graved and sad memorial stone,  
 To mark the youthful Sculptor's place of rest.

A few days after he was laid in dust,  
 A noble, hundreds for the sculpture gave;  
 A moiety of the sum that bought the bust  
 Had saved the Sculptor from his early grave.  
 'Tis ever thus when genius low is laid,  
 Whatever be his worth, whate'er his nation;  
 Thousands will buy his works, who would not aid  
 The author, to preserve him from STARVATION.

## THE LEGENDS OF ODELL.

BY JAMES WYATT.

(Author of "*Scenes in the Civil Wars*," &c.)

## CHAPTER II.

THE end of the first chapter left Arthur St. Amand in the castle of Radwell, after he had been stunned by one of the followers of the Baron Radwell, and carried away from the gardens of Wahul castle, on the night previous to the party journeying to the Ashby tournament. Finding that there still was life left in him, the men carried him to a small stone chamber, a portion of the great vaults beneath the castle, and laid him upon a rude bed that one of them hastily prepared. One of the men then fetched an old woman, a privileged domestic, the nurse of the baron himself, to whom Radwell gave special injunctions to look to and watch the victim, whom he purposed to hold in durance at his pleasure, should he recover the injury he had received. This old woman, by nature crafty, malignant, and cruel, (and who, but for the countenance given to her by the baron through early association, would have long ago been disposed of in some manner by the other inmates of the castle, who, one and all, abhorred her) was the very instrument for Radwell's purposes at this particular juncture. She learned from him that Arthur was a rival, and that he had drawn his sword upon Radwell. This was enough to insure to the unhappy victim the most deadly revenge that an unprincipled woman could invent. That he had dared to threaten the life of her foster-child, on whom she had set her pride, was sufficient for the exercise of all the cruelty she could possibly impose, without reference to the fact whether Radwell had provoked the attack or not. As we have said, she was nurse to the young baron, whose mother died in his infancy. This woman, then the wife of a humble retainer, had all kinds of indulgencies lavished upon her by the old baron, as a compensation for the trouble and care she bestowed on the young heir. His after life proved how well he profitted by the precepts which the crafty woman instilled into his dawning mind. As he grew up, no person had so much control over him as this dame, Eldrida; for his purpose, therefore, in the present case, it was policy to confide his victim to her. As soon as she had become acquainted with the circumstance, she went down to the dungeon, for dungeon it was, and she found Arthur in a high state of delirium. She immediately proceeded to administer such remedies as her experience had taught her to use in similar cases, but for a length of time it appeared that death had wrestled too closely with the victim for him to be ranked much longer with the living. It was evident that he had received a violent concussion of the brain, and sickness most violent hung upon him without intermission for a considerable time. At length, however, youth, and a good constitution, obtained the mastery; and the unfortunate youth was again restored to reason and consciousness. On recovering his senses he found himself in a cheerless-looking room, with an ugly old woman sitting at the bottom of his pallet, employing herself with a spinning wheel, and mouthing some monotonous chant. Wondering to himself how, and when, he had come there, he ventured to put queries to that effect to the woman, who, with a sly chuckle, told him he was under obligations to the noble baron of Radwell, for the hospitality he was then enjoying. A cold shudder passed through his frame as he heard the hated name, and found he was in the clutches of his cruel enemy. He then put several questions to the woman, as to the intentions of Radwell towards him, and from the triumphant answers given by her, he found that the chances of his ever recovering his liberty again were remote enough. As soon as the old crone found that the patient had so far recovered, she left him to his own reflections, and never visited him except once in the morning, and once in the evening, to give him his food, the quality of which became coarser as he grew convalescent. No information beyond his whereabouts could he glean from the woman, whose visits grew less frequent, and at last she absented herself from the dungeon altogether, except about once a week; and then the prisoner's food was brought by an ill-conditioned fellow, the sound of whose voice was never heard in the cell at all, although Arthur repeatedly and earnestly entreated him to hold converse. The imprisonment was now hardly endurable at all; the cell was cold and damp, and in one part a great flood of water had run in, for it was excavated to a considerable depth below the foundations of the building, and was consequently on a level with the river. The only light that found its way into the cell came through a



grating over the door, and was borrowed from the scanty supply which was admitted into the large vaults beyond. The air, thus obtained, was noxious and impure; and indeed a more miserable domicile than Arthur's could hardly be imagined. In the absence of his favourite instrument, or any other amusement to divert his thoughts from his miserable condition, and torn with anxiety and suspense at his separation from her on whom his very soul fed, the unhappy youth sometimes grew so desperate, that he resolved by some means to put an end to his existence—but hope bade him live on, and be patient. In the midst of these distracting circumstances, one night he had a dream. He thought he saw Eleanor and her father, both smiling upon him, and encouraging him to proceed in some labour of difficulty in which he was then engaged. He awoke, and sorrowed when he found it was but a dream; but afterwards he became comforted by it, and hailed it as an omen of better fortune. For the present we leave him, thus cheered by hope, and return to the inhabitants of Wahul castle.

The morning after Arthur had been seized by Radwell, the company prepared for their departure to the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The morning meal was dispatched, but still Arthur was absent. Unable to account for this, the baron sent a domestic to Arthur's chamber, but he soon returned, and brought word that the youth was not to be found; and that the room had evidently not been used that night. The affair did not create much surprise among the knights, for they imagined he was gone to Ashby, and had stolen a march upon them, knowing that he had accepted a challenge from Radwell to enter the lists with him. The baron, however, was not so easily satisfied. He became much disquieted, for he knew that it was unlike Arthur to be guilty of any mark of disrespect, or want of courtesy, towards any one, much less towards those whom he loved. As soon as Eleanor heard of the circumstance, her heart sank within her, particularly when she learned that his armour was left behind in his chamber, and his charger in the stable. Radwell came that morning, and upon hearing the cause of the consternation, with affected sincerity, expressed a deep regret, and willingly joined in the search for him round the neighbouring forest. Tired with their search, and grieved at their inability to learn anything of him, the knights returned to the castle with heavy hearts, and shortly afterwards journeyed towards Ashby; some of them, however, still hoping that it was only a ruse, on the part of Arthur, to forestall them, and be first in the field, for they knew him to be too worthy, and too honourable, to turn his back upon a foe, more especially when he had accepted such a challenge. They, however, looked upon his engagement with Radwell to be merely a trial of skill at arms, little knowing the secret hatred that existed between them. Radwell accompanied the other knights, and the day after their arrival at the tournament, he rode into the lists completely armed, and caused the heralds to repeat his challenge to St. Amand, and also the acceptance of it by the latter. This was done three times, and there being no reply, Arthur was publicly denounced as false to his title of knight; and his name was affixed at the end of the lists, to the great grief of his friends, who were still all confidence that he would some day be present, and answer for himself.

The tournament passed off with great brilliancy, and Radwell, beside earning the reputation of bravery through his attendance and willingness to give combat to Arthur, was successful in gaining the last tilt with a knight who had carried all before him that day, until just at the close, when Radwell engaged with him. By some accident the stranger knight lost his stirrup at the charge, and was so suddenly discomfited, that Radwell found it no difficult matter to unhorse him. He accordingly received the reward of valour, a chaplet of flowers, interwoven with silver, which he hastened to lay at the feet of Eleanor as soon as he could reach Wahul. No sooner did he arrive there, than he described how Arthur had been proclaimed a coward, and a base knight. The baron, however, stopped him in his speech,—"Hold," said he, "I'll be answerable for the courage and good fame of the young knight—some misfortune must have befallen him, or he would not have been absent where honour could be gained, and where his character was at stake." Surprised at the emphatic manner of the baron, Radwell forebore pressing the subject further, but enlarged upon the contests he had engaged in, and concluded by laying the chaplet at the feet of Eleanor, praying her acceptance of it, and also that he might be recognized as her own knight and servant. Eleanor modestly returned the prize, and prayed Radwell to bestow it on a maiden more worthy of the honour. Thus rebuffed, he could ill conceal his mortification; and turning round to the Lady Wahul, who was annoyed at the indifference of her daughter, he handed the chaplet

to her, requesting her to take possession of it for her fair child. The lady, with much courtesy, accepted the gift, and made a formal acknowledgment on the part of her daughter, whom she afterwards rebuked for her coldness and disregard of true courtesy. In the course of the day, Radwell found an opportunity of getting closetted with the lady, to whom he made confession of his love for Eleanor; and dwelt so largely upon the importance of joining the processions of Radwell and Wahul, that the lady was readily won over in his favour, and promised to obtain the consent of the baron to an early alliance with their daughter.

Full of joy at his success, Radwell returned to his castle, and told his old nurse, who rejoiced at his good fortune. She lost no time in going down to the dungeon, and after some common-place remarks, Arthur made a heart-stirring appeal to the woman to be allowed to have a little fresh air, for he felt himself growing very weak and languid; even if he might be allowed to lean at an open window, he would be grateful.

The old woman gave her vile chuckle, and replied,—"Aye, but you would like that window to look towards the west, in order that you might see the noble lord of Radwell ride out with his fair lady when they visit her father at Wahul, I suppose?"

"Woman," replied Arthur, "what is it you mean by that speech?"

"What should I mean," she rejoined, "but what I have said? Confess, now, would you not like to see Lord Wahul's daughter, and see how she becomes her new dignity of lady of this castle? Ah! ah! bravely does she bear herself as the wife of my lord here!"

Sinking upon the earth, breathless with emotion, Arthur gasped out,—"Then my race is run, my hopes are blighted! I have naught to live for now that Eleanor is false!"

"False!" said old Eldrida; "who are you that dare to call my sweet lady false? Forsooth, you then dared to aspire to the hand of one who was destined to be the lady of Radwell; but she has forgotten the absence of the paltry, penniless esquire, in the presence of the gay, brave, and courtly lord of this barony."

Recovering himself a little, Arthur exclaimed,—"He is a traitor and a villain, more false and bloody than the cut-throats who serve him! Bear these words to him from my lips, that earth holds not so great a villain; and, enfeebled as I am by his cruelties, I dare him to combat to test the sincerity of my speech."

"Puny fool," quickly retorted Eldrida; "think you that my lord will disturb his honeymoon to spill on the earth such base blood as yours—to fight with you, who are more worthy to kneel to him, and bear his stirrup?"

Her further observations were stopped by the ravings of Arthur, who was so infuriated, and had so completely lost his reason that he would have dashed the wretch in pieces, if at that moment the door had not been opened by the man who brought the evening pittance. Eldrida immediately made her escape at the door, and Arthur would have followed, had not the man seized him, and flung him back into the cell. He then locked the door upon the poor youth, who paced his prison with frenzied steps, and shrieked the wildest imprecations upon the heads of his tormentors; at length, fairly exhausted, he sank down on his wretched pallet, and groaned most bitterly. In this pitiable condition he remained some hours, until at last he fell into a demented state, and afterwards remained listless, moody, and melancholy, for several days. Reason again dawned upon him, but he was feeble and languid; he tried to devise plans for escaping, but the thing appeared more and more impossible, so he lived on, hoping still.

Day after day did Radwell visit Wahul castle, and press his suit with Eleanor, who was distracted at the unaccountable absence of Arthur. Sometimes she was so goaded that she fancied he had only secured her affections to depart and leave her, as he, perhaps, had done to others, merely to boast of another conquest; and then her pride would step in, and dictate a lesson of contempt for the man who had thus trifled with her heart. Following this came the suspicion that she had been mocked and scorned by one to whom she had confided the purest treasure she possessed, and the purest which nature owns—a maiden's first love. This had been seized, and sported with—and the very thought turned her love back upon herself, and pride and contempt strove to supplant it. Deep vexation at her own flexibility naturally succeeded, and she was on the point of cursing the hour that first brought St. Amand across her path. Another moment, and she reviewed all that had passed between them. No—no! it could not be; one so good and so kind as he had been up to the last moment of their last interview, could not be treacherous, and that too, to one who loved him so fondly. It was enough.

She blamed herself for entertaining so unholy a thought towards him, for doing him so great an injury, and she fervently prayed in her heart, that she might be forgiven for this act of injustice. Hour after hour did she sit at her chamber window, gazing on the spot where he was wont to stand, and enchant her ears with his pure melodies. His lute still remained, but where was the hand that once ran over its chords?—perhaps in the cold grave! These, and such like thoughts and musings, passed through her mind, till, touching the lute to some plaintive air taught her by Arthur himself, she sighed her soul into melody, and dwelt with impassioned fervour on her bereavement. Frequently was she in this melancholy when discovered by the baroness, who never failed to upbraid her for thus alienating herself from her parents, and avoiding all interviews with the lord of Radwell, save those she was absolutely forced into. At length the baroness insisted upon knowing the cause of this strange grief. The maiden, too sincere and too high minded to practice evasion or duplicity, confessed her sorrows. Vexed and indignant that her daughter, through whose veins flowed royal blood, should allow her affections to be entrapped by a poor knight, that she should refuse the hand of one of the richest barons in the shire, she administered such a reproof, and threatened such visitations at future disobedience, that the poor child was well nigh heart-broken. The lady Waul hastened to find the baron, and after enlarging most amply upon the important offer that had been made by Radwell, told him of the rebuff he had met with at Eleanor's hands, and of the beggarly quarter in which she had chosen to place her affections. Having finished, she waited in expectation of the baron issuing a stern and severe injunction against his daughter's refusal of the hand of Radwell; but was thunderstruck with amazement when she heard him pass a high eulogium upon St. Amand, as well as upon his daughter for her constancy. At the same time he could not avoid expressing some suspicions that he entertained about Radwell; and he more than half hinted at his having a knowledge of Arthur's disappearance. This was a severe blow to the ancient family pride of the baroness, but she was too proud of her husband not to listen with respect to his opinions; and we should do her injustice did we not add, that although a momentary feeling of disappointment shot athwart her bosom, yet it soon passed away, and was succeeded by a sentiment of real sincerity towards the missing youth. Nor did the baron leave the matter there, but as emphatically as sincerely, he expressed his strong determination either to rid Radwell of the suspicions he entertained against him, or to ascertain the real fate of St. Amand. And so earnestly did he make his propositions, and so ardently did he express his affections for the lost youth, that his wife looked on him with admiration, and already half lamented the harshness she had exercised towards Eleanor; and having expressed her concurrence in what had fallen from the baron, she left him, and proceeded to the chamber of Eleanor, to whom she delicately explained what had just occurred, and then bestowed fond caresses upon her. With tears of gratitude and affection, Eleanor hung upon her mother's neck; and then, falling on her knees, she craved her pardon for so long concealing the secret of her attachment. At this moment a tramp of horses was heard in the courtyard, and looking in that direction, they saw a retinue of knights arrive, one of whom, by his crest, they recognized as Sir Edward Burgoyne, of Sutton; and those by his side, as Lord Beauchamp, of Antehill, and the accomplished William Boteler de Biddenham, and his brother Hildebrand. The baron met them at the portal, welcomed them, and conducted them to the castle.

As soon as they had taken refreshments, Sir Edward explained that the object of their visit was two-fold, the first to pay courtesy to an old and valued friend; the next, to request him to join them in a convocation, at the town of Bedford, to discuss certain matters touching the late conspiracy of the Dukes of Exeter, Surrey, Aumerle, &c., the attempt whereof had brought scandal upon the country. The Welch insurrection had been put down, and since then, the Scots, the most powerful enemies of Henry's estate, had been subdued; and although a show of quietude now existed, yet there was an under-current at work, which caused no little anxiety to the king for the security of his crown, and great apprehension to the barons and men of estate for the safety of their possessions. Sir Edward, with the sagacity of an intelligent man, who had for many years watched the movements of the state, saw that Henry's throne was no bed of roses, that he held it under a very ticklish tenure, and was in need of all the consolation and support that the men of estate could give him. Sir Edward, although not one of the party who had been actively instrumental in deposing Richard, had nevertheless felt his iron grasp, and was not sorry when there was an end to the series of oppressions Richard

enforced upon the people in the shire of Bedford. Not content with the tithes and the fifteenths, which were many times paid double in the year, he and his poorer neighbours felt deeply the exactions that were made for the support of the king's indulgencies. As he was known to be a man of acuteness and high reputation, all those who had grievances flocked to him to unbosom their wrongs, and they were grievous enough; and not a priest, nor religious man or woman, in the shire had escaped the extra obnoxious poll-tax of six shillings and eightpence each; and the laity, men and women, were taxed to twelve pence each. Besides all these things, the bishops had made their visitations to the shire for three reasons:—First, to declare the king's displeasure unto the people for being abettors of the Duke of Gloucester; secondly, by sly and covert means to obtain further grants and loans never to be repaid; and thirdly, to enforce new, and more stringent, oaths of allegiance. The bishops did not fail, too, to exact extra sums of money to purchase the king's favour, and compel the men of worth to hand over to them blank charts, with their hands and seals affixed, to enable the king to insert what sums and conditions he thought fit. We repeat that Burgoyne had seen and felt the effects of Richard's misrule; he had also a fellow feeling towards the new monarch, between whom and himself there existed a kindred connection. But it is not to be imagined that he approved of the manner in which Henry possessed himself of the throne, for he conscientiously believed that it was little short of an usurpation by mere might. This was the sole cause of his not figuring so prominently in the matter as his birth, station, and family connexion with the new monarch, entitled him to. Seeing now, however, that Richard was dead, and that Henry was the acknowledged king, he thought, as a dutiful subject and as a wise conciliating leader, that it was high time an assurance was given to the new king from the shire of Bedford, that his majesty might fairly look for and expect support from his people there in all times of need. He deemed that a more fitting opportunity than the present could not be found; and he thought that a noble deputation of some of the most important men of the shire, bearing public letters, approved and confirmed in open meeting, beginning with congratulations to him on the anniversary of his coronation, and concluding with assurances of loyalty and devotion, would give much comfort to the king, and shew him the real feeling in this quarter of his realm.

The baron, equally with his visitor, felt that the time was come when some assurances of fealty should be given to the new monarch. He cordially approved of his worthy friend's suggestion, and proposed that an early day should be named for the convocation. As soon as the matter had been thus far arranged, the subject of Arthur's mysterious disappearance was discussed, and Sir Edward, with unfeigned sincerity of heart, expressed his determination not to rest until he had obtained some clue of his missing friend. He passed a high encomium on St. Amand, and, like the baron, he would not admit that anything dishonourable could find place in the bosom of the youth. Boteler echoed every sentiment expressed in favour of the latter, and with the impetuosity of youth, proposed they should immediately set off to search for information concerning him. The baron, however, suggested that they should at present content themselves with making private inquiries, and at the convocation they should have the subject publicly mentioned, and take the sense of the council on the best means of ascertaining that which they so ardently wished. This proposition was consented to; and the baron then, in an undertone, expressed his suspicions as to the honesty of Radwell in the matter.

On the following day Sir Edward Burgoyne and his party took their leave, after having appointed the 26th of September as the day for the assembling of the barons at Bedford, in order that the address might be presented on the 13th of October, the anniversary of the king's ascension, and of the translation of Edward the Confessor. A few hours after their departure, Radwell arrived; the baron cautiously introduced the subject of Burgoyne's visit, and requested Radwell to appear at Bedford, to which he readily consented. He had come that evening determined to press for an early day to be named for his nuptials, placing full reliance in the interposition of Lady Wahul. He, therefore, shortly after his salutations to the ladies, whom he found in the gardens, introduced the subject rather impatiently, and perhaps abruptly, depending upon the assistance of the elder lady. Eleanor, however, repulsed him with more than her ordinary courage; and upon his expressing his surprise, not in the most courtly terms, the lady Wahul drew herself up to her full height, and as she took her daughter's arm under her own with

much dignity, she fixed her eyes upon him, and in accents and tones worthy of the kinswoman of "time honour'd Lancaster," she told him that there were courtesies due to ladies of rank, the observance of which, not even the powerful lord of Radwell could be excused from; and, when a favour was asked, and that too the greatest a noble could confer, it behoved the petitioner to remember that he was not merely addressing an equal in point of rank, but one superior in precedence; and that true nobleness of heart could never be shewn in an impatient demand for that which it was at the option of the other party to give or refuse. And so saying, with a constrained bend of her body towards Radwell, she drew away her daughter and walked straightway to the castle, leaving him to chew the cud and recover his composure as he could. Surprise and indignation, not unnaturally, were the leading sentiments of his mind at that moment; he stood rivetted to the spot, unable to utter a single word by way of reply. He watched their receding forms until a turn of the path into the grove by the castle obstructed his view;—then, and not till then, was his tongue loosened, and his power of speech recovered. With a thousand imprecations and threats of revenge did the passionate baron give utterance to his vexation at the rebuke he had received. His pride was too great to allow him to follow them to the castle to conciliate the matter, or offer explanation; but he swore to attain, by other means, that which he imagined had been unjustly denied him. So, without entering the building, he crossed the courtyard, where his esquire stood with the horses, and mounting his own, and beckoning his attendant to follow, he galloped to his castle, alternately spurring his panting horse, and cursing his own intemperance in offending lady Wahul, who he knew to be the best favoured towards him. In this very unenviable mood, pacing his spacious hall, refusing consolation even from his foster-mother, we leave him and return to Wahul. As soon as it had been ascertained that Radwell had left, Lady Wahul informed the baron of the event; he regretted that any offence should at present have been given, as it to a certain extent interfered with the plans he had decided upon. However, he was glad in another respect, as it seemed to reconcile Lady Wahul to her new position with regard to Arthur; and we may venture to say that there was one who was much more satisfied with the issue of the interview than either of them.

Radwell did not make his appearance at Wahul castle again, but after a consultation with Eldrida, he formed strong resolves, which, however inconsistent they might appear to others, yet, as the forlorn hope of a man who had been unaccustomed to control, or to have his commands interfered with, might be understood. At all events he did concoct a scheme, bold and daring, as it was unprincipled. He was sure that on the day of the convocation the two ladies would remain at Wahul; he, therefore, planned that whilst the convocation was sitting, a chosen band of his retainers should be in ambush to surprise the ladies, seize Eleanor, and bring her away to Radwell. He deemed that he should escape suspicion of having any participation in the matter, inasmuch as he himself, would be with the other nobles at Bedford. He determined, that if, upon any sudden mischance, it should be discovered that the lady was in his possession, and his castle and followers were not able to hold out, then he would take the life of his caged rival, and make his escape through a subterraneous passage leading from the vaults to the river. The plan was to his own entire satisfaction, and with a lighter heart than usual, he proceeded to the convocation.

On the day appointed for the assembly, a splendid entry into Bedford was made by the different men of estate of the shire; for in those days public gatherings were not frequent, and when they did occur, they were conducted with great splendour. One of the earliest arrivals was Lord Bray, of Eaton Bray, who came attended by upwards of one hundred of his men, wearing blue surcoats and small caps, bearing his cognizance of the golden lion. His standard was carried by a young gentleman of his body-guard, bearing the lion *passant guardant or*, between two wings endorsed. Having arrived at the market-place, he dismounted, and entered the convocation-room. Next came a tall knight on a black horse, attended by fourscore retainers on foot, bearing sharp bills; the ensign bearing on a bend engrailed three *fleurs de lis*, shewed it to be Thomas de Goldyngton. Scarcely had he reached the place of assembling, ere two parties met in the street, and their arrival was announced by blasts upon shrill trumpets. The two knights thus meeting greeted each other cordially; they were soon recognised to be Edmond Wayte de Ronald, with a well-trained band of bowmen, bearing in their caps the badge of a black bugle horn, burnished with gold; and Thomas de Asscheton, with

troop of mounted swordsmen, one carrying his ensign of the boar's head. Then came Thomas Salle, the lord of Stevington, at the head of a body of hardy fellows armed with pole axes; on their breasts were worked two crocodiles in saltire. Adam de Tullsworth with his active train, noted for their skill with the bolt-bow, then entered the town, their standard, bearing the black barbed pheon, shewing the division between this band and another which had just joined them at the outskirts of the town, bearing the red leopard's face, with the gold *fleur de lis* springing above it, the device of Lawrence Cantelowe, of Dunstable. These were followed by a well-disciplined band of bowmen, marching under the standard bearing the holly tree fruited, with John Conquest, of Houghton Conquest, heading them. Then, in one troop, came three companies, one bearing the badge of a horse's head between two bat wings, the Dyves's; another with the salient stag, the Wildes; and the third with the bull's head erased, the 'Hastings,' of Bromham. Following them, on the same road, came companies well armed and handsomely arrayed, distinguished by their several cognizances of the Saracen's head, (the Mordaunts, of Turvey); the demi-husbandman bearing the yoke, (the Curteys's, of Wymington); the wolf's head, (the Brounfletes, of Wymington); the latter company carried an additional standard of gold, gorgeously emblazoned with the arms of Sir Thomas Brounflete, a bend flory, counter flory; then came a large band bearing the standard of the maiden's head, wreathed with violets, (the Braybrookes, of Colmworth); several other noble companies arrived, the Heynes, of Yelden; the Faldos, of Biddenham; the Calthorpes, of Elvestow; the Argentines, the Herveys, the Wenlocks, the Tyringtons, Durants, Hazildens, Blundells, and the Reynas's, of Marston Moretaine, &c. &c.; and lastly the splendid troop, headed by Sir Gilbert de Saltier, bearing cock's heads of azure in their hats, from which sprung a white plume; they were armed with seasoned bows of yew, and well filled quivers, and short daggers in their belts; they were accompanied by Sir Paulinus Peyvre, of Toddington, and his followers, bearing the standard charged argent, on a *chevron gules*, three *fleurs de lis or*.

In a large hall adjoining the collegiate church of St. Paul, were the parties assembled who had been summoned to deliberate upon the state affairs. The benches were filled with men of rank and worth, and in the centre of the hall was a large body of burgesses of the town, and yeomen of the neighbourhood. The high sheriff, Sir Roger Beauchamp, of Eaton Socon, in his robes, entered the hall, preceded by his deputies and writers, and followed by his body-guard, bearing javelins. As soon as the sheriff had taken the seat assigned to him, the guards dispersed themselves in different parts of the hall; a precaution usually taken to quell any outbreak of the populace. With much dignity, the sheriff directed the royal proclamation for the suppression of treasons, to be read; at the conclusion of this he rose, and uncovering his head, exclaimed in a loud and fervent tone, "God save King Henry!" The company then rose and followed his example, and gave such a burst of loyalty, that had King Henry been there himself, his heart must have leaped to it. The sheriff then addressed the audience, and having explained that the people were now rid of the overpowering imposts lately laid upon them by King Richard, by the accession of Henry; that due allegiance and fealty should therefore be sworn to him as their true, lawful, and generous king, by all loyal subjects in the shire of Bedford. Having thus expressed himself he again took his seat for the purpose of attending to the debate. After a short pause, Sir Edward Burgoyne rose, and having gracefully raised his plumed hat from his head, he made an inclination of courtesey to the sheriff, and then turned round towards the audience. After explaining the objects of their being assembled, rather more fully than the sheriff had done, he said, "My countrymen, it may appear to you somewhat out of character, that I, a kinsman of King Henry, should be the party to cause a general summons of the shire to do fealty to him, when, that in this fair shire, many, more noble and wealthy, might be found, who, in fair justice, would be held better qualified to head this loyal movement. As, however, I did not lend my countenance to the deposition of our late king, (whom God assoilzie,) and did not in any way make acknowledgment of Henry of Lancaster's assumed right to the throne, but, setting aside all ties of kindred, stood aloof as a neutral party until the people of England themselves acknowledged his claims; yet now, they having so received him, I thus, in public, own and confess him my sovereign; and after my explanation, you will see that a movement thus made by me will guarantee to his majesty that allegiance and removal of my former feeling of neutrality which will be, probably, the more acceptable to his grace." Warm tokens of approbation followed

this address, and Sir Edward concluded his oration by dictating to the writers an address of congratulation to the king on his defeat of the conspiracy; and of loyalty and allegiance to his majesty, which he submitted to the assembly.

Sir Brian de Saltire rose and made an impressive harangue in support of the address, concluding with a generous eulogium on the high character of Sir Edward Burgoyne, and of the disinterested loyalty he had now displayed towards his sovereign, rather than at the feverish excitement of the first movement of his ascension, when gifts, grants, rewards, and promises, are easily exacted from the monarch for those who are the first to join his ranks.

Sir Gerard de Braybrooke next addressed the assembly, and at some length urged the importance of giving the king some token of their loyalty, "For," said he, "his grace has already, from the first moment of his landing, held sword in hand—at first to demand his rights, and since to guard them; and right nobly has he guarded them, and bravely and kindly has he dealt with his subjects, who, from one end of his realm to the other, have, by his assuming the guidance of the state, felt themselves relieved of a thousand pests of yokes and impositions laid on by a tyrannical king. By the rood methinks his liege has but to shew himself, and all defection must vanish like mists before the morning sun. It is not meet, however, that the guardian of our liberties should be left without comfort in his councils, particularly when such bloody schemes are plotted in secret under the very walls of his palace. Let then, the men of the shire of Bedford, be the first among his subjects to assure him of loyalty and affection, and of their determination to uphold him as their liege sovereign." An immense burst of enthusiasm followed these remarks, and warming with his subject, the young Sir Gerard proceeded. "Methinks, were the conspirators here at this moment, we could find right good cheer for them, and a meet reward for their villainous and cowardly intrigues against the life of their sovereign—we could find a Beauchamp for their Exeter, a Mordaunt for their Surrey, a Brounflete for their Aumerle, a St. John for Salisbury, a Peyvre for Gloucester, aye, and on the pinch, a Braybrooke for their Blunt; and right meagre would the company be to go back to their bishop of Caerlile, and their abbot of Westminster, to tell them how their enterprise sped. Nor would I rest there my friends, but on the one hand, I would, were it in my power, induce his majesty to legislate, so that there should be no more murmurs of disloyalty and treason, engendered by the pressures of extravagance, licentiousness, and tyranny; and on the other hand, I would conjure the barons, the bulwarks of England's liberties, so to deport themselves in their individual small states, as to draw down respect even from majesty itself. Then would Englishmen be free—and the very breath of freedom is holy; tyranny would be no more known in Britain, and the people would be good, loyal, and happy." Loud murmurs of applause followed the oration of the young enthusiast.

Sir Thomas Eston then rose, and congratulated his young friend, Braybrooke, on his zeal, and added that he was not the first who, with the warm gush of youth, had entertained the bewitching hopes of perfect virtue, and perfect freedom; "but," said he, "the cold temperature, gained by hard experience, chills them, and the possessor of them finds that such happiness only exists in the romances of the sages. Man must conquer himself, as well as the tyrants he opposes, before he is fitted for the consummation my friend sighs for."

Sir Thomas Brounflete, the new treasurer to the king's household, re-echoed the sentiments of Sir Gerard, and several others followed in the same wake; and the address having been agreed to without a single nay, baron Mordaunt proposed that it should be carried to the king by the high sheriff, who should be accompanied and supported by the knights of the shire (Sir Baldwyn Pygot of Stratton, and Giles Dawbrey,) the baron Wabul, Sir Edward Burgoyne, and Sir Brian de Saltire.

Earl Beauchamp, the lord of Antehill, then rose and said, he daily expected letters from court, which would enable him to tell whether the king would hold a levee on the day appointed, in London or Windsor; and, therefore, he proposed that the convocation should stand adjourned to the 29th of September, to await the arrival of the despatches, and finally determine where the address should be presented. This proposition having met with the entire concurrence of the meeting, the sheriff, after congratulating his friends around him upon their loyalty, adjourned the convocation.

Radwell, who had been watching the proceedings very closely, was somewhat chafed that his name was omitted among those who were to accompany the sheriff, and he left the

town immediately after the assembly was dissolved, and galloped towards his castle, to see how his plans had fared. On his arrival he found that, agreeably to his directions, the men had started for Wahul, with the intention of stealing Eleanor, but had not returned, nor had any tidings of them been received. Unable to account for this, he became sorely troubled, and debated within himself whether he should not secretly go across to see how his scheme sped. But this, he thought, could be hardly safe; and he therefore determined to wait with patience until some one returned to acquaint him of the result. Twenty times, at least, did he mount the tower to look out, but not one of his men could be espy. He therefore summoned old Eldrida, and consulted with her on the very unfavourable turn circumstances had taken; she, however, told him to take courage, and all would go well. She then informed him that every week the prisoner had become more impatient of confinement, but that her scheme of inducing him to believe that Wahul's daughter had proved false to him, had succeeded; and she dwelt with delight in her description of the agonies of Arthur, when she had tormented him with her vile tales. When she repeated the different threats and imprecations Arthur had uttered, Radwell became like a demon, and the old woman could scarcely prevent him from going down into the vaults, and taking summary vengeance upon his victim. She however succeeded at length in calming him, and ordered the attendants to prepare supper. He ate little, but, as usual, drank deeply; and, as he drained his cup, his spirits rose, and he became quite elated. In the meantime Eldrida sent one of the retainers towards Wahul, with instructions not to leave until he had obtained some information concerning the others; for it had now become dark and late, and she herself grew fearful that all was not right. The man soon returned, in company with those whom he went to seek. As soon as they rang the portal bell, Eldrida met them, and learned that they had been entirely unsuccessful; they had waited in ambush the whole of the day, without having caught a single glimpse of Eleanor. From some cause neither she nor the Lady Wahul had left the castle that day; and when they saw the baron and his friends return home, they judged it was still more improbable she would then go out. They waited until it grew dark, and then they collected together and returned, and met the messenger as he was proceeding across the meads to find them. The old woman went into the hall, and told Radwell, whose passion again broke loose, and the very figures on the tapestry seemed to tremble at his blasphemous revilings against his fate. Eldrida was again obliged to use her influence with him, and, filling his cup with more wine, she handed it to him, and urged him to take it. Relapsing from his former ire, he took a deep draught, and then retired for the night.

In the morning he rose moody and disappointed at the ill success of his schemes, and after taking his breakfast, he mounted his horse, and rode to the forest accompanied by his rangers and deer hounds, more for the purpose of diverting his thoughts, than for the real object of sport. They had not proceeded far, ere they saw a couple of bucks, which, upon the blast of the rangers' horn, separated, undecided which way to take. The hounds were slipped, and they singled out one which broke through the thicket, and got away into the open country. A splendid chase was given for a full half hour, when the buck crossed the river, dashed into some underwood, and threw the hounds into check. As soon as Radwell and the foresters had come to the spot, they were surprised to find a party on horseback watching the chase. He found that it consisted of the Baron Wahul, the Botelers, and Saltier. After receiving and passing the morning salutations, Radwell invited them to join in the chase. The baron, unwilling that any outbreak between them should occur, answered for his friends, that they would be happy to do so, on conditions that he would afterwards join them at his castle to dinner. Radwell, equally anxious to preserve a fair appearance towards the party, expressed his delight at the arrangement, and turning round, directed the rangers to draw the stag from his covert. The hounds were sent in, and cheered on by the first ranger, who dismounted, and entered the thicket; and in a few minutes the stag broke out, and the hounds were instantly laid on. The rangers' horn called the company to the chase, and away they went, scouring across the country; the stag seemingly gathering strength and speed as the chase grew longer. Again crossing the winding river, he mounted the hill beyond Harewold; and taking another circuit, he tried to regain his old lair; spurring on, the company were compelled to be unsportsmenlike, and cross to the point he was making for, in order to keep in the chase at all. They succeeded in reaching the point in time to prevent him entering the forest; and, disappointed at being thus frustrated, he was again compelled to trust to his speed. Re-crossing the plain he set his head towards



the Bletshoe copses; the rangers knowing how difficult it would be to recover him from these intricate coverts, urged their hounds on, and as they mounted the hill, they saw that he was distressed and going with difficulty. The hounds, on descending, appeared to receive new vigour, and the hills re-echoed their deep melody; every moment they gained on him, and this the noble fellow knew too well, but his strength was gone; he was unable any longer to keep up his speed, and his little taper legs trembled beneath him. He knew that he was in the power of his enemies, but his noble heart did not fail him. Crouching down for a moment's rest, he turned his ear to catch the bay of the hounds, and not until they were almost upon him, did he attempt to rise. When the hounds were within a few paces of him, he sprang up, and stood erect, with his brave antlers standing a full yard above his forehead, and his bright eyes flashed fire upon his noisy tormentors. One hound sprang at his throat, but was received upon the horns, and almost ripped. Another sprang too, and was more successful; he seized the stag by the throat; another followed, and another, and the noble creature, with one spasmodic bound in the air, yielded up his life. By this time the rangers came up, and one of them drew his knife across the throat of the brave game; whilst another embowelled him, and flung the reeking entrails to the hounds as their perquisite and reward. The stag was then slung over one of the horses, and the party proceeded towards Wahul, discussing the merits of the brilliant chase. The baron was particularly eloquent in his praises of the splendid animal which had given such sport, and he begged that the antlers might be put up in his hall, for a memento of the glorious run.

On reaching Wahul castle, they found that the feast had been awaiting their arrival for some time; so, after a hasty ablution, the hunting party joined the lady of the castle and Eleanor at the table. Courteous greetings passed between them, and Radwell, who was not willing to risk a second repulse from the elder lady by too much familiarity, was therefore not sorry that the Botelers separated him from them. The baron relieved Radwell and his own friends from any embarrassment, by again dwelling upon the delightful sport they had enjoyed that morning, and the theme was as fully enlarged upon by the elder Boteler, who courteously expressed his regret that the ladies had not been able to participate in it. Radwell, in his heart regretted this too; as then his plan of capturing the maiden would probably have succeeded that day better than on the previous one. Soon after the feast was finished, and the noble host had been duly pledged in the wine cups, Radwell took his leave and returned home. Of the events that followed, we must make mention in another chapter.

*Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.*

[To be continued.]

### EVENING.

I love to stray when the sun's last ray  
Is gilding the heath-clad hill,  
When the evening breeze sighs through the trees,  
And all around is still.

I love to stand on the pebbly sand  
Of some lone highland lake,  
And watch the stag on the distant crag,  
Retire to the heathy brake.

I love to trace the headlong race  
Of some wild mountain stream,  
When the wave is bright with the silvery light  
That plays from the pale moon beam.

I love to hear by the moon light clear  
The sound of the water fall,  
Born down the vale by the gentle gale  
That fans the pine tree tall.

I love the hour—with soothing power,  
Thought flies to the shadowy past,  
And scenes appear to friendship dear,  
Like dreams that vanish past!

*Travellers' Rest Lodge, Norwich.*

C.

## AN INQUIRY INTO THE IDEA OF THE POETICAL.

[Concluded from page 103.]

In our short search after a few of the places and times in which the poetical has existed, we have seen it in various forms—in the great external civilization of Egypt, in its massive buildings, expressions of hearts that must have had powerful feelings—we have seen it in early Greece, in the wild and clamorous life of its heroes, and the gentler habits of its states—in the rash and dim-eyed enthusiasm of Mahomedanism, bent on the extension of a truth which gave him strength—in the happy life of the Arcadian shepherds, and teaching us in the early Scriptures.

None of these days remained long unchanged. That which we conclude must have been poetry to the early Egyptians, was nothing to their successors—that which was powerful enough to be satisfied with nothing less than the pyramids, was unknown to, and unguessed at, by a later age. The feelings which inspired the old heroes were also subject to decay, and men admired, but could not imitate. Mahomedan power suffered decay also; having only one object, to establish the unity of God among an ignorant people, and the inspiration of man amongst people whose faith was fading, the first step being gained, the aim must be renewed, or the system must partake of the mortality of all establishments. The shepherd's poetry is also gone—its beauty, like that of other ages, consisted in the room left to the eye to fill up; and was more poetical to those who looked on, than to those who partook of it, without the necessary mental perceptions for its enjoyment. And, we may add with St. Paul, sacrifices are now neglected; their beauty lay in a meaning not understood by any who used them, and only existing as some dim notion of grandeur in the minds of others, in a meaning which was connected with their infantile state.

Such has been the fate of some of our most poetic ages. The poetry of Rome was worked out at a time when it had few or no poets, when it was rising to supremacy. At its height it found poets to express some of its long strivings, but at this very time the real poetry of the empire ceased. The aim of Rome was universal empire, and we may connect with this idea, absolute government, perfect submission of the subjects, perfect brotherly union, peace and universal plenty and happiness. Virgil did so, and sung in words what Rome was in part endeavouring to work out. Virgil saw the abstract tendency of such things, and looked at the ideal good; but it is also to be remarked that he wrote at a time when corruption was beginning to undermine the very structure that he admired. We may see that whenever the original aim was carried on as far as the time or circumstances permitted, the poetry of it ceased. The poetry resided in the higher aim, the power to go beyond the thing seen; when intellect came to fix the idea, to define the feeling distinctly, then the poetry ceased.

Another movement in society is worthy of remark. We have seen the Roman poetry of universal empire become a subject of intellect, which had left behind it some traces of the beauty of universal peace. We find the poets deduce the one idea through the other, as if connected by an evident association of ideas; and the idea of universal brotherhood first grew in them from the same chain of thought. We may also see in the gallantry towards woman, which arose in the middle ages, a similar instance of an end being gained somewhat different from that first set out with. It began with manly acts of courage, with bravery in its various shapes, and excited resolution and determination both of body and mind. It became the source of many varied every day, as well as holiday, thought; and took command of all the poetic feeling, and all the highest feeling of mankind, somehow connecting itself with all that could be found both in the church and in the state, in the field and in the city. Woman was given a different position; her claims began to be intellectually considered, and she now stands very differently from what she once stood; but also different from her middle age state, when she was pre-eminently held as the end of all perfections. It took its place among the furniture of society, not as a supreme idea, but as an important one, to give her a station differing from her original one.

The poetry of the early christians and martyrs was of a very powerful kind. It began, like many other species, with a limited view, but a determination corresponding to it. It began, at the first, to aim at the highest attainable point; but as the idea ripened, the length of the road was seen, and the necessity of passing over much ground

before gaining it, was reluctantly admitted. There came, then, gradually a calmness over the new feelings; and they began to cultivate the original motives, not for sudden bursts of action, to be performed once in a lifetime, and to attain their end thereby, but as a means of improvement through life, and comprising every position. How gradually these first views of christians have been extended throughout society—how they have been used for so many purposes—how they have been incorporated into states and towns, and into our manners and customs, is an interesting inquiry; but true it is, that those which seem least obeyed are overpowering us, and the excitement at the Reformation and similar periods, has never fallen without leaving not to be effaced remains. They may begin in all the glow of fanatic feeling, but when spread over society, they are quietly acted out by the aid of intellect and manners.

We cannot suppose a stationary nation to think or act poetically, except in that line of thought which is necessarily produced by the progress from youth to manhood and age. No doubt, China, when it rose, acted with that fire and determination which characterize the rise of all other nations, when their institutions take a shape. The term celestial alone speaks of great aims, and great commotion of feeling, as well as of towns and provinces in danger. When the end is gained, or believed to be gained, the poetry ceases; it becomes then a fact, a thing that a man may see and touch. It loses its power of extension, its craving after a something greater than the eye sees.

Let us look elsewhere, for example, to science. That is not a science which a man can learn by rote, and that is not a scientific man, who knows merely all the facts, or all the laws of any science. A man may learn astronomy well, and retain little more than to be called a learned mechanic; or he may learn chemistry, and be only a well-informed workman. A science has always a something, the end of which not being perfectly seen, is covered in a halo of poetry. The adaptation of nature's laws to each other are probably infinite, and until we can see them all, they can never appear to us in the light of machinery. If we could see them all at once, we know not what effect this might have upon us; but at present we know that there is a time, when a truth, once followed after with enthusiasm, being found and long examined, ceases to act on the feelings; it has become a fact—it has, to us, lost its poetry. Such is, more or less, the case in all men. A man may think, as many do, on gravitation, as a mere property of bodies, and as a mechanical power which attracts; but to look on it as a power binding all material things, produces ideas which cannot soon become familiar, from their vastness, and the difficulty we have of grasping them.

In the arts, a picture, if representing a person, is not admired from its likeness to any known person, that is, if the picture belongs to the higher department of the arts. A countenance must not be merely human, it must also cause the human to be passing the usual bounds before it becomes poetical; it must have made greater progress than countenances in general make on the infinite line towards perfection before it is what it aims to be. Nor must it have left human feeling in doing this; we know that this would be a fault, but it is also unnecessary for a picture. We meet sometimes faces which attract us, whether their expression be good or bad, because, in them, some expression has advanced so far as not to be familiar to us; it has gone beyond the usual grasp of the mind; they have a something of the infinite to us, because the end of their movements is unknown, and they raise ideas which we call poetical. Motion on the sea was, at an early period of the world, quite a poetical idea; it soon became a fact. The voyage of Dædalus himself through the air, has become a fact; and so has the dreamy notion of Roger Bacon, of coaches without horses.

What then, after all, is poetry? We have seen that it is not the action of the powers of observation, of the five senses—it is not the action of the reasoning powers, because the mathematician and mechanician can treat the highest powers of reason in a mere workmanlike style. Must it be in the qualities that feel then that poetry exists? Surely, to say the least, it cannot be when they are absent. From the fact, that what is before our eyes is not poetical, that which we see at a distance, and which we clothe with all that our faculties are capable of, being in advance of the real, is nearer the end which we call perfect, and is poetical. But if we picture to ourselves any such poetry, and see distinctly all its points, and understand distinctly all its feelings, this will lose its poetry, it would be just as present things are. A great portion must be left for still further advances; it must stretch forward further than the eye can see. For this reason it of necessity follows, that all strong feeling takes a poetical appearance; it has a long

advance of our judgment. The sublime and the beautiful are of this class—the calmness of an evening landscape—the impressions produced by the magnitude of the ocean,—all these have received some attempt at expression, but there is still a great portion unexpressed by poets.

A flow of ideas is poetical; a close mass of ideas, coming to a fixed conclusion, is not so. The rapid thoughts and aspirations of an enthusiast are poetical; the rapid rise of individual minds, and of great men in their progress through life—the rapid rise of nations, and the rapid growth of thought and feeling in general. This principle of onward movement in poetry, the tendency to advance further than the eye can reach, or the intellect grasp, seems to have led us to view poetry in the light of an ethereal being. We have placed its seat in the clouds—we have called the poets spiritual, and we have also some notion of poetic feelings being not of this earth; in accordance with some other opinions held that the things we commonly see and handle, and the thoughts we commonly have, are of this world, whilst our finer feelings are heavenly, or angelic. As we assert infinity, or infinite extensibility, to be a character of all poetry, so may we find in this much of its beauty, and much reason for cultivating it; if highly cultivated, there is often an enthusiasm which rushes blindly on to an end far too remote to be hopeful—if imitated, there is an anxious craving, seeking in little things for great results. Such poetical fanaticism is not uncommon, which seeks beauty in everything new or unknown before; or it may be in everything old, or unused by us. Poetical feeling is subject, therefore, to those distempers which accompany more or less all other feelings.

It is difficult to express oneself in language not metaphysical, on points such as these, but it is to be hoped that all here stated is not quite unintelligible; and that it will give some clue to the judgment of a poet's writings, preventing us from considering that man who speaks in rhyme what he sees, to be an equal with him who, although somewhat misty, points out the road to lands rich and worth visiting, but afar off, to be found only by a future generation. I have looked on poetry, not as what men speak or write, but that which they live out, or which nations express in their actions, and which ages are active in uttering. There are still volumes to be written on the subject, but this is not the place for more detail.

R. S.

### THE COUNTRY GOSSIPS.

It was of May a lovely morn,  
In truth a glorious one!  
I had been to a neighb'ring height,  
To wait the rising sun.

And I had sat upon a crag,  
In the strange gloomy grey,  
Until above the range before  
Glimmer'd the coming day.

And with the rising glory there,  
My soul, which had been pent  
Where first the darkness had seem'd less,  
In a deep mountain rent.

Higher and wider had outspread,  
Till, with the orb unbound,  
I felt as in the warming air,  
It floated all around.

I had, with gladness, seen the blade  
Of grass, as 'twere unfold,  
And change its dusky robe of night,  
For one of fairy gold.

## THE COUNTRY GOSSIPS.

And I had sat upon the crag,  
 Until I might appear  
 To dazzled eyes, an angel come  
 From the celestial sphere ;

So burnish'd was that lofty crag,  
 With the deep purple glare,  
 So richly hung the youthful rays,  
 Upon my figure there.

And I had left my throne of light,  
 And sought the mountain track,  
 Which, winding far with many a charm,  
 Unto my home led back.

And oh ! my soul was full of joy !  
 My motions light and free ;  
 As I from that ennobling sight,  
 Had immortality.

And as in joy I stepp'd along,  
 With many a pleasing thought,  
 Eagerly struggling into life,  
 And music to be brought.

Where, as that pathway branch'd aside,  
 The gleam of garments gay,  
 Seen shining through the lofty fence,  
 Drove all my dreams away.

I felt a feeling first of pain,  
 That thoughts which lately gush'd  
 So full and freely to my lips,  
 Should thus at once be hush'd.

But soon the feeling past away,  
 And wonder took its place ;  
 An anxiousness to know who then  
 Could be at that lone place.

For towns as yet were not awake,  
 And such a calm had flow'd  
 Into my breast, I felt as if  
 I only were abroad !

Oh, that I e'er should own I used  
 The cunning of a spy,  
 I gently crept, and peep'd for those  
 Whose gleam had caught my eye.

And there, upon the pathway bank,  
 With features full of glee,  
 Two little milkmaids sitting were,  
 And chatting joyously.

But very children did they seem,  
 And yet of womanhood ;  
 An air dwelt in each face and form,  
 Hard to be understood.

So trig was each of them in dress,  
 So jauntily was tied  
 The muslin bonnet on the head,  
 A little to the side.

And oh! had cities all that were  
Produced their boasted fairs,  
Not midst them all would there be one  
With beauty like to theirs.

No art required to raise their bloom  
Or bring their charms to view,  
Pure as the daises at their feet,  
As fresh and lovely too!

Looking into each others face,  
With features brimm'd with glee,  
These little milkmaids sitting were,  
And chatting joyously.

My soul had been immersed in joy  
By the uprising sun,  
But these small milkmaids gave me more  
Than ever he had done.

Oh! 'twas indeed a lovely sight,  
And I was proud to know  
That I belong'd unto the land  
That could such picture shew.

I wonder'd what they spake about  
With such an eagerness—  
Was it about their glittering pails?  
About their Sabbath dress?

Or did they speak about the state  
These little hearts were in?  
Or was he prais'd, the youthful swain,  
Each held in love within?

I breath'd a blessing on them both,  
While tears stood in my eye—  
The blessing of an earnest man  
Hath ever its reply.

They might get sooner o'er their task  
Had they been talking less,  
But I could not disturb a chat  
That own'd such happiness.

So, turning back, I sought a path  
That led across the lea,  
And left the milkmaids sitting there,  
Still chatting joyously.

HEATHER.

## ADELIZA SNOOKS.

A ROMANCE OF PECULIAR AND STARTLING INTEREST.

BY PEGASUS PIPKIN.

ADELIZA SNOOKS was in the flower of her virginity—Adeliza Snooks was eighteen!

\* \* \* \* \*  
The evening was balmy, the sea was bright, and surrounded by beautiful plants—  
type of herself—Adeliza sat gazing thereon. Her eye was pensive; her mien was

contemplative, and dashed with a shade of melancholy. Why sat she there? For whom was she gazing?

\* \* \* \* \*

The charms of Rosalind were sung by the bard of Avon—a bard of Milford Haven, Endymion Tomkins by name, by trade a perruquier, thus sang those of Adeliza Snooks.

Endymion Tomkins had a Bulwerian impediment, which was “distwessingly wavishing,”—but thus he sang:—

Adeliza! Adeliza! mine own Adeliza!  
Thou faiwest of Natu's cweation appear;  
Of thy beauties, mine own love, I own I'm a miza,  
Come, then, gladden the heart of thy lone pewquier.  
Oh! why, when the moon is abwoad on the billow,  
And all that is blissful and tendaw is hear,  
Thou moon of my heart, dost thou not quit thy pillow,  
And fly to the awms of thy sad pewquier.

\* \* \* \* \*

Adeliza Snooks sold oysters! Oh, jealousy! thou art the green-eyed lobster that mak'st the meat thou feed'st upon.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Milford Haven dwelt a youthful floriculturist, whose form of perfect symmetry might have vied with the Apollo of Belvidere—whose eye of purest cerulean, and whose breath of sweetest odour rivalled the hue of his violets, and the fragrance of his choicest plants. He came into the presence of Adeliza Snooks, and a star fell from heaven! The page of true love was thenceforth smutched and darkened! Yes! Narcissus Chickweed was prostrate at the feet of Adeliza Snooks, and Adeliza Snooks pickled the hand of Narcissus Chickweed with her briny tears.

The lattice of Adeliza's chamber was, for a moment, clouded. It was succeeded by a rush—a hollow sound, and lo! the apartment was filled with the presence of Endymion Tomkins.

“Hell and torments!”

Narcissus sprung to his feet, and responded,—“Damnation!”

Adeliza Snooks echoed,—“Gracious Ev'ns!”

\* \* \* \* \*

In the hair of Endymion Tomkins was two pennyworth of the essence of Bergamott—in his eye was devouring flame—and

“There was a laughing devil in his sneer.”

In the button hole of Narcissus Chickweed was a dahlia—beneath it was a heart—

“whose passions knew no sleep,  
But beat tumultuous and deep!”

Endymion Tomkins glared upon Narcissus Chickweed, and muttered—“Wascal.”

Narcissus Chickweed looked thrice up and down. Endymion Tomkins turned from him with ineffable disdain, and focalized a world of love upon the weeping form of his adored Adeliza.

The sky darkened—a blaze of light entered the chamber, and a peal of thunder rang in the air.

Endymion Tomkins spake not—moved not; he was sensible only to revenge!

There was a tremulous motion discernible in his rivals lip. Ha! was it fear?

Tomkin's brow deepened in gloom, and his eye flamed! In the right-hand pocket of his striped vest gleamed a pair of scissors! They were small—haply not more than six inches in length; but, as to the guilty senses of Macbeth, the illusive dagger was rendered distinct and palpable, even so to the like guilty senses of Narcissus Chickweed, were the six-inch scissors elongated to a formidable sword, bearing upon its shining blade this terrible legend—

“Beware the avenger!”

\* \* \* \* \*

The instinct of self-preservation, natural to man and brute when menaced by danger, had its due influence upon Narcissus Chickweed. He drew from his vest a knife—tried its edge upon his thumb, and stood upon the defensive.

Too fond, too susceptible Adeliza—happily for thee thy senses were enchained, or such a scene had rent thy tender heart. Tomkins advanced—Chickweed, yes, Chickweed

recoiled! He approached the wall—had it not been of six-inch brick, he must have pierced it—the weapon fell from his grasp—the avenger pressed onward. Still the victim struggled to retreat. He compressed himself into an inconceivably diminutive space—he became a mere ball—a grape shot—a pea—an uncertain speck—a thing that was fast fading into nothing,—when, mad with baffled vengeance, Tomkins smote—the weapon stuck in the mortar—the lattice was shivered to atoms! Yes! Chickweed had escaped!

At the feet of Adeliza Snooks knelt Endymion Tomkins. Her eyes gradually opened, but speculation—was somewhere else!

Tomkins spake. "Lady, behold the victor!"

His voice dissolved the spell that bound her. Her senses returned. She leaped upon his neck—but why attempt to describe indescribable things? Ere a week had flown, Endymion Tomkins wedded Adeliza Snooks!

## NIGHT.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

'Tis night, and Cynthia throws her robe  
Of silver o'er the tranquil globe;  
Lulled into rest, the gentle breeze  
Scarce moves the leaflet on the trees;  
The classic Avon flows along,  
Smooth as the murmurs of a song,  
While o'er its side the willows bend  
Their graceful boughs, and beauty lend  
To that fair stream; a silence reigns  
Profound and deep o'er earth's domains,  
Save when the baying of the hound  
Wakes up the mimic echoes round,  
Or softly through the wooded dells  
The nightingale's wild music swells.  
Oh! 'who could plan, at such a time,  
Dark deeds of bloodshed and of crime?  
When every star that beams on high  
Seems like a never-sleeping eye  
To watch us through the silent night,  
And bring each deed of guilt to light!  
Who does not lose each grovelling sense  
In night's exalting influence,  
And soar from earth to worlds more fair,  
Beyond the reach of time and care?

E. D. CHATTAWAY.

*Rob Roy Lodge, Steptey District.*

## THE KEY OF THE HEART.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

It was a wild and stormy winter afternoon, and the thickly falling snow was whirled by in frequent and fantastic gusts. The streets were noiseless, for the footsteps of the passengers were unheard, and few cared to unbury their mouths from the folds that enveloped them, to give utterance to words. The fleecy element had worked a change of silver on doors and windows, and on every projecting part of the dwelling-uses, and the earth seemed converted into a white pedestal, where the buildings stood like the toys of a young giant. What a snug and cozy feeling comes over those who



are seated in warm and comfortable rooms on such a day as the one described—how they gather around the cheerful hearth and alternately watch the bright blaze go frolicing up the chimney, or gaze upon the snow-wreaths that are silently and gracefully descending without. To the benevolent heart, feelings of a more subdued and sympathetic nature are also brought, and a thought goes forth to those less fortunate fellow-creatures, whose heads are unsheltered, and whose hearts are ungladdened by the smiling comforts of a happy home. In a spacious room in a handsome house, situated in the city of Bristol, sat a young merchant, together with his wife, listening to the prattle of two fair children, who, in all the innocence and freshness attendant upon the dawn of existence, were giving utterance to each thought and emotion that animated them. There is no disguise in childhood; it is only in after-years that we see the necessity of thinking of the results before we give breath to our sentiments. Ever and anon the children would run to the window and look with wonder and admiration on the cold and icy feathers that were fluttering about and clinging to the garments of the passing wayfarers. Then they would ask their father many questions which he was at times vastly puzzled to answer, but he told them tales of snow-drifts wherein had perished not only cattle but human beings, and of the good monks of St. Bernard and their sagacious dogs, and of the fearful avalanche, and of those cheerless climes from which the snow was never absent. And when he told them of weary travellers who had sunk down to die amid the snow, and of young children who had rambled away to bleak and desolate places, and wept themselves to sleep from which they never awoke on earth, and of the grief of their unhappy parents, the hearts of the youthful listeners grew sad, and their eyes became dimmed with tears. The sound of voices called them to the window, and, as if in illustration of the tales they had been hearing, they saw a crowd gathered around a haggard and wretchedly-clad female, who bore in her arms a sickly infant, and who had sunk exhausted from want and cold on the chilly ground. The merchant looked in the eyes of his wife and children, and he hesitated not to order the poor creatures to be conveyed into his dwelling, and furnished with the necessary aids to their recovery. The woman lingered for some days, but nature had been vanquished by want and misery, and human help was no longer available to prolong her earthly existence. She died, and as she had represented herself to be a friendless widow on her way to claim the relief of her parish, the merchant saw her decently interred, and his benevolent heart would not permit him to consign the orphan child to the workhouse. He kept it in his household, and it grew up to a rosy and healthy girlhood. Mary Brooks (so was it called) became at length a favoured and confidential domestic, holding an intermediate rank in the family between a daughter and a servant.

As the merchant's years increased, so did his wealth. His children also increased, and his home was the abode of happiness and peace. His was no severe and harsh mode of government; he sought not to rule by commands, but requests—not to make his servants and his family quail at his presence, but to regard his approach as the harbinger of good. He had one maxim which he at all times acted upon, that "kindness was the key of the human heart," and the spirit of this maxim was felt in every branch of his establishment. The master's mild and placid looks were reflected by those about him, and from the meanest porter to the chief clerk there were evidences of content and pleasant servitude. Looks of regret followed his departure from his warehouse, and his children hailed his appearance with cries of delight. His heart was never closed even against the passing beggar, and though he might at times be subject to imposition, he consoled himself with the reflection that he had not denied assistance to the really deserving. In the midst of his tranquil prosperity—circumstances occurred which were the occasion of considerable annoyance to him. His family complained that at different periods trinkets of small value had unaccountably disappeared, and in spite of their careful and most minute searches no trace could be found of them. For some time these trifling losses made no impression upon the merchant's mind, but when they still kept occurring at brief intervals he began to be seriously disturbed and perplexed. It was not the loss of the articles which had weight with him, but he became impressed with the idea that some of his domestics were dishonest. The loss of a piece of jewellery of more value than any which had previously been misused increased his alarm and uneasiness, and shewed him the necessity of keeping a strict watch over the members of his household. Without giving vent to his suspicions, he narrowly observed the actions and demeanour of his domestics, and what was his

anguish of soul when the belief slowly and painfully took possession of his mind that the delinquent was no other than the orphan whom he had rescued from poverty and death, and whom he had ever fostered with parental kindness and affection. He had found that she latterly avoided meeting his steady gaze, and that she became restless, and anxious to quit the apartment when he spoke to her in his usual tones of calm benevolence. From these, and various other trifling evidences, he received the conviction that she was the guilty one. He passed many anxious days and feverish nights when this blow to his favourite maxim fell upon him, but he preserved a strict silence on the subject to his wife and the other members of his family. He contented himself with requesting them to leave the matter entirely in his hands, and he would shortly take such steps as would enable him to find a clue to the losses, and prevent their recurrence in future. Placing implicit confidence in his judgment, his family willingly consented to take no steps in the matter, but to leave it to be solely investigated by himself. He took occasion to despatch Mary Brooks on a message of some little importance, and which would cause her to be absent for an hour or two. When she had left the house he proceeded to her chamber, and carefully surveyed the different articles in the room. In one corner stood a dark-coloured chest of a strong make, and furnished with a lock of more than ordinary size and firmness. This at once rivetted his attention as a likely place in which the stolen property might be deposited, and he resolved to be satisfied. Having procured the requisite implements, the lock soon yielded to his efforts, and he lifted up the lid. His investigations were of brief duration. The first object which met his sight was the last missing jewel, and, as he prosecuted his search, one by one the many articles which had been missed presented themselves to his eyes. When he found his worst suspicion confirmed, he became overwhelmed with distress and deep sorrow. The black ingratitude of the girl, and the base return she had made for his long and unvarying care and solicitude, stung him like a serpent, and burying his face in his hands, the hot tears gushed plentifully through his fingers. He stood for a few moments as though stupified and irresolute how to act, but his determination was soon formed. He closed the lid of the chest, and shutting the chamber-door, descended the stairs. At the expected time the girl returned and stated the result of her errand. In his usual quiet and collected tone, and, with an unmoved countenance, he left the apartment in which he was seated, and desired her to follow him. With a trembling step, and a dark presentiment fitting through her mind, she complied, and saw him enter her own chamber. Advancing with a slow step to the fatal chest, he flung back the lid with one hand, and with the other pointed to the heap of glittering plunder that lay within. Not a word escaped his lips, but there he stood, regarding her with a fixed look, which had far more of grief than indignation in its expression. For an instant, a flush of anger and defiance shot across the girl's features, but when she beheld her master's anguished look bent on her's, and saw the bitter sorrow under which he was suffering, the full sense of her unworthiness burst upon her, and she hung down her head, as cold and pale as the snow on which her dead mother had sunk when she fell before the injured merchant's door. The silence was now broken by her master.

"Mary," he said, "have I deserved this from you? Tell me what act, what word of mine has driven you to the committal of this crime? When I reflect upon the past, when I call to mind the time when first you met my view, a poor and helpless child, and trace your progress from your mother's death till now, I cannot charge myself with one unkind thought or deed towards you. I have loved you as a child, and by the children of my blood, I have ever seen you treated more as a dear companion, than as a mental. In early life you were their playmates, in more mature years you have become their friend. Your wants have been provided for, your health has been carefully tended, and a pecuniary allowance has been made to you, which I thought would be amply sufficient. On the other hand, you have been attentive and diligent, your duties have been well performed, and on more than one occasion, when sickness has fallen upon my offspring, your hand has borne the water to their fevered lips, and your gentle and patient nursing has contributed to their convalescence. For this, and many other services, I feel deeply grateful to you; and I would rather that some great and dire calamity had fallen upon myself, than I should behold you in your present degraded position. You have abused my confidence, you have taken advantage of the trust I reposed in you, and you have become what I will not trust myself to name. What course, think you, I shall pursue? You will naturally believe that I shall not suffer

you to go unpunished—you will see the justice of my allowing the law to take its course with you, when banishment to a foreign land, or imprisonment, and an ignominious and blighted name for ever must be your portion. Should I see fit to forego this dreadful alternative, and content myself with calling about me those whom you have deceived and wronged, in order that they may be witnesses of your ingratitude and shame, before I thrust you from my doors and cast you on the world branded with guilt and infamy, you cannot but acknowledge that I shall deal leniently with you. Neither of these courses will I pursue. I cannot doom you to punishment and an after life to which, perhaps, death were bliss—I cannot destroy the being I fondly thought I had preserved for years of virtue and happiness. What, then, am I to do? Mary, I forgive you! The past shall be forgotten—attend to your duties—still regard me as your master and your friend—be faithful, and sin no more! For these vile baubles, for which you have bartered your peace of mind, and corrupted the innocence of your soul, take them—they are yours. If your wants have been insufficiently provided for, if the allowance I have made you has been too niggardly, tell me so, and your wishes shall be complied with. Neither my wife nor my children suspect you; your guilt is known to no one but myself. In my custody it is safe."

Long ere the merchant had concluded, the girl had sunk in an agony of tears upon the chamber floor, and gradually crawling towards her master's feet she embraced his knees, and remained sobbing and speechless.

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Twenty years had elapsed after the event above narrated, when the merchant and his family attended the funeral of Mary Brooks, over whose grave appeared a few lines deploring the loss of a tried and devoted servant. It was not until sometime after, that the merchant, who had now become grey-haired and venerable with age, related the anecdote to his family and a few friends, as an illustration of his maxim, that though it may sometimes fail, yet in the end it will be found that—KINDNESS IS THE KEY OF THE HUMAN HEART.

*Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester.*

### MY HEART REMEMBERS YET.

Oh, could I but forget thee, thou darling of my youth !  
 Thou who hast lain upon my heart, and pledged to me thy truth ;  
 Days, months and years have vanish'd since the sun of hope was set,  
 Yet still the darling of my youth my heart remembers yet.

The happy days of youth, when our hearts were full of love,  
 When earth appeared on every side like unto heaven above ;  
 These days can never more return—why are my eyes then wet ?  
 Because these happy days though gone—my heart remembers yet.

Oh, but to see thy sunny smile, and hear thy joyful voice,  
 As I have done when love was young, would make my heart rejoice ;  
 But no ! alas ! that cannot be—why, then, do I regret ?  
 Because although thy smile is gone—my heart remembers yet.

Thou darling of my happy youth ! thou fickle, fairy queen,  
 Since we first felt the youthful glow, days, years, have passed between ;  
 I do not now upbraid thee—though I wish we ne'er had met—  
 Since thou, the worshipp'd and the lost, my heart remembers yet ?

JOHN WEIR.

*City Lodge.*

## CHURCHYARDS.

BY GEORGE HURST, P. G.

## CHAPTER II.

FORMERLY the *taxus*, or yew tree, had invariably a place in our churchyards, and, in modern times, many conjectures have been advanced, as probable reasons for that custom. We may be certain that it was not chance, or mere caprice, that induced it; because our forefathers, with regard to their public places and buildings, had an especial meaning, either useful or emblematical, for every portion and adjunct. Even the grotesque figures, so profusely distributed about their buildings, had each a distinct signification, unfortunately, in many cases, now lost; but to themselves sufficiently intelligent to inspire respect and veneration, or to convey an useful lesson. The exterior of each part of their buildings clearly indicated the purpose for which the interior was designed; and it is this meaning and intelligence, carried throughout our most important ancient edifices, that place them, as architectural achievements, far beyond the erections of modern times. In general, what do we notice with regard to the front of a stately modern building? Merely an ornamental screen, placed before a range of apartments, but without the slightest reference to the intention of the parts behind. Well, with respect to the yew tree, we may feel satisfied that it was planted in our churchyards for some important purpose.

Many authors have supposed it was to secure a supply of suitable wood to furnish bows for the redoubtable English archers. This seems rather plausible, for the bowmen of our ancestors constituted the main strength of their army; to whose superiority may be attributed many splendid victories, and caused the British soldier to be esteemed the most formidable in the world. But to the question. Did this cause the yew to be planted in our churchyards? I very much doubt it; as at the early period when this custom was established, population was scanty, and land was in plenty, and might easily have been obtained for making enclosures for the cultivation of this tree, where the cattle might have been fenced out, and prevented from feeding upon its poisonous foliage. I believe the real intention of planting the yew in our churchyards was solemn and symbolical. It was deemed to be a tree of mourning. Its dark, dense, and perpetual foliage, give it the impress of deep and eternal sorrow. In this respect it was held in the same veneration in this country, as the cypress was formerly throughout the greater part of Europe and Asia, and is, at this day, in the Mahommedan countries.

"Within the place of thousand tombs  
That shine beneath, while dark above  
The sad but living cypress glooms  
And withers not, though branch and leaf  
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,  
Like early unrequited love."—BROWN.

The ancient Romans used to carry a branch of the cypress at their funeral solemnities, and in like manner it was customary, in this country, to convey branches of the yew tree with the funeral processions, and which were invariably deposited in the grave, and occasionally the boughs of other evergreen shrubs were thrown in with them. Still the yew had a higher and more important signification than being merely the symbol of grief. As its hardy nature rendered it suitable to sustain the inclemency of our northern climate, it was adopted as a substitute for the palm, which, in the more genial temperature of the eastern countries, was considered to be emblematical of the resurrection. The yew tree lives to such an extraordinary age, that all authentic record is entirely lost relative to the planting of those fine old trees that used to decorate our churchyards. It has been supposed that they were planted about the time of the erection of our earliest churches. According to some legends, the yew tree was said to be brought by the saint to whom the church was dedicated; and that in one night it reached its full maturity, and has ever since continued in the same state of vigour and freshness, defying storm, tempest, and the ravages of time. On this account, as well as its unfading and perpetual (though sombre) foliage, it was considered as figurative of the eternal and unalterable state of spiritual existence. The yew trees, these fine remains of antiquity, have now generally disappeared from our churchyards; they have fallen one after another, in every instance a sacrifice to bad taste, and, we fear in many cases, to

avarice; now we who are approaching to the vale of years, meet with this acquaintance of our early youth, no more frequently than a very old man recognizes a friend of his childhood.

A walk in a churchyard will generally afford both amusement and instruction. The inscriptions on the various grave and tomb stones will frequently be found worth the examination; for although the greater part may be nothing more than repetitions of the very common forms that have been in use for ages, yet occasionally something choice and original is to be found, either in the ludicrous or lugubrious style. From such inscriptions a lively imagination may occasionally speculate on the kind of individuals they were written to commemorate. The following example of this kind of inscription we found on a monument placed by the side of a church, in a small borough town. After the name of the individual commemorated, it continues,

"He was almost fifty years,  
With unshaken fortitude,  
And virtuous resolution,  
Mayor and Alderman of this borough."

When we saw this, the man having only been dead about fifty years, and the town being small, we thought it possible to collect some choice anecdotes, or recollections, of such an important personage. But no! Of his family not an individual was remaining, and what was very remarkable, *sic transit gloria mundi*, no person, that we could meet with, had ever heard of his existence. One or two persons told us they had read the inscription upon his monument, but had never heard anything about the man. Well, in default of other materials, let us endeavour, from the inscription, to draw a picture of the worthy Alderman; to attempt which it is necessary, in the first place, to consider what were the important duties that devolved upon the dignitaries of the old borough corporations, the discharge of which required such "unshaken fortitude, and virtuous resolution." Doubtless, the very contemplation of these duties will inspire us with the highest veneration for the extraordinary individuals to whom these were intrusted.

We have ascertained that custom made it requisite that they should parade to church a few times in the year, in robes, cocked hats, and other suitable habiliments, and place themselves in solemn order in the "chief seats in the synagogue." Here decided slumber was positively interdicted, although it was considered dignified to preserve a drowsy appearance. Then, as corporations had always the management of certain funds, derived from land, tolls, and occasionally property, left originally for charitable purposes, the disposal of these funds was an important and solemn duty, and which required these august bodies to assemble at stated periods to

"Sing and laugh,  
And the rich wine quaff,  
And dine on the daintiest cheer."

This was done with such "unshaken fortitude and virtuous resolution," that the expense generally equalled the income, however ample; and, as a member of such a body would ask, could anything be more proper, more just, more judicious, than this manner of disposing of their funds, the expenditure being made expressly to support the dignity of the corporation?

The duties of the office being known, we may easily imagine the sort of man that nature and perseverance had fitted for discharging these duties in the best manner possible. Now, "in our mind's eye," we can see at once the worthy Alderman arise before us in all the full, complaisant, well-fed dignity of office, just as he appeared in his most palmy days, when perhaps he had received for the third time, the honour of the Mayoralty. In dress he is neatness personified; his legs appear somewhat swollen, and with rich collars of fat, in some degree enveloping the sides of his shoes—then the "fair round belly, with good capon lined," giving a lively idea of the hilarity and enjoyment requisite for its development—now comes the goodly countenance, the lower part of the face commences with a brawny treble chin, surmounted with a mouth of such dimensions, as when open to form an admirable study for a cavern; the face then goes on tapering to the apex of the forehead. The head, though small, possesses transcendent developments of the organs of gustativeness and self-esteem. In addition to these points, conceive some evident hernial appearances, and you have the *tout ensemble* of a man whose "unshaken fortitude, and virtuous resolution," qualified him to become the hero of a thousand feeds.

We have now, I think, sufficient data to write a biography of the worthy Alderman. In a few short years, even in the seat of all his glories, all recollection of him had passed away; not even a single anecdote or tradition of him had been transmitted to the present age. From this we may fairly infer, that his life passed without a single incident escaping such as are common to most Aldermen; in fact, that there was not a circumstance in his whole life, the account of which was worth the transmitting. He began life, probably, in easy circumstances, being well-placed by the industry of his ancestors, for he was no workhouse-bred adventurer, whatever his forefathers might have been; and of them we shall say nothing, as it is rather unfair to inquire from what degree our progenitors arose, sufficient is it for us to know that they provided well for ourselves—and if we are left to struggle with adversity, little satisfaction is it to know that we are descended from gentle blood, and that our forefathers were men of worship, dignity, and renown. To proceed with our biography.

Our extract from the inscription upon his tombstone informs us that he was not altogether the architect of his own fortune. If this should be doubted, read it once again; and if you do not find it expressed as clearly as words can indicate, if you were a school-boy, we should say you deserve to be enlightened by that best of all instructors, the birch. Well, you have read the inscription again, and you find that he was "almost fifty years Mayor and Alderman," and consequently must have arisen to that dignity when a very young man, a dignity he could not have obtained under many years, unless by the reflected merit of his ancestors; therefore, we affirm he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. There is also on the monument a short notice of the death of his son, from which we infer that he was (as every respectable man ought to be,) a married man, and that he was the father of a family. Doubtless he rejoiced greatly in his daughter's loveliness, and that in his sons he should transmit the family physiognomy. The rest of his life may be comprised in two lines:—

"He eat, and drank, and slept, and then,  
He eat, and drank, and slept again."

Well, peace be with his ashes! He lived to the advanced age of eighty years, and died, as was correctly announced in the newspapers, sincerely regretted by his numerous friends and connexions. We believe his life was spent in comfort, and he deserved it, for he was not only fat himself, but the cause of fatness in others. The plump, chubby-cheeked angels, figured on his monument, are fit representations of the kind of beings that should be employed in conveying his spirit to the realms of eternal blessedness. Just picture to yourselves his family circle—himself a glorious personification of jollity—his wife, (good old soul) fit mate for such a swain, amiable, contented, and corpulent—his daughters, bless their dear, good-humoured, laughing faces, (we could almost jump from our arm-chair, which for some generations has been a heirloom in our family, and in spite of the rheumatism give them each a kiss,) there they are, round as dumplings, their faces ruddy, and the picture of good health and good temper—as for the boys, we are not very fond of talking about boys, but they belong to the same family, and you can easily place them yourselves in their proper situation in the back ground. Then the servants,—we trust no one ever left the family without a pension, for after a life of such ease, quietude and enjoyment, they must have been rendered totally unfit for any other service. The cat sits purring by the fire, on a most delicious hearthrug, and has, for a length of time, retired from the active occupation of catching mice; the dog, we do not believe he ever shewed any activity at all, except in driving away, and shewing his indignation at, any person, whose seedy habiliments and general appearance displayed anything like leanness and poverty.

Not far from the memorial erected to the memory of the worthy Alderman may be noticed, in a quiet corner, a respectable-looking tomb, with nothing particular to attract attention, excepting a few rich ornaments, contrasting with a very plain and simple inscription, which ran thus:—

Hic jacit  
Guilielmus Bromsell,  
Obit 13 Martii.  
Ætat 69.  
Ne plora.

This was followed by an equally brief notice of Mary, the wife of William Bromsell. When arrived at our inn, fancying that this might have been some considerable person

in the borough, we inquired of the landlord concerning him. The landlord informed us that many strange things were still related of Mr. Bromsell, although he had been dead many years. We made further inquiries, the result of which is contained in the following narration.

Mr. Bromsell practised as an attorney, but was also a general agent, and contrived to be, somehow or other, engaged in most of the important affairs of the neighbourhood. He was, unquestionably, a man of considerable ability, but was one of those persons occasionally met with, that everybody mistrusts, everybody dislikes, but everybody fears and employs. He was a man also, that, from deep reflection, or some other cause, was certainly far in advance of the age in which he lived. On many subjects he entertained opinions that required many years of discussion and agitation, ere they could be received by the public, so pertinaciously do we adhere to old notions and prejudices. His opinions with regard to marriage, were considered peculiarly strange, and were condemned accordingly, but these opinions have since received concurrence, and have been adopted by the enlightenment of modern times. He contended that marriage ought in no respect to be considered a religious rite; that it was merely a civil contract between the parties bound. It will be useless now to give the various and learned arguments by which he supported these opinions; it is sufficient to know that he was the author of that splendid chain of reasoning that has since given celebrity to other men, and resulted in settling this question upon the most enlarged and liberal principles. When he brought home Mrs. Bromsell, people very much doubted whether they were in reality married, as no one knew from whence she came; and he was generally believed to act up to his own doctrines. This remained, however, for a long time uncertain, for Mr. Bromsell was not a man to inform others of his own private affairs; but it afterwards transpired that the marriage was solemnized in his own peculiar manner. He wrote in a private pocket book, a memorandum that himself and Mary Sinclair agreed to take each other as husband and wife; and that this agreement was to continue binding on their parts until death dissolved the contract. This instrument was dated, and signed by them both.

His tastes were very singular, his favourite amusement being to ride out of an evening, in company with a tremendous pair of horse pistols, for the purpose of kindly relieving such travellers as he chanced to meet, of any loose cash, or other valuables, with which they might happen to be encumbered. This he considered to be a sensible amusement, contributing at the same time equally to health, recreation, and profit.

One night having, in his most polite manner, insisted upon saving a gentleman the care and inconvenience of conveying home a sum of that most troublesome of all commodities, money, his kindness was far from being appreciated, (for the gentleman meeting shortly afterwards with some acquaintances who had been spending the evening at a fox hunting party,) he represented himself as having been robbed; they being all well mounted, determined giving chase to our friend Bromsell, whom they designated by the opprobrious term of highwayman. Amongst the party was a crack sportsman, named Baker, who was the high constable of the hundred; he volunteered taking the lead, in consequence of knowing every inch of the country for many miles round. They kept on at a smart pace, and shortly came in sight of our friend, who was riding leisurely along, not expecting to be pursued, and was indulging in some moral reflections upon the rights of property, particularly that which appertaineth to *meum* and *tuum*. Baker immediately gave the view hallo. It was a clear night, and the moon shone brightly; they all clapped spurs to their horses, and soon became near enough to distinguish Bromsell upon his favourite bay horse. The horse was easily recognized, from having one white fetlock, and a silver tail. Bromsell turned his horse round to reconnoitre the party advancing, and discovered also, to his pursuers, a white star on his horse's forehead. Having a sort of presentiment that all was not quite right, he again turned his horse, and started off at a rasping gallop. The chase now commenced in good earnest, and continued at tip-top speed for about a couple of miles in the direction of the town, Baker cheering on his friends as though he were conducting a pack of fox hounds. The pursuers were evidently gaining upon the fugitive, who, turning suddenly across the heath, galloped within a few paces of a stone quarry, evidently hoping to terminate the chase by some of them being floored; but it was no go. Baker knew every inch of the country, and led his pack right, giving them timely notice to "war the pit." The pursuit was continued across the heath, up to the side of a wood.

which was skirted, until they came to a corner, where it turned off at right angles. Bromsell doubled the corner, and Baker immediately pronounced him to be an arrant cur, expressing his opinion that the brute meant to take to the covert; but he was mistaken, for, after passing the corner, they again viewed him making his way merrily across the open. Here they were again in full cry, quickly passing an old stone, known by the name of Tommy Toddler's stone. This place having the reputation of being haunted, the boldest amongst them would not have ventured passing in the middle of the night, excepting under circumstances of the greatest excitement. Tommy Toddler, who was said to haunt this situation, and regularly at midnight, and sit upon this stone, had been dead about half a century. He was a man to whom much of the land in that spot belonged. He began life with the meritorious determination of improving his estate,—not by the modern system of causing two blades of corn to grow where one only had grown formerly, but by causing his neighbour's land-marks to recede gradually further from the centre of his own property; therefore, as he lived to be an old man, he contrived to extend the limits of his land considerably. To be sure that of his neighbours became contracted in the same proportion, but they ought to have attended better to their own affairs. When on his deathbed, poor old Tommy seemed to have some misgivings, whether the plan he had adopted for improving his estate was quite the correct course; and in moments of delirium he uttered many incoherent and mysterious expressions. It was said by all who witnessed his death, that “he made an awful end;” and the nurse who attended him, when alluding to the slight remuneration she had received, declared, “she would not see the like again for all the Indies of gold.” After his death many benighted people affirmed they had seen him sitting upon his stone, just as he appeared when alive, in an old grey coat, with his high-lows unlaced; that he had followed them until they had sunk down with affright, or he had vanished in a flash of fire. But to return again to the chase.

Bromsell kept on at a slapping pace, although his followers were evidently gaining upon him, and they began to conceive hopes of taking him in the open; but by successfully clearing a wide brook, he gained a little in advance. Here three of the hunters tailed off, who, on making their way towards the more direct path to the town, afterwards stated, they saw old Tommy sitting upon his stone, who rose and followed them, and although they galloped more than a mile at full speed, he kept up with them, seeming only to be hobbling along at the slow pace of a feeble old man.

After Bromsell had crossed the brook, Baker charged it in gallant style, and was followed by his remaining companions, which were now reduced to only two. They then quickly came to a line of enclosures, all clearing the first fence, a rasping bullfincher, splendidly. The riding now became desperate. Fence after fence was charged and covered manfully, equally by the *varmint* and the huntsmen: They next came to a stiff gate that led into a lane, Bromsell put his horse at it boldly, but the gate springing open with him he got a tremendous purler. With foxhunters there is always something generous and noble. Baker immediately cried out, “Hold hard. If he has not broken his neck, give him a little law. He’s a trump, and no mistake.” They then reined up their horses; Bromsell quickly remounted his own, and dashed down the lane, which brought them to the direct road for the town. In this direction the hunt continued, and the pursuers were rejoined by their friends. On reaching the town, the pace became much slower. The horses were evidently flagged. Bromsell proved the mettle of his steed by gaining ground in some degree. He kept steadily on, and after passing a building that projected somewhat before his own house, he suddenly disappeared. The huntsmen were now at fault. “Gone to ground to a certainty,” exclaimed Baker. “Well, the run has been first rate; fifty minutes without a check; but we must try and unearth him.” With that he gave a thundering knock at Bromsell’s door with the butt of his whip, which he repeated incessantly for some minutes, when, to their great surprise, Bromsell himself appeared in his nightcap and night-clothes at the window, and demanded the cause of this unseasonable disturbance.

“Come old fellow,” said Baker, “this won’t do. You must unkennel.”

“Mr. Baker,” said Bromsell, “however this nightly brawling might be overlooked in your drunken companions, there can be no excuse for a man like yourself, who, from your office, ought to be a conservator of the peace.”

Mr. Fasey, the gentleman who had been robbed, here interposed, and said, “It’s  
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of no use affecting this strangeness, you robbed me, and we have chased you home, and now we are determined to search your premises."

Bromsell, with an air and tone of most complete astonishment, replied, "Good heavens! Is it possible so monstrous an accusation can be brought against me? I chased home? Why, I was asleep quietly in my bed, until aroused by your clamour; but," continued he with pious resignation, "I have nothing to conceal, therefore, just allow me two minutes to put on my dressing gown and slippers, and every assistance in my power shall be rendered to assist and facilitate your examination."

With that he left the window, muttering something about unjust accusations, injured innocence, and men's houses being castles. In less than the stipulated two minutes Bromsell admitted the party, at the same time demanding sternly what part of the premises they wished to search. Baker said, "probably he would favour them by allowing them to go round the yard and outhouses."

Bromsell immediately brought them to the wood barn, piggeries, lofts, and various other places, neither of which seemed to contain the object of their search, when Baker, blundering against the framework of a well, exclaimed, "not much use looking down here, I imagine." At that Bromsell sprang forward, and inquired earnestly, "What is it gentlemen you are in quest of? I am shivering with cold, and should be glad to terminate this intrusion?"

Fasey replied, "well, what we wish to see is your horse; we did not expect to find him in the stable, so have not looked there; after seeing him we shall trouble you no further."

"I cannot understand," said Bromsell, "what you can require with him, but there he is," opening the stable door, "just as he was racked up for the night."

They all entered eagerly, and there, certainly, was Bromsell's horse. They had most of them known the horse before. They carefully scrutinized the marks they had particularly noticed when he was flying before them; white fetlock, silver tail, star upon the forehead, and colour dark bay. It was evidently the same animal, but to the surprise of them all, the horse was reposing, clean, dry, and comfortable, with all the evident appearance of not having left the stable that evening. The accusing party seemed wonderfully puzzled, and considerably alarmed. Some of them whispered something about witchcraft, and dealings with the devil; but none of them required any persuasion to leave the premises.

At their departure Bromsell said, in a tone in which virtuous indignation was manifest, "Gentlemen, an honest man may perhaps treat with contempt the unworthy calumnies of his neighbours, but there is a point where serious resentment and retaliation becomes a duty; you, in your drunken vagaries, have thought proper to disturb the peace of my family, to force yourselves upon my premises, in grossly, indecent, and brutal manner; and have even endeavoured to cast a stigma upon my reputation; for all this, be assured, if law and justice are to be found in this country, I shall call you to a severe account." This was merely a threat, for he never attempted afterwards to call them to any account. The charge against him was dropped, and he was perfectly content to leave well alone.

The manner in which he contrived to escape detection in this instance, was this. He kept two horses that matched in the most marked particulars, one of which he always left at home when he took his excursions upon the other. Upon the night in question, when he disappeared from his pursuers, he dashed down a narrow entry, by the side of the projecting building, to the back part of his premises, sprang immediately from his saddle, and actually backed his horse into the well. Some years after his death this well was cleaned out, and the skeleton of a horse, with rusty stirrup-irons, a bit, and the barrels of two pistols, were found.

This affair made considerable noise about the neighbourhood for some time after, particularly that part which related to Tommy Toddler's ghost. After this, he was said to come stronger than ever. Not a week passed but some fresh tale became current of this visitation to terrify the surrounding country. The alarm at last became so general, that it was deemed necessary to send for some learned and pious ministers to lay poor old Tommy in the red sea. The ministers prepared themselves, and went for several nights successively, to Tommy's stone, but it happened somehow that on these nights he never made his appearance. Perhaps it was that he fancied he should not much like the party that intended honouring him with their company.

Bromsell continued his nightly amusements for a considerable time afterwards; but, as the pitcher going often to the well gets at last broken, so he became ultimately

detected, and was committed for trial. He then, very prudently, deeming his situation more than ordinary perilous, conveyed the whole of his effects to his wife; but in her maiden name. At his trial, the evidence against him was singularly clear. His whereabouts was regularly traced by the witnesses, from the late hour of the evening when he left home, to the still later hour of his returning. The judge, in summing up, gave a decided opinion as to his guilt, and recapitulated the evidence most minutely, and most lucidly exhibited the agreement of the evidence with regard to time and circumstance. Bromsell displayed the most unshaken firmness, and listened attentively to the whole proceedings, until the conclusion of the summing up of the judge. Hope then entirely deserted him. His head sunk down, and he remained in a state of unconsciousness.

The jury retired, but in a very few minutes returned. On the question being put, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you considered your verdict?" The foreman replied in a firm voice, "My lord, we find the prisoner guilty of staying out late at night."

The judge looked at them with surprise, and exclaimed, "Is that all?"

"Nothing else, my lord," replied the foreman.

Bromsell's counsel immediately rose up, and said, "I claim that as a verdict for the prisoner."

The judge had prepared himself to deliver the awful sentence of the law in a most impressive manner. He had got a few tears ready for the occasion, and intended to be very much affected; he had never felt in better cue for this solemn duty; and had even determined on leaving the court, to retire to his private apartment in a state of agitation, where he might indulge in his own reflections, and his brandy and water. He, therefore, on hearing the verdict, became in a tremendous rage, and rated the jury soundly. The jury, on their parts, felt themselves to be injured men, and went home with the conscious satisfaction of having discharged their duty to their country faithfully; being convinced that if anybody were to blame, it was the judge, who had laid such stress upon the late hours of the prisoner, instead of telling them plainly to return simply a verdict of guilty.

Bromsell was taken home in a complete state of prostration, and it was some days before he could be made sensible that he was not preparing for execution. By the unremitting and affectionate attentions of his wife, he was at last restored to consciousness of his real situation. When he had recovered from the shock he had received, he expressed a wish that the conveyance of his property might be destroyed; but his affectionate partner informed him that the deed having made the property legally her own, she should certainly decline parting with it; but from her attachment to him, she should take care to preserve him from absolute necessity. She stated also, that her maiden name being used in the deed of conveyance, a doubt had arisen in her mind whether she was his wife in reality; and whilst this doubt remained, her conscience would not allow her any longer to live with him. Finding all his arguments availed nothing towards removing her scruples, he proposed marrying her in the usual manner. To this she readily assented, and the ceremony being performed, it gave increased satisfaction to both; and he again became possessed legally of his property, and with it the affections of an excellent wife.

*Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.*

[To be continued.]

## THE BUSINESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

"What business of importance can Odd Fellows have, we wonder? Nothing less stupendous than a complaint that Brother Jollman has blacked Brother Higginbotham's nose with a burnt cork," &c. — *Illuminated Magazine*.

BEHOLD! those gathered brothers bear  
The common name of man,  
And wear the homely, humble garb,  
Of toiling artisan.

Plain features mark'd by thrift and care,  
And labour's hardening lines,  
That pale the cheek and dim the eye  
Ere youth itself declines.

Forms bow'd by taskwork late and long,  
Many amidst them bear;—  
Why gather thus those lowly men,  
What business brings them there?

To talk of wages or of toil —  
To murmur at the great?  
To coin some rude and boisterous game—  
Some low and dull debate?

Within their proud patrician halls,  
The nobles of the land  
Have never wrought more glorious deeds  
Than this devoted band.

If worth, and truth, and love divine,  
To outward sense could show,  
Then round those pale and task-worn men,  
Immortal light should glow!

And beauty earth can never boast  
Each thoughtful brow should win,  
Bright rays from the celestial fire  
That light the soul within.

There's not a single attribute  
Within that humble room,  
But worketh out some gentle deed  
To soothe the primal doom.

Those uncouth letters, haply traced  
By some unskilful hand,  
Bear spells more potent than of old  
Were wrought by sorcerer's wand.

Where want and sorrow darkly crouch,  
The sick man's couch beside,  
Cometh that call—for hope—for aid,  
But not to wealth or pride.

No! to the mystic pledge of Love  
The fainting brother clings,  
And help goes forth, like Mercy's dove,  
With healing on its wings.

Death strikes the labourer at his task,  
Or in his humble shed;  
His daily toil could barely win  
His children's daily bread,

Not even the thriftiest hand could save  
From life's imperious need;—  
How shall the mourner shroud her dead—  
Her weeping infants feed?

They come—the kindly loving band,  
With decent state and care,  
And forth to his last resting place,  
Their brother's dust they bear.

Comfort and hope they leave behind,  
To guard the widow's door;  
The phantom Want, with fiendish eyes,  
Shall haunt her hearth no more.

And these are but the golden links  
Of one extended chain—  
A thousand hearts respond to theirs,  
Beyond the western main.

To India's sands, to Afric's shores,  
The mystic watchwords sweep;  
And far Australia holdeth forth  
The pledge across the deep!

Humbly they work their mission forth,  
Of charity divine;  
Their Christian virtue asketh not  
In blazon'd pomp to shine.

Then, e'er thou mock'st the lowly course  
Their lives are doom'd to run,  
Go forth, thou scorner, and achieve  
Such deeds as they have done!

### THE ODD FELLOWS' CHRONICLE.

LANCASTER.—OPENING OF THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—From an early hour on Wednesday morning, July 24th, 1844, the "good old town" presented a very gay and animated appearance, owing to the constant influx of visitors from all parts of the country. A few were no doubt attracted by the races, but by far the greater number had come for the purpose of witnessing or taking part in the proceedings consequent on the opening of the Odd Fellows' Hall. At ten o'clock the members of the various Lodges assembled in Dalton Square, and shortly afterwards formed in procession, to the number of eight hundred, including those from Ulverstone, Kendal, Preston, and Liverpool. In this order, preceded by banners, and accompanied by Fazackerly's well-known band, they proceeded to the Town Hall, to meet the Mayor and Corporation. In addition to the municipal authorities and their subordinates, the procession was here augmented by the clever band of the National School, which marched at the head of the Corporation, playing the National Anthem, until the cavalcade reached the Parish Church, where prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Royds, and an admirable sermon preached by the Rev. J. Turner, (the Vicar) from 15th chap. Romans, v. 1,—“We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.” The Rev. gentleman pointed out the applicability of the text to the present occasion, and after adverting to the various institutions that had been from time to time established in this country among the working classes, for the purpose of assisting each other in times of sickness and want, spoke in high terms of the Order of Odd Fellows. He showed that it was much better to give than to receive, and that members ought not to repine at having to subscribe, as it was better to be in health and paying, than sick and receiving. In conclusion, he exhorted them, while providing for their temporal welfare, not to neglect their spiritual affairs, which were of infinitely greater importance. After divine service, the procession re-formed, and returned down Market Street to Dalton Square. Here the members and their friends separated until two o'clock, when they repaired to the hall, where a substantial dinner, provided by Mr. Braithwaite, of the Royal Oak, awaited their attack. In a temporary gallery at the lower end of the room the musicians were stationed, and from the permanent gallery at the upper extremity, flags, bearing the following inscriptions, were suspended,—“Love and Sincerity;” “Honour and Secresy;” “Provide for the Widows and Orphans;” “May the bark of Odd Fellowship ride triumphantly over the sea of discord;” “Temperance, Integrity, Unanimity, and Charity;” “Sincerity, the bond of Odd Fellowship,” &c. &c. The tables were six in number, placed longitudinally, and upwards of three hundred persons did justice to the excellent viands beneath which they literally groaned. The Mayor presided, and the Vice-chair was ably filled by John

Armstrong, Esq., the former supported right and left by E. D. Salisbury, Esq., and Alderman Robinson; and the latter by Alderman Dunn and J. Sharp, Esq. The Chair and Vice-chair were tasteful specimens of ingenuity, being tent-shaped, formed of blue, white and pink calico, elevated about four feet from the floor, and bearing, one, the following motto—"Faith, Hope, and Charity," and the other—"Friendship, Love and Truth."

After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman rose to propose "The Manchester Unit of Independent Odd Fellows," a toast he could not dismiss without making a few remarks upon. There had been a large amount of obloquy and contumely thrown upon Odd Fellows, and he could not but admire their conduct in regard to the mode in which they had combated the prejudices against them, prejudices which he was happy to say, had pretty generally subsided. They stood fast to their integrity, and to those principles of benevolence which formed the basis and object of their union, and took no other mode of setting themselves right with the public. The result of this judicious policy was now visible in palaces like the one in which they were assembled, springing up in all parts of the country, and in the great and wealthy vying with each other to promote the good of this society. For himself he must confess that when he first heard of Odd Fellows, he came to the conclusion, and one which he thought very just at the time, that they met for purposes of a trivial or foolish nature, and not for the carrying out of those extensive plans of benevolence and morality, which he afterwards found to be their aim. He had put a wrong construction on their motives, and it was with great pleasure he acknowledged that he had since been undeceived on this point. There were some persons, he believed, who could trace the Order as far back as the days of ancient Rome, and shew that the members were then known by the name of fellow-citizens. That might be a more comprehensive term than that of Odd Fellow, but setting this aside, it was not with the antiquity, but with the utility of this society, that they had to deal. If its claims were examined, it would be found that it was based on loyal and constitutional principles. They were such as to inculcate loyalty and attachment to the throne, and love and fear to God. They would be found to protect the widow and orphan, to punish crime, encourage peace, promote friendship and love, and afford support in sickness and old age. If there were a person who could lay his hand on his heart and say—"There is one of your principles that I object to," that person, he felt assured, would not be admitted a member of the society. They were called on to toast the Manchester Unity, because it was the root of their benevolent institution, the parent society, from which had sprung all those that were now overshadowing the land. He believed there was not a county in England that was not reaping advantage from Odd Fellowship. In his (the Chairman's) belief, there was no society that did as much good, or as quietly and as benevolently as this.

Mr. Rowlandson, in responding to the toast said,—We often hear the question asked by those who know us not, in what our society differs from the old legalized sick clubs. I answer, by inquiring the causes of the old sick clubs being in a state of rapid decay? One cause is this. A member may have been a regular subscriber for forty or fifty years, and after that period circumstances may render it imperative on him to change his residence. In such a case he has no alternative, but either entirely to lose his interest in the society, or be at the trouble and expense of sending his subscription, which, in many cases would amount to a considerable sum; besides his being prevented by absence from taking part in the administration of the society's affairs. Now, Sir, had the individual in question been so fortunate as to belong to our Institution, he could, upon his removal, have drawn a card or certificate, and into whatever part of the country Providence had cast his lot, he would have found a Lodge of his society, where he could have thrown in his card, and at once been entitled to every benefit there as he had been still where he originally entered. These Lodges are, therefore, of more extensive utility than a mere sick club, which only relieves those who are in immediate connexion with it. But an Odd Fellow, let him come from where he may, if in health and prosperity, meets with friends and a hearty welcome—if in distress, with sympathy and support. And this appears to be now pretty generally understood and appreciated, for although a few years ago our institution was small and insignificant, yet, being based upon right principles, it has continued to advance, and such is now its importance, that it is forcing itself upon public attention. It now consists of above two hundred and forty thousand individuals in this country alone, embracing all ranks, from the peer to

the peasant, united in one common cause, and having one common object in view. Yes, Sir, it now not only extends to the east, the west, the north, the south, and to the remotest corners of our native land, but the billows of the western ocean gently murmur the name of Odd Fellow, from the land of Washington to the sun-burnt rocks of Gibraltar; and the glorious banner of "Friendship, Love and Truth," waves as majestically on the banks of the St. Lawrence, as it does upon the shores of our own sea-girt and highly-favoured land. I hope, Sir, the time is not far distant when our Order will encircle in its arms the whole civilized world; for already has the bright emblem of the Manchester Unity spread its silken folds to the breezes of that new and far-distant country, whose shores are laved by the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Some of you may yet meet in open Lodge beneath the western palm tree, inhaling fragrance from orange groves and aromatic gales, where the love of your fatherland may be forgotten in the hallowed love of her exiled sons. Let the contemplative mind pause, and reflect what an amount of good has been done, what sickness relieved, what orphans protected, and what widows' hearts made to sing for joy. These are facts loudly challenging the attention of all who are interested in the administration of the poor laws of our country. Here is a vast amount of money yearly expended, and being under the direct control of the members, there is every reason to conclude that it is expended on proper objects only. While we reflect with feelings of pleasure upon the rapid progress our Order is making, would it not be well to pause for a moment, and inquire the cause of this great, this unparalleled increase? Is it, let me ask, because we have basked in the smiles of royalty? No. Is it because we have been patronized by the great and mighty of the land? No. Is it because we admit none but those who regulate their lives by a certain given standard? Assuredly not. This is neutral ground, on which all can meet. Here we have every variety, from the cautious Caledonian, to the more lively son of Erin's green isle,

"First flower of the ocean, first gem of the sea;"

they all meet in the bonds of brotherly love, and with as much good will as if they had been born under the same roof, educated in the same religion, and professing the same political creed. What is it, then, that has led to this prosperity? I answer, one great cause is, because our laws consider every man equal. The poorest, as well as the richest, are eligible to every office, and every honour our Institution has to confer. It is because we recognize no class privileges; and I trust the only distinction ever to be found in an Odd Fellows' Lodge will be merit and usefulness. While we have shewn what our Order has done for the physical wants of its members, nothing has yet been adduced as to the actual state of morality presented by them. I remember lately being much pleased with an article in that now almost universally-read publication *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, entitled "Figures of Arithmetic, *versus* Figures of Speech," wherein the writer shews the different aspect which the same subject often presents when viewed through these separate mediums. Now let us apply this test to our society, and see what will be its appearance when viewed through the arithmetical telescope. I find, from tables presented to the Home Office for the year 1841, that the greatest number of convictions for crime committed against the laws of the country was in the county of Gloucester, being 2.9 or almost three in every thousand. The smallest number was in Westmoreland, namely 6-10ths of one, or about one in every eighteen hundred; whilst the average throughout the kingdom was 1-8th, or nearly two in every thousand. Now, Sir, you must bear in mind, that if any member commits an offence against the laws of his country, he is subject to expulsion from the Order; and so very strict are our members in enforcing this law, that sometimes I have been apt to think they appear to forget that

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

A list of all expulsions is published every quarter, so that a fair estimate upon this subject may always be had. I have taken considerable pains to investigate these lists of expulsion, and how stands the fact? According to the average already given, namely, 1.8, or nearly two in every thousand, the number expelled ought to be 432; instead of which, and I am proud, as an Odd Fellow, to make such a declaration, the actual number is but 66, being only about one-third of that in one of the best counties of England, and this, too, in an Order principally composed of working men. Here are facts for the consideration of those who are entrusted with the administration of our criminal

laws; here are facts for the magistracy; here are facts for all—facts which speak more trumpet-tongued than the most eloquent speeches delivered by the most gifted orators. Understand me correctly. I do not mean to say that simply becoming a member of our Order alters in any way the constitution of man, or regenerates his depraved nature; but I do maintain that such is the stringent nature of our laws, that our members know that so sure as they are detected transgressing the laws of their country, so sure will they be called upon by their Lodge to account for their conduct, and if found guilty, as surely expelled. And they also know that the fact of their expulsion will not be confined to their own Lodge, but will be circulated throughout every Lodge and District in the whole world of Odd Fellowship. A knowledge of this fact acts as a check upon the conduct of any evil-disposed member, causes him to pause on the very threshold of crime; and thus, I trust, in the hands of Divine Providence, becomes the means of reclaiming him, and bringing him once more to the paths of religion and virtue.

Many other clever addresses were delivered in the course of the evening.

The Committee of management consisted of Messrs. Rowlandson, Barwick, Newton, Barker, Wilson, Baldwin, Green, Postlethwaite, Bond, Woods, Booth, Hatch, Camm, Marshall, and E. Wilson; and when we add that the arrangements were admirable in every respect, we feel that we cannot pay this Committee a greater compliment.

The principal entrance to the hall is from Mary Street, by a spacious staircase. The room is about 75 feet long, by 21 high, and 36 wide. A gallery extends across the west end, underneath which is a leonette, or Lodge-room. It is intended to erect another gallery across the east end, to accommodate speakers, &c. The hall is lighted by two splendid chandeliers, suspended from the ceiling. There is also another entrance to the large room from the west end, by an attic flight of steps, for the accommodation of those who may wish to have access to the room without going through the main entrance.—Abridged from the *Lancaster Guardian*.

**STAFFORD.—DEFAUDING AN ODD FELLOWS' SOCIETY.**—Henry M'Combs was indicted at the Staffordshire Michaelmas Assizes for obtaining, under false pretences, from Martha Bishop, at Stafford, the sum of sixpence, with intent to cheat and defraud the members of the Stafford District of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of that sum.

Mr. Yardley, who appeared for the prosecution, opened the case to the jury. He commenced by observing that the society of Odd Fellows was one of very considerable magnitude, having District or branch societies all over the kingdom. It was established for charitable purposes, and amongst its benevolent objects was one which the prisoner had abused. It sometimes happened that its members had to travel in search of employment, and in order to assist those who were in needy circumstances, a small sum was paid out of the funds of each District on the production of a certain document, called a "travelling card," and the jury would at once see how important it was to prevent the abuse of this very excellent regulation. According to his instructions, it appeared, that when a brother had occasion to leave his place of abode in search of employment, the particular Lodge of which he was a member, supplied him with a "black travelling card," (that is, a printed document in use throughout the Unity,) which was to continue in force for six months from its date, and upon its being presented to the examining officer of any District throughout the Unity, he was entitled to receive the relief allowed by such District. But if it should so happen that the black card should be wrongly filled up, lost, or so mutilated as to render it illegible, he might apply to the examining officer of any district where he happened to be at the time, and upon a satisfactory representation being made, he would obtain from the proper officer, a "red travelling card;" but which was only to have effect for the remainder of the term which the black card was to have run. On presenting a travelling card to the examining officer of a District, he, if satisfied, gives the applicant a cheque, which the applicant takes to the officer whose duty it is to meet such demands, and he receives the relief given by the District. Now, it appeared that the prisoner, who was a member of a Lodge of Odd Fellows, at Bolton, in Lancashire, applied in September, 1842, for a travelling card, which he obtained, and in February following he applied to Thomas Hullah, the examining officer of the Ripon District, in Yorkshire, and told him he had lost his black card, and from the representations made by the prisoner, he (Mr. Hullah) was induced to give him a red card, extending to the end of the six months originally granted. This card, it appeared, had been altered in its date, to enable the prisoner to carry on a system of

imposition; for, on the 26th of August last, nearly two years after the prisoner obtained his first card at Bolton, he applied to the Examining Officer at Stafford, where the fraud was discovered. Mr. Yardley explained the law of fraud, as it applied to the case before them, and cited a number of cases in point. He then called

Mrs. Jane Lycett, of the Three Tuns Inn, Stafford, who stated that her husband was Examining Officer of the District. On the 26th of August last, the prisoner came to her house and presented his card. Her husband being from home at the time, she examined the date of his card, and gave him a cheque, which he was to take to the house where the Lodge is held, and obtain the usual relief. After her husband came home, the prisoner returned, and on her husband examining the card, he discovered that the date had been altered, and he sent for a police officer, who took him into custody.

Mr. James Lycett, husband of the last witness, stated that on the 26th of August, his wife showed him a travelling card, which she had received from the prisoner, and which, on examination, he discovered to be a forgery. He had the prisoner taken into custody. A red card is given when a black one is, by accident or otherwise, rendered unserviceable, and it only runs to the end of the time for which the black one was originally given. A black card is issued by a Lodge to a travelling member when he goes in search of employment, and it states the amount of sick-pay and funeral donation to be given to such brother should he fall sick, or die, during the time he is on travel. The society of Odd Fellows has signs, by which a member is known; but sometimes those signs are improperly obtained. On presenting a card to a District, or Examining Officer, the travelling member receives a cheque, which he takes to the Relieving Officer, and obtains the relief authorized by the District. Mrs. Bishop is Relieving Officer of the Stafford District. She received authority from the District Committee to pay the amount of such cheques. The card now produced purported to be signed by "Thomas Hullah, Ripon District." The dates had evidently been altered. The date of the card is the 30th of May, 1844. [The black and red cards were produced in court, and it was quite evident that the original dates had been erased.]

Prisoner: Is it not necessary to have the quarterly password and signs of the Order, as well as a card?—Witness: Certainly.

Mrs. Martha Bishop stated that she is landlady of the Fox and George Inn, Stafford, and is the Relieving Officer of the Stafford District. It was her duty to cash the tin cheques of the District. On the 26th of August, the prisoner brought her a tin cheque, on which she gave him sixpence.

George Fleming, a private in the Staffordshire constabulary force, took the prisoner into custody on this charge on the 26th of August. He searched him, and found upon him 7s. 2½d., and two letters. On telling him the charge, the prisoner told him he had had the card twelve months, and he was all right. He (witness) said the card had been altered, and the prisoner replied,—“Well, what if it has, what can they do with me?”

Prisoner: Did I not say, suppose it was altered, what would be the consequence?—Witness: No.—Prisoner: Did you not mark this hatter's card, by which I am disqualified from receiving relief from the hatter's society?—Witness: No, I did not do it.

Mr. Samuel Slater, a machine maker, residing at Bolton, in Lancashire, stated that he was a member of the Odd Fellows' Society. On the 10th of September, 1842, the prisoner was a member of the Earl of Bradford Lodge, Bolton, and he (witness) was the presiding officer of the Lodge at that time. On the above date he gave the prisoner a black card, which he signed, and to which he affixed the seal of the Lodge. That card would have effect six months from its date. If he lost the black card, he might get a red one upon a proper representation, but which would only be in force for the remainder of the time.

Mr. Thomas Hullah, pipe maker, residing at Ripon, in the county of York, and a member of the Odd Fellows' Society at that place. In February, 1843, he was Examining Officer of the Ripon District, and it was his duty to examine the cards of persons on travel. The prisoner applied for relief, and produced a black card. He came afterwards and said he had lost it. The date of the black card was 10th of September, 1842. He asked him (witness) for a red one, and which he gave to him, after placing the original date at the bottom, to shew how long it had to run. The card now produced bore his signature, but it had been altered in several places since it was given to the prisoner at Ripon. The 13th of February, 1843, had been altered to...



30th of May, 1844. If the card had been genuine, it would have entitled him to relief.

Prisoner: Where is the proof that you gave me the card? Witness: That is my hand writing. Prisoner: Who saw you give me the card? The Chairman: He is not required to shew it.

Benjamin Salisbury, saddler, at Stafford, was called to shew who constituted the District Committee, and that the committee would have to reimburse Mrs. Bishop, for the sums she might pay on the society's cheques.

This was the case for the prosecution.

In his defence the prisoner said, "I am a hatter by trade, and am entitled to one shilling a day on travel; I receive it on my hatters' card. They must prove that I am no longer a member. They have turned me over to civil justice, and to civil justice I look for redress. I went to Mr. Hullah, and told him a man was going about in my name, and he had probably found my card, and was using it." He put in two or three letters, the contents of which did not transpire, and told a rambling story of certain property of which he had become possessed, and of an account he had received of some rent to which he was entitled. He called

Mr. George Martin, a watchmaker, of Atherstone, an officer of the Atherstone District, to prove that he had received a card in a letter on the 13th July last, and which he delivered to the prisoner on the 16th of July. The letter bore the Macclesfield postmark, and was signed W. H. Davis.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the learned Chairman sentenced him to be imprisoned two calendar months.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

COCKERMOUTH—PRESENTATION TO JOHN RICHARDSON, JUN., Esq.—We have frequently had occasion to notice the rapid increase and great prosperity of the various friendly societies at Cockermouth and its neighbourhood, by which habits of economy and industry have been so greatly promoted amongst the working classes—and on every such occasion it has been our pleasing duty to notice the active philanthropy with which Mr. John Richardson, Jun., has exerted himself to promote to the utmost the usefulness of such societies. We have much pleasure, therefore, in recording the grateful sense of his success entertained by the Odd Fellows of the Independent Order of the Manchester Unity, in the Cockermouth District, and the high esteem in which that gentleman is deservedly held by them.

It appears that some time since they determined to present Mr. Richardson with a splendid gold watch, as a mark of their regard, and the costly offering having been completed, a supper was given on the evening of Friday last, November 8th, 1844, for the purpose of presenting it in due form.

The supper took place in the room of the Derwent Lodge, No. 517, at the Brown Cow, the house of Mr. John Clarke, whose spacious room was decorated for the occasion, in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on all the parties who took a part in the arrangements. Mr. Smethurst, one of the most active members of the Order, had solicited the loan of beautiful paintings from the principal inhabitants, and a great number of these—some of them of great value—were judiciously hung on the occasion, and added greatly to the splendour of the preparations. There were also an abundance of choice flowers—and banners bearing appropriate inscriptions, which were seen to great advantage by four vesta lamps, supplied by Mr. Martin, of Cockermouth, which, in addition to the usual gas lights, greatly added to the brilliancy of the scene.

At eight o'clock, an ample and exceedingly well arranged supper was served, and the guests, who were upwards of one hundred in number, sat down to do justice to the liberality of the host and hostess.

After the cloth was removed, Mr. John Naisbith, Prov. G. M., was called to the chair, on the motion of P. G. Joseph Wood, seconded by Mr. John Robinson; and Mr. Moore, of Aspatria, was called to the Vice-chair, on the motion of Mr. Wood, seconded by Mr. John Bailey, Junr.; and these gentlemen were severally supported by the Rev. C. C. Southey; John Richardson, Junr., Esq; Lieut. W. Wilson, of Low House, Loweswater; Messrs. T. Bailey, Junr., Robinson, Thompson, Martin, H. Pickering, J. Wood, J. Holmes, R. Jefferson, &c.

After some preliminary toasts, the Chairman gave "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese, coupled with the name of the Rev. C. C. Southey." The clergy, he said, were a great and influential body, possessed of the power of doing a great deal of good; but

he noticed, with regret, that in some parts of the country the clergy of the Church of England had taken wrong views respecting their Order, and that their societies had, in consequence, suffered by it; but here, he was glad to say, that they were in a very different position. The clergy of Cockermouth and the neighbourhood, and indeed he might say of the county generally, had been of the utmost advantage to their societies, and had freely given their services to promote the welfare of the Order. He was sure, therefore, that the toast would be received in the most cordial and affectionate manner.

The Rev. C. C. Southey, who was received with great enthusiasm, returned thanks. He said he was truly gratified for the cordial manner in which he had been received that evening, and indeed on all occasions when he met the Order; but he regretted that there was not some clergyman present older than himself to respond to the toast. He had heard the remarks of the Chairman relative to the indifference of the clergy in some places to such societies; but he could assure them that no instance had ever come under his notice in which there was neglect, much less opposition, on the part of the clergy; but on the contrary, he often heard with pleasure of their cordial co-operation in the object of the Order. For his own part, he had read their laws, and regulations, and he found nothing in them opposed to the gospel; to religion, or sound morality; and, therefore, he could see no cause for any opposition or indifference. As far as he knew anything of Odd Fellowship, it seemed to him that they were associated for good, charitable, and benevolent purposes—doing all the good in their power to one another. They were also a very loyal society, and for his own part he esteemed them very highly, as a body calculated to do a great deal of good to their fellow-men, both temporally and otherwise; and he would be glad at all times to assist them in any way that lay in his power, for he most earnestly wished that the society should prosper, as he believed it had hitherto done to an unequalled extent. It was to him a truly pleasing thing to see such a spirit at work as they were actuated by; and while he assured them of the satisfaction with which he attended their meeting that night, he could not but compliment them upon the very commendable taste they had shown, and upon the unanimity that prevailed amongst them.

P. P. G. M. Wood responded to "The Grand Master of the Order, and Board of Directors." He said he had himself gone through all the elective offices of the society, and was well able to assure the meeting, that it was owing to that great and influential body, the Board of Directors, that the prosperity of the Order was owing. By communications with them, their difficulties, when they arose, were overcome; and, in fact, they might look up to them as the source of their stability, and their rescue in every danger. All things were arranged by them for the welfare of the society, and it was owing to them that he was on that occasion able to refer to the state of their affairs as most prosperous, and to say that the whole society, throughout all the world, was never known to work better than at present.

The Chairman then said, it was now time to proceed to the principal business of the evening. They were met for the purpose of performing one of the most pleasing duties man could be called upon to perform, that of presenting to one of their members a token of the esteem and respect in which he was held by his friends and brethren. On the present occasion he was directed to present to P. P. G. M. John Richardson, Junr., a very handsome gold watch, which had been purchased for him, principally by his brethren in the District, where his energies and talents have been employed for the benefit of the Order. Not but he had been very useful in other places, and he (the Chairman) trusted that he might still further extend his exertions, so that neighbouring Districts might be benefitted by his counsel and advice. The unanimity with which the necessary grant for the purpose had been made by the delegates of the various Lodges, as well as the very high estimation with which Mr. Richardson is regarded throughout the District, rendered it almost unnecessary for him to make any further comment; but he could not refrain from directing the attention of the meeting to some of the many services which he had rendered to the society. They all knew the great difficulties and opposition with which they had to contend—they knew that many looked upon them with an eye of suspicion, to whom they looked for very strong support; some, perhaps, were afraid of their numbers, including as they did some three hundred thousand members; others seemed to be jealous of the high and respectable position they held in society, and the many benefits they derived from being united in the bonds of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," and all these thought proper to oppose their society. The press,

too, which had been for the most part of such essential service, had, in one or two solitary instances, opposed them with great bitterness; but they had found a champion in their own corps, well qualified, and always ready to defend the glorious cause of Odd Fellowship, and the glorious principles upon which it is based. Had it not been for their friend, Mr. Richardson, they would have been stigmatized as a society meeting together merely for the purposes of carousal and wasting their property, instead of being known as they deserved to be known, as a society formed for purely benevolent and philanthropic purposes, and meeting to lay up a store, while in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, for the use of such of their brethren as might require their aid when bowed down by sickness. He had vindicated the character of their society, and for that alone they owed him an immense obligation; but he had been most useful also in other important respects. To his energetic exertions they were mainly indebted for the prosperity of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, a branch of the society which had only recently been called into existence—which enabled them to provide for the widows and children of their deceased brethren—and which he looked upon as the brightest gem in all the institutions of Odd Fellowship; and to him they owed the carrying out of its purely benevolent and philanthropic principles. In fact, to do justice to Mr. Richardson, he ought to enumerate the many instances in which he had come forward, without any consideration of his own convenience, to defend the interests of their institution, and the many acts of kindness and charity which he delighted to perform towards his distressed brethren—but he felt it was unnecessary to do so on the present occasion, when surrounded by so many who knew him so well. It was sufficient to say that Mr. Richardson had always proved himself worthy of the esteem in which he was held by every Odd Fellow, in evidence of which he now presented him with a gold watch. The Chairman continued, I beg, Mr. Richardson, on the part of the members of the Cocker-moath District, to thank you for the many acts of kindness they have received at your hands; and I assure you that they will ever hold in grateful remembrance, the many services which you have rendered their society. On their behalf I beg to present you with this gold watch, as a token of the esteem and respect in which you were held while acting as their principal officer in this District. I trust that many times when you look upon its dial, and see the fleeting moments pass, you will remember some of the happy hours which you have spent in the company of your brethren. I wish you all health and prosperity, and I pray that, when summoned beyond “that bourne from whence no traveller returns,” you may die in peace with all mankind.

The watch which was presented on this occasion was, in all respects, a splendid specimen of art and finished workmanship, made to order, by Mr. Tatham, of Cocker-moath. It is constructed with all the latest improvements, with patent lever escapements, &c., and the movement contains not less than eighteen diamonds and one ruby. On the back and front of the watch the various emblems of the Order are engraved; and, in short, no labour has been spared that was necessary to produce a watch suited to the purpose for which it was intended. Its value is thirty guineas.

Mr. John Richardson, Junr., rose amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the company, and when silence was restored, said, He had met the present company, or at least the greater part of it, on many occasion, but he never felt such difficulty in addressing them as at that time. In speaking of other people men are apt to feel something of diffidence, but that person must ever feel much more the want of confidence, who is called upon to speak of himself; more especially when he ardently wishes to give expression to feelings of gratitude, which, were he possessed of the utmost powers of language, he must acknowledge himself utterly inadequate faithfully to convey. The Chairman had already said so much on his behalf, that he felt it unnecessary to say anything more; and indeed his feelings were almost overcome by the flattering kindness he had received at the hands of the company on that and many other occasions, and at many former meetings, and he had much pleasure in seeing the unanimity that existed amongst the brethren of this District. It was true he had now been a member for some years of their valuable society, and so far as he was concerned, he had as much as lay in his power, stood forward on all occasions when parties, in ignorance of the principles by which they were united, had assailed their society in a most unwarrantable manner; and with the assistance of those whom he now saw around him, he had successfully defended the society, and upheld its principles and privileges. If by that he had gained their good opinion, he was more than rewarded; for to him it was a satisfaction to know himself the humble instrument of good to a body so respectable and so worthy but, if

he had indeed gained anything of a public character, it was to their kindness and support entirely that he was indebted for it. In the alliance subsisting between them, the advantages had been all on one side—the benefits they had conferred on him had been innumerable, and he had been utterly incompetent to make anything approaching to an adequate return for them. He freely admitted that he could see no merit of his own to justify the kindness manifested to him on different occasions; or if it could be justified at all, it was only from his steady adherence to the laws and sound principles inculcated by the Order, of which he had been a steady, although humble, supporter; and because he had been at different times advantageously known as a friend to civil and religious liberty, and tried to be an humble instrument in benefitting his fellow-townsmen, and as far as lay in his power, all mankind, but especially the brethren of their own Order. This he could say with truth, and he might also add, that what he had done, had never been done in expectation of fee or reward. He had but one object in view, and that was to relieve distress whenever he had the power and opportunity, no matter in what shape it might appear; and he was happy to say that others in this society were equally willing and equally able to act up to the principles of the society. With him it had been a study to do this, and he used the word without arrogance, but he had endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to ascertain the causes which produce and determine the condition of the working classes of society, and the highest gratification within his ambition was to give his humble assistance to promote those plans for their comfort and happiness, and the improvement of their condition, which had been from time to time brought forward by able and benevolent men. In every country in the world the working classes necessarily constitute the greater portion of the community. Compared with them, or numerically considered, all other classes are but as dust in the balance; and whatever affects the condition of the majority, is of vast importance to society at large. In proportion as the masses are comfortable and prosperous, so is the community of which they form a part; and therefore it behoved all of them to be up and doing, and to be sincerely desirous to impart the greatest possible amount of happiness to their fellow-men. For himself he should not cease to use his utmost endeavours to remove every obstacle to the improvement of their condition; and he trusted he should never be found indifferent at any period when service might be required at his hands, either in their own Lodge, or in their District. At the present moment it was most gratifying to see that people in all parts of the country, and in all classes of the community, were alive to the interests of the working man. Education was making a rapid advance; and if individuals were alive to their own interests, instead of shrinking back, as it were, from the education of the people, they would use their best efforts to promote it to the utmost. All the dangers that were feared originated in ignorance; and in the instruction of the people, the true safety of the state was to be found. In reference to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, he thought it a most pleasing feature in the society, and he was sure it must be most gratifying to the members to think that they are, in contributing to such a fund, laying up a store for their wives and children, in order that, if they should be deprived of those to whom they naturally look for support, they might still be shielded from penury or want, by the benevolent provisions of the society. He was happy to say he gave his humble but cordial assistance to establish that fund, and now that it was properly organized, he was glad to know that it was working well for the widows; and that, in many cases, there was a fair prospect of support, where, under other circumstances, there must have been want and destitution. Thus much he would say in reference to the principles of the society, and his connexion with it; and now he wished to speak as to the honor they had done him that evening. His feelings almost overpowered him when he looked upon the chaste and beautiful piece of mechanism they had presented to him as a memorial of their regard; and to each and every subscriber, from him who only gave a penny, to the most liberal, he begged to return his most sincere thanks. He would ever deem their handsome present the proudest and most valuable appendage to his household. It should go to those, who, in the order of time, were destined to succeed him; and it would ever be to him a stimulus to continue to deserve their favourable opinion, and that he might do so was one of the fondest wishes of his heart. Mr. Richardson, in conclusion, said, I thank you, sir, and this company, and all whom it represents, for the many acts of kindness I have received at their hands, and which it is utterly impossible for me ever to repay. Mr. Richardson resumed his seat amidst a burst of applause, which continued several minutes, and it was evident he heard it with deep emotion.

The remainder of the proceedings were of a very interesting nature, but we are obliged to omit the account of them.—Abridged from the *Carlisle Patriot*.

**BEDFORD DISTRICT.**—On Wednesday last, the brothers of the Industry Lodge, M. U. of Luton, celebrated their anniversary. In company with several visiting officers and brothers they went in procession to the church, and attended divine service. A very excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. M. Mitchell, M. A., the domestic chaplain to the Marquis of Bute, and at the conclusion of the service a collection was made for the Widow and Orphans' Fund. The dinner was held in the New Hall lately erected by the Odd Fellows at Luton, and was intended to celebrate the opening of that handsome building as well as the anniversary. The chair was taken, by special invitation, by Mr. James Wyatt, of Bedford, D. G. M., and the Vice Chair by Mr. George Hurst, of Bedford, P. G. The former was supported by the Rev. M. Mitchell, Frederick Clarke, Esq., Mr. Puddephatt, P. G., Mr. Everitt, &c. The company numbered about 200, and the galleries were occupied, one by a large number of ladies, and the other by the Luton band. The meeting was a most spirited one, and a number of speeches of considerable interest were delivered by various gentlemen present; and several excellent songs were given, one of which, a song composed by Mr Everitt for the occasion, and sung by M. Holyoake, was received with great applause. The Chairman and Vice-Chairman left at ten o' clock, and Mr. Everitt, Jun., was then called to the chair to finish the festivities of the day. The hall, where the dinner was held, was erected by shares divided among the members of the Order, and forms an interesting object in the new Wellington Street. The site was purchased of the Marquis of Bute at a moderate price, and the building has been erected in a substantial and superior manner. The large room will be let out for public meetings and lectures to realize a profit to the shareholders.

**ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO THE ORDER.**—I would that language better fitted than mine for the eloquence of just praise, were raised in eulogy of the legislation of Odd Fellowship. It would tell you that this public display of beneficence and gratitude, splendid though it is, grand and gorgeous as are its insignia, is feeble and insignificant, compared to that private and hidden charity, unknown to the world, but of which the poor and needy, the sick and the afflicted, the destitute and the dying, are made the daily and hourly partakers. It would discourse to you of hovels wherein squalid poverty, shrouded in its own formless horror, lies lurking in secret; and of a "horn of plenty," girt with the emblems of Odd Fellowship, pouring its welcome offering into those desolate abodes. It would recite to you the mournful history of a dire disease, consuming remorselessly the valued life of a parent, a husband, a wife, or a child; and it would shew you a faithful attendant at that sick couch, rendering, like a trusty servant of his order, the last sad offices to suffering humanity;

"A ministering angel sent  
To be a death-bed's ornament "

It would reveal to you that noble picture, in which the fondest, fairest, loveliest sympathies, are woven in the climax of all human charity,—the widow and the fatherless, receiving the benefactions of this good community, freely and humbly offered upon that altar which never fails to sanctify the gift.

But the gravity of the recital would not be void of those attendant graces which adorn the scenes of friendliness, fellowship, and good-will. You would be told the happy tale of cheerful assemblies, checquering, like spots of greenery, the desert of life-time—of passions curbed, animosities forgotten, and every unworthy feeling hushed in the calm of philanthropy and friendship—of pilgrims from all climes, people of all colours, and votaries of all creeds, finding a refuge under that sacred banner which was planted by Virtue, and is recognized every where—of strangers meeting in a strange land, and welcoming each other by a silent signal, which, like a hovering Genius of Mercy, tells them that friends are met!

Happy ye, to whom this praise, and greater than this, is due. Were a feeling of pride not inconsistent with the lofty principles which regulate you individually and as a sect, proud, indeed, ought you to be of the golden opinions which you win from all classes and conditions of men. Yours is an honesty which knows no variableness, a benevolence which knows no shadow of turning, and your love for each and for all, is worthy of the title that calls it brotherly;—

"A virtue, though obscured on earth, not less  
Survives all mortal change in lasting loveliness."

I congratulate you from my heart, on the commendable enterprise of this evening. I congratulate you not more on its spirit than on the success which has attended it. You have shown yourselves to be possessed of the rare ability to confer a favour without pride, and to ask one without meanness; and society has not failed to appreciate the excellence of your endeavour. Were there none other living proof of your goodness and gratitude, this illustrious assembly would fitly represent your trophy and its tribute—

“Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.”

My sincere hope and desire are, that the splendid example you have set of charitable service to a most excellent and deserving Institution,\* may be both a motive and a model to whatever communities may be emulous of your good fame. That Institution commends itself, with a peculiar earnestness and grace, to every friend and patron of medical education and of medical relief.

It is competent to whomsoever chooses, to imitate you in your labour of well-doing. May that imitation be speedy, successful, and sincere! Yours is the experiment—posterity's will be the experience—answering, I fervently hope, to the relief of the sorrows and sufferings of afflicted humanity. For yourselves, you have the highest earthly rewards which can be apportioned to you—the consciousness, and its great comfort, of having contributed to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to minister unto the sick—and the approbation of your fellow-men, which will accompany you in your pilgrimage to the grave, in

“Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

But you will have a brighter reward than this—the greater recompense of hereafter—when your names will be held in reverence by the inhabitants of earth, long after your spirits shall have been received into the heritage of heaven.—*From a Speech delivered at a Conversazione in the Town Hall, Birmingham, by Samuel Wright, M.D., F.R.S.S.A., Physician to the Birmingham General Dispensary.*

ROCHDALE.—The Fourth Anniversary of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Rochdale District, was celebrated on Thursday, the 11th of July, 1844, and derived peculiar interest from the attendance of Mr. J. B. Rogerson, Editor of the Magazine; P. G. M. Thomas Armitt; P. P. G. M. John Whitehead; the District Officers; the Officers of the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and a number of others, distinguished for their endeavours to promote Odd Fellowship in Rochdale. After an excellent repast, brother I. W. Harris was called to the chair. P. G. Joseph Barrow officiating as vice.

The proceedings commenced by the Chairman observing that this was the fourth anniversary of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, and that during that time its success had been most gratifying; the numbers and respectability of its members indicated the progress Odd Fellowship was making in Rochdale—the Funds of the Lodge were in a flourishing condition, and the members were taking up a position in the District commensurate with their high talent and intelligence. The G. M. of the District, for two successive years, had been selected from the Lodge; and the movement now making for the establishment of a school and library, in connexion with the District, had its origin with the members of that Lodge, and from amongst them derived its most active and influential supporters. After making other statements relative to the condition of the Lodge, the Chairman observed that they were that evening honoured with the company not only of the principal members of their own District, but with the presence of two of the most distinguished members of the Order, he alluded to P. G. M. Thomas Armitt, the venerable father of Odd Fellowship, and P. G. John Bolton Rogerson, the Editor of that admirable and useful work, the Odd Fellows' Magazine, the organ of the Order. The Chairman proceeded to remark on the advantage to be derived from societies of a like nature—their beneficial influence on society—the high moral character they sustained—the truly good and charitable object they had in view of assisting and relieving each other in those times of care and anxiety when the strong man's strength is laid low, and the vigorous spirit is depressed—to render that assistance which has become necessary by the dispensation of Providence, and to prevent the humiliating necessity of applying to that fund which the law had provided for the relief of the poor man. It must see, he said, the worth of such institutions, which, in fact, carry out practically, the true spirit of philanthropy. It must afford an inward degree of pleasure and

\*The Queen's Hospital.

satisfaction to the members, by contributing a small sum, to render themselves so essentially useful to their fellow-men. The amount of good to be derived from a number of men bonding themselves together for a good and worthy object, was incalculable. There were other objects to which the society of Odd Fellows might be rendered available, the diffusion of knowledge, and the Chairman was glad to find that there exertions were being made, in connexion with the Order, for the purpose of providing for the intellectual improvement of its members, which would have the effect of rendering them still more useful to themselves, and make them good members of society.

After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman, in an able speech, proposed the toast of "The Independent Order of Odd Fellows," and called upon Mr. John Bolton Rogerson to respond, who spoke of the attempts which had been made to trace the origin of the Order, and contrasted its once humble condition with its present prosperity and influence on society. He also alluded to the many eminent individuals who were members of the Institution, and who took every occasion to spread abroad the benevolent principles which the Order had in view. The rapid growth of the society proved that working-men were anxious to avail themselves of any proper means of providing for themselves against the emergencies of sickness and distress.

The next toast was "The Grand Master and Officers of the District," which was ably responded to by G. M. Thomas Livsey, who expressed particular pleasure in addressing the members of his own Lodge, from the high situation in which the District had done him the honour to place him.

The Chairman then, in a speech of great point and feeling, proposed the health of Mr. Thomas Armit, who, in returning thanks, said, he found the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, not only so in name, but in reality. He entered into the question of the antiquity of the Order, and gave a sketch of its rise and progress. He had seen the necessity, when young, to establish something that would be of benefit to society, and he had set his mind to improve the Order, with the assistance of other gentlemen, who had met at their own expense, and had circulated information to the Lodges in the country. The Manchester Unity was now spreading on the continent and in this country to such an extent, that the difficulty was not to say where Odd Fellowship was, but rather where it was not.

After several other appropriate toasts and songs, the Chairman proposed the health of Mr. John Bolton Rogerson, who, in returning thanks, spoke of the great advantages resulting from education, and inculcated upon the members the necessity of doing their utmost to spread intellectual knowledge amongst their brethren. He adverted to the different libraries and schools which were in course of formation in various Districts, and expressed his high gratification that the Rochdale District was following the example of others.

The next toast was "The Executive Government of the Order," which was ably responded to by P. P. G. M. John Whitehead, who entered, at great length, into the history of the government of the Order.

The Chairman then proposed "The Intellectual Improvement of the Order," after which, P. G. Joseph Barrow rose, and said, that the sentiment to which he was called upon to respond, involved within itself no less a principle than the future success and perpetuation of the Order. The Independent Order had now gathered within its sheltering fold such an immense proportion of the population of the empire, and elevated itself to such a high position in the country, that the eyes of all classes of society were fixed upon it. The vastness of the association, and the station in life of a great portion of its members warranted the supposition, that in their efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the human race, they should not set any bounds to their exertions in merely relieving sickness and distress—there was a higher and a holier duty which they were well qualified to combine with this, it was, by imparting to those whose early education had been neglected, such sound literary and scientific knowledge, as would tend to elevate the mind, chasten the heart, and improve the understanding, making man happier and better, and raising his position in society. The performance of this duty was in absolute conformance with the philanthropic principles which formed our bond of union. The opportunity to assist in carrying out this great work was about to be offered in Rochdale; and he hoped that the noble example set by the Birmingham District would stimulate them to exertion. Birmingham was possessed of an extensive library, and by its school was materially contributing to the benefit of its members.

He urged upon the members present to do their utmost to carry out the movements now making in Rochdale; with the Poor Man's Friend Lodge the project had commenced, and he earnestly hoped it would receive the warmest support of every member.

A variety of other toasts were given from the chair, and ably responded to by P. G. John Brearly, Vice-president of the Widow and Orphan's Fund; C. S. Sherlock; P. P. G. M. James Sharp; the Chairman, and others; and the evening was altogether spent in that good feeling which always ought to pervade the anniversaries of Odd Fellows, and which on this occasion was doubly interesting to the members, from the able manner in which the above subjects were proposed and responded to.

**EXETER.**—The following admirable speech was delivered at the opening of the Philanthropic Lodge, Exeter, on Tuesday, August 27th, 1844. Brother Du Soir, N. G., in responding to the toast of the Independent Order, said, Mr. President, Vice-president, and Brothers, called upon, and bound, as a member of the society, to say something in reference to the toast just given—a toast to which I respond in heart and voice—an humble individual like myself might well crave your indulgence in an assembly like the present; but, as apologies of this kind are so often made without reason, as to be considered mere matters of form, I will at once throw myself on your generosity, and would to Heaven I were a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, to excite the feelings of mankind, and prove, by irresistible argument, the advantages of the Order. What are its objects? The relief of sickness and distress—the support of the widow and the orphan—the holiest and best objects which merely human agency can hope to effect—the noblest and most philanthropic purposes for which an institution can be established. And are there not, as is, alas! too often the case, in these days of party spirit and sectarian animosity, are there not any restrictions to these generous feelings? Will not whig refuse tory, and churchman refuse dissenter these advantages? No! The society repudiates with scorn the party watchwords of selfish factions, and utterly disregards the distinctions of class or creed, nay, more, the deep rooted prejudices of national antipathy, looking upon man—no matter by what name the conventional distinctions of society may entitle him—no matter what language his tongue may articulate—and beyond all, no matter whether the influence of a temperate climate has left his complexion fair, or the scorching rays of an equinoctial sun have burnt it—looking upon man, only as a man and brother, it holds out to him the not empty hand of Odd Fellowship, and as far as the means of the society will admit—sympathises with, and aids him, in distress—comforts and relieves him in sickness, and when he dies, pays the last tribute of respect to the ashes of a brother—soothes, as far as human means may, the grief of his afflicted widow—and gives support and protection to his fatherless infants. These are the objects, this is the spirit of the Order. That its means are yet limited, and that its noble objects can yet only be partially accomplished is, because from the operation of a variety of circumstances, it has not (in many parts of the country at least) been generally patronized by those who, from their abundance, might easily afford it material assistance; whilst, on the other hand, their position in society renders it highly improbable that they would ever draw upon its funds—and this lukewarmness on the part of the upper classes, in a country like this, studded with hospitals that might be mistaken for palaces, and abounding with benevolent and charitable institutions, must chiefly be attributed to their want of information as to the objects and tendency of the society. Like all institutions affecting the interests of the many, we have been subject to much and gross misrepresentation. Some, and these are chiefly the members of local benefit clubs, fear that our advancement must of necessity prevent theirs. It has been considered a duty to oppose us by others, and we are described as unchristian and immoral; and by too many, we are believed to be political, and having the additional objections of secrecy and mystery, are regarded with more than ordinary suspicion and distrust. Oh, that my feeble voice could but reach the heart as well as the ears of all those who are willing to advance the excellent objects we contemplate, could they but conscientiously applaud the means by which they are to be effected, whilst I speak for a few moments, as most who hear me can testify, the words of truth and honesty. We repress under severe penalties, even the slightest approximation to political feeling in our members as such. We are, therefore, as it were, the very antipodes of a political society. It is said in the volume of unerring truth, that “there is nothing secret which shall not be revealed, nor hid that shall not be known,”—and Heaven knows, that there is nothing, from the most trivial form, to the most important regulation, in the working of the Order, which we should be ashamed to have published



before the assembled world—nay, more, I have had some experience, and I am confident that although many may even rise to distinction in the Order, without being at heart pure Odd Fellows—and though many more may regard the admonitions given, and the principles inculcated in our monthly lectures for degrees, without interest or attention, every thinking man who has heard them, must be assured that no man can, in the perfect truthfulness of the expression, be a pure and a genuine Odd Fellow, and yet at the same time be a bad husband, a careless father, or a useless member of society. We demand as conditions to initiation, loyalty to the queen and government under which we live, a reverential recognition of that Divine Being from whose bounty we derive every blessing we enjoy. We inculcate, and impress with urgency, upon our members, the holiest and most universal precepts of the inspired volume, forgiveness of injuries, love even to our enemies, and that truly Christian feeling which regards the whole population of the world as one great family, under the paternal superintendence of a wise and benevolent father. Such are our principles. They may sometimes be imperfectly carried out, for no human institution can be perfect; but once fully known, they cannot fail to refute the calumnies of our enemies, and the misrepresentations of the ignorant, and to ensure for us ultimately the approbation of mankind. It will be asked, what are the benefits conferred by Odd Fellowship? and to this I will answer, that they are to a greater amount than can be obtained for an equal consideration in any other way. It will, I think, be admitted by every man of observation, who has attentively regarded the course of events, and the present constitution of society, that the elements of almost universal discord are sown wide and deep throughout the earth—when by the baneful influence of party spirit, whether the result of political partizanship or sectarian rancour, the language of scripture is fully realized, the husband being, on some or other of these motives to contention, set against the wife, and the wife against the husband—the father against his child, and the child against his father—when the holiest and most sacred ties are, on these accounts broken and disregarded—when patriotism, honour, and principle, are openly and unblushingly sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon—and beyond all, when the various grades of society, so necessary to its permanent welfare, are rapidly merging into two—the few, to whose wealth, and often to whose luxury, no bounds can be assigned, and the many who, after toiling from infancy to old age, in the service of their country, have only to expect as their reward, a workhouse shelter and pauper's grave—when, from the influence of these and various other causes, those who are most unwilling to believe it, are forced to admit that there is good reason to fear the approach of some terrible convulsion, by which the whole constitution of society may be rent as by an earthquake, who, under such circumstances, can doubt or deny the excellency of a society which throws the oil of peace upon the troubled waters—affords a remedy for some of the most glaring evils of the social system, and regarding all mankind with equal eye, says to them, with authoritative and solemn voice,—Ye are brethren, love one another. In conclusion, then, for in the presence of so many better and abler than myself, I feel that it would be almost a sin to occupy much of your time, permit me to impress upon you, as I would upon the Order generally, this advice,—Let those who are already numbered amongst its members, throw aside all petty and personal considerations, and look to the advancement of the true interests of the Order. Let them prevent its being evil spoken of, by their good example; remembering especially, that Odd Fellowship openly professes to have a tendency to make men better fathers, better husbands, and better members of society; and that the world will judge of the Order by the character of its members. Amongst the most plausible objections to our society, is that of our meeting in public houses; but instead of encouraging, we discountenance, and by very severe penalties, endeavour to prevent intemperance; and, I feel justified in declaring that those members who give way to this vice are by no means to be reckoned with the friends, but amongst the bitterest enemies, of Odd Fellowship. Let us then all unite in carrying out, in their purity, the benevolent objects of the Order, and this—this must infallibly be the glorious result—the general, the universal, adoption of its principles, the destruction of all the elements of prejudice and animosity, of war and discord, the union of all ranks and creeds in one vast brotherhood, the prevention of crime—the diminution, nay, almost the total annihilation of want and sorrow, and the consequent elevation of the human character—in a word, the moral regeneration of mankind. In that happy day, come sooner or later, when Odd Fellowship shall encircle the globe, jails and workhouses shall be tenantless, or applied to the nobler

purposes of philanthropy and science. Such a consummation may be distant, but it is probable, aye, certain, if the conditions be but complied with; and under such circumstances, no man with a single particle of the milk of human kindness in his bosom, could refuse to drink, even though it were in cold water, prosperity to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity.

**PRESTON.—PRESENTATION OF A TOKEN OF ESTEEM.**—On Wednesday Evening, October 2nd, 1844, a number of the members of the Preston District of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, assembled at the house of Mr. Ward, the Cross Keys Inn, Market Place, for the purpose of presenting to P. P. G. M. Thomas Bingham, a beautiful silver watch and appendages, as a token of their esteem, and as a reward for the many services rendered by him to the cause of Odd Fellowship. At about half-past eight o'clock, nearly one hundred persons sat down to an excellent supper. On the removal of the cloth, P. P. G. M. Proctor was called upon to take the chair. The Vice-chairs were filled by Mr. Naylor, the D. G. M. of the District, and Mr. Hardwick. The usual loyal toasts having been given from the chair, Mr. J. Blackhurst, after a few preliminary remarks, proposed "Prosperity to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows," which was received with great enthusiasm. Mr. E. Heys, a past officer of the district, then rose, and, in a neat and appropriate speech, presented the watch to Mr. Bingham. We cannot give even an outline of an address, in which the claims of the Order to the countenance and support of all classes of society were most ably and eloquently advocated. Mr. H. observed that the Order of Odd Fellowship was the most extensive in its ramifications, and the most effective in its results, of any institution that had ever been formed by the working-classes for the amelioration and improvement of their physical, moral, and social condition. The rapid progress of the Order was almost unparalleled in the history of the world; for, though it had not been in existence much more than thirty years, an almost incredible number of the working population were enrolled as its members; while the fund at present available for the furtherance of its benevolent objects, in England alone, amounted to nearly half a million of money. The Preston District contained about two thousand members, and its annual expenditure was not less than £1500. Mr. H. dwelt at some length on the moral results produced by the Order, and the kind and brotherly feelings which were inculcated by its precepts. He likewise expatiated on that highly benevolent and charitable branch of the institution, the Widow and Orphans' Fund. The sum of £40 was annually disbursed, in the Preston District, amongst the parties for whose relief it was instituted; and, as a proof of its flourishing condition, Mr. H. stated that a surplus fund of £170 was at present at the disposal of the committee. After a warm eulogium on the character and conduct of Mr. Bingham, and an enumeration of the many services rendered by him to the Order, Mr. Heys concluded by presenting the watch, and proposing Mr. Bingham's health and prosperity. The toast was drunk with the greatest acclamation. Mr. Bingham returned thanks in a short but effective address. He declared his utter incapability to express in words the sentiments which the expression of their kindness and good opinion had caused him to feel; but he trusted that he should be enabled, by his future efforts, to promote the cause of Odd Fellowship, and to convince them of the gratitude which he felt for their kindness. The evening was spent with the greatest hilarity; the song and toast went merrily round until a late hour, when the company separated, evidently much gratified at the pleasant manner in which the business and amusement of the evening had passed away.—*Preston Guardian*.

**BRIERLEY HILL.**—It having been announced by P. P. G. M. William Meller, of the above District, that he would give a display of fireworks for the benefit of the Widow and Orphans' Fund belonging thereto; and that it should take place on the Wake Tuesday, September 24th, it was thought advisable, in order to give the thing more publicity, that a procession of the District should take place on the day before; a committee was, therefore, immediately called together, and the affair entered into with spirit and energy, and, considering the shortness of time, (being only three weeks) the arrangements gave general satisfaction. The several Lodges met, and formed a procession, and after parading the principal streets, they went to church, where a most excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the respected Incumbent, the Rev. Robert Harris. After service the procession re-formed, and, marching through the village, returned to the National Schools, where a most substantial and excellent dinner awaited their arrival, each host supplying his own Lodge. The Rev. R. Harris

occupied the chair, and was most ably supported by Captain Roberts, as his Vice. About fifty gentlemen and tradesmen honoured the company with their presence to dinner; and a table, amply furnished, was laid out for the widows and orphans. The whole company exceeded 500. The usual loyal and appropriate toasts were given and responded to most heartily. In reply to the toast—"The Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity," the C. S. of the District, Mr. Ford, brought before the company the peculiar advantages possessed by the Order—its acts of charity, benevolence, and brotherly love; and stated, that although theirs was but a small District, composed of little more than five hundred members, they had been the means of doing much good to the neighbourhood; for during the last two years, a sum exceeding fourteen hundred pounds, had been distributed amongst its members, in relieving want, sickness, and paying funeral expences. A variety of glees and tunes, by the members of the several bands engaged for the procession, added much to the enjoyment of the day, and the company separated highly gratified.

On the following evening the fireworks took place on the Bell Hotel bowling green, which was kindly lent for the occasion, and which proved a benefit in every sense of the word. The committee had a very substantial gallery erected on one side of the green, calculated to seat 500 persons, and it was soon filled to an overflow, and many were not able to get a seat. The affair went off extremely well—every one expressing themselves highly delighted. The Brierley Hill band gave their services, and added much to the amusements of the evening, by playing several favourite airs, and singing some beautiful glees. But the most important part now remains to be mentioned, namely, that pounds, shillings and pence. The committee met to settle their accounts, and were not more pleased than astonished to find what had been done. Messrs. Round, timber merchants, who erected the gallery, sent their compliments, and said they should not make any charge for it, and that they were perfectly welcome to it. Mr. Meller gave the whole of the fireworks entirely free from charge, and Mr. Ford, the whole of the printing, &c., for the occasion. The liberality of these gentlemen rendering the expences very small, the committee found they had netted nearly sixty pounds, which included some handsome donations from several of the iron founders in the neighbourhood; and many of them proffering to become annual subscribers to the fund. This being the first attempt to do anything for the Widow and Orphans' Fund since the formation of the District, and it answering so well, will, no doubt, stimulate the committee to go on with greater spirit at some future time; and Mr. Meller has promised to give another display at any time the committee may think proper.

WEST HOUGHTON.—On Saturday, October 26th, 1844, a new Lodge was opened here under the name of the "Useful Friend Lodge," at the house of Mr. Thomas Pitt, the Wheat Sheaf Inn. There were present, on the occasion, Mr. Henry Waite, G. M., Mr. John Dickinson, D. G. M., Mr. William Ratcliffe, C. S., Mr. J. B. Rogerson, Editor of the *Odd Fellows' Magazine*, Mr. J. S. Nelson, P. Prov. C. S. (one of the Auditors,) and several Officers from the neighbouring Districts. The ceremony was a very interesting character, and about 180 members of the Order were in the room to witness the opening of the Lodge. The Grand Master, after having gone through the customary formula, proceeded to address the newly initiated members on the importance of the trusts which they had undertaken, and concluded with some appropriate remarks on the influence which Odd Fellowship was calculated to exercise in rural Districts, in creating a spirit of providence and good will in the inhabitants, and teaching them to seek for gratification in pursuits of a benevolent and intellectual nature. Several addresses and sentiments suited to the occasion were also delivered by Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Ratcliffe, Mr. J. B. Rogerson, and others, and the whole of the proceedings were of such a character as to leave a pleasing remembrance in the minds of all present.

INTRODUCTION OF THE ORDER INTO SCOTLAND.—We have received a letter from Mr. Finlayson, of the Lord Byron Lodge, Aberdeen, denying that the members of the Cockermouth District were the introducers of Odd Fellowship into Scotland, as stated by Mr. Richardson at the Supper which took place in the Music Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the occasion of the A. M. C. We have made inquiries on the subject, and find that Mr. Richardson was inadvertently in error. We have received a communication from him, in which he says, "I have been mistaken in saying we first introduced the Order into Scotland, but it was quite unwittingly so on my part. I am sure if I had not been impressed from my first connexion with the Institution that such was the case,

I should have been extremely sorry to have made the statement." The first Lodge opened in Scotland was at Aberdeen, in 1836, and it was not until 1838, that the City of Glasgow Lodge was opened by the Cockermonth District. We may state, however, that the members of the Cockermonth District have been the means of spreading the Order to a great extent in Scotland, and we doubt not that they, as well as our brethren in Aberdeen, will continue to use their best exertions for its increase and prosperity.

**DUKINFIELD.**—On Saturday Evening, August 3rd, 1844, the members of the Francis Dukinfield Astley Lodge, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, held their anniversary at the house of Mr. Robert Hall, Queen's Arms, Dukinfield, when upwards of 150 gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by the worthy host. After sufficient justice had been done to the good things set before the company, the cloth was withdrawn, and Mr. G. Seddon, the N. G. of the Lodge, was called to the chair, and Messrs. Hadfield, T. Gee, and Henry Gee, were appointed Vice-chairmen. On opening the business, Mr. H. Gee, by direction of the president, read a letter from the officers of the Order, stating their regret at not being able to attend, in consequence of having to prepare for the Appeal Committee, now about to assemble in Manchester. They, however, expressed their determination to pay a visit to the Lodge the very first opportunity that presented itself. The usual loyal toasts were then drank; after which the very excellent band, belonging to the Lodge, played some favourite airs, which called forth the most enthusiastic applause from the gentlemen present. The company were also highly gratified with the services of the glee singers who were in attendance on the occasion, consisting of Messrs. Moss, Moxon, Bamford, Graham, and Woodcock. Mr. Wrigley, of Audenshaw, presided at the piano-forte, and his gratuitous services called forth the warmest thanks of the members: the kindness he has shown towards the above Lodge, for several years past, will not be easily forgotten. After the usual routine of business, the worthy Chairman, Mr. Seddon, called upon Mr. T. Gee to address the company present, who complied, and in the course of his remarks, pointed out the good which had been effected by their proceedings having been made known to the world, through the public press of the country; he, therefore, felt himself in duty bound to conclude his observations, by proposing "The Manchester press, and may every paper that advocates the principles of Odd Fellowship prosper." The toast was drunk in a bumper, and duly responded to by one of the members present. The whole of the evening was spent in the most agreeable manner, and previous to the company separating, the Chairman expressed great pleasure in seeing so many gentlemen from Manchester and other places in attendance. The Lodge is at present in a very prosperous condition.—*Manchester Times*.

**GREAT BROUGHTON.**—The members of the Broughton Pride Lodge, of Independent Odd Fellows, Great Broughton, held their first anniversary on Tuesday last. Prior to which they formed a procession, headed by the brass band of the Loyal Derwent Lodge, Cockermonth, the Rev. Mr. Collins, Joseph Paisley, Esq., and several of the District Officers. Having marched through the villages of Great and Little Broughton, they proceeded to the chapel, where a most eloquent and impressive sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Collins, from Proverbs xxii., v. 3. After which they returned to Broughton Hall, where an excellent and substantial dinner was provided by Host Holliday, presided over by Joseph Paisley, Esq., supported by the Rev. Mr. Collins, John Fawcett, Esq., Mr. Smethurst, P. G. Kewley, and P. G. Drummond; the Vice-president, Jonah Beattie, N. G., was supported by Prov. G. M. Naisbett, and P. G. Clarke. The President, in a very neat and appropriate address, opened the business of the day by proposing the following toasts:—"Our gracious Queen;" "Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family;" "Army and Navy." Song, "Old England for ever," by Mr. Smethurst. Mr. Smethurst proposed the health of the Rev. Mr. Collins in a neat speech, to which the Rev. Gentleman responded, expressing the pleasure he felt in meeting on the occasion of their first anniversary. The Chairman then gave in succession the "Officers of the District," responded to by Prov. G. M. Naisbett; the "Loyal Derwent Lodge, Cockermonth," responded to by P. G. Drummond, in a neat and appropriate speech; the "Stranger's Friend Lodge," responded to by P. G. Kewley in a very feeling manner. The health of P. Prov. G. M. Richardson, Junr., was drunk with all honours, in consideration of the high respect he was held in by the members of the District. Prov. G. M. Naisbett gave the health of Joseph Paisley, Esq., President, who duly responded in an able address, concluding with the health of John Beattie, N. G.,

Vice-president, than whom, he said, it was impossible to find a more zealous, or worthy Odd Fellow, in the Order. The room being cleared, the ball was kept up to a late hour; and the whole affair passed off with great good feeling.

**SALFORD.—OPENING OF NEW ROOM.**—A handsome and commodious room has been provided for the members of the Spring of Providence Lodge, Salford District, by their worthy hostess Mrs. Hunstone, and the opening dinner took place on Monday, last, November 18th, 1844, at the King William the Fourth, Springfield Lane. The room is exceedingly well adapted for Lodge and other meetings, and is 45 feet three inches in length, and 20 feet six inches broad. It is 12 feet in height, and is excellently ventilated. Upwards of two hundred persons sat down to dinner, and the fare was ample and choice. The chair was occupied by Mr. Swinscoe, and the Vice-chair by Mr. Hyde. The company was addressed in the course of the evening by the Grand Master and deputy Grand Master of the District, M. J. B. Rogerson, Mr. Denny, and others; and some gratifying and appropriate remarks were made on the progress and prosperity of the Order. The Grand Master presented Mr. Richard Pover, on behalf of the Lodge, with a patent skeleton lever watch, guard, and key, of the value of £8., as an acknowledgment for the services which he had rendered to the Lodge, and Mr. Pover briefly, but feelingly responded. The whole of the proceedings were conducted in a spirit of brotherly kindness, and the room was graced after dinner by a considerable number of the fair sex, the wives and sweethearts of the members. A small band of music enlivened the company at intervals; and Mr. W. Bowers and others, contributed to the hilarity of the occasion by some excellent songs. After the toasts were disposed of, the room was cleared for dancing, and the lovers of that amusement were gratified to the fullest extent. —*Manchester Times.*

**IMPORTANCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.**—However frugal and industrious an individual may be, he may not be able to insure his independence. The occurrence of some crushing accident, or lasting sickness, may, by throwing him out of employment, force him to consume the savings he had accumulated against old age, reduce him to beggary, and oblige him to become dependant on the bounty of others; and that this must often be the case, is apparent from the fact, that in manhood when one person in one hundred dies annually, two are constantly sick. It is a startling fact, that in the British Islands, the total number constantly disabled by sickness, at least amounts to 1,130,000 persons. (McCulloch on Vital Statistics.) But as times are, labouring men cannot board up money against the day of adversity. They, generally speaking, meet sickness unprepared; and the want of nourishing food, and mental anxiety consequent on the wants of a family deprived of the very means of life, are often aggravating causes of their malady, and, in many a case, of their fatal termination. If the sickness is lingering, and of any considerable duration, the furniture is from time to time parted with; the manly spirit is obliged to cower; the charity of neighbours and of the rich is solicited; and, at last, the Union Workhouse—the honest poor man's prison—must receive himself and family. And when he recovers, they issue forth—without a home, for the parish auctioneer's hammer will have made it desolate—to begin the world anew; and, with a burden on the back, of future years, that may be felt to the end of life. These statements are not fictitious—but rough, fearful realities, that too often stare us in the face, until our heart drops blood on the rude turnpike road of a poor man's life. And yet these cannot happen to an Odd Fellow—he has provided against these with prudent forethought, and at a trifling sacrifice. —*Berwick and Kelso Warrier.*

**WHO WOULDN'T BE AN "ODD FELLOW."**—A few days since a fishing boat belonging to Aberystwith, was driven by stress of weather to Pwllhell, a sea port in North Wales, distant 52 miles from the former place. Having neither meat, drink, nor money on board, the boat's crew were at their wit's end how to raise the "ways and means." Luckily, two of them happened to be "Odd Fellows," and they immediately made inquiries whether there was a Lodge of that honourable brotherhood in Pwllhelli; and finding there was, they made application to it. The claim was instantly responded to; and it is with infinite gratification we state, that not only the two brother members were carefully and cordially received, but the whole boat's crew were supported for nearly a week at the Lodge's expense, and on their departure money was put into their pockets amply sufficient to defray their expenses home. "Who wouldn't be an Odd Fellow." —*Times.*

**BEDFORD DISTRICT.—COLLECTION FOR THE NEW SCHOOL.**—On Thursday last,

there was an important gathering of the Odd Fellows at the interesting village of Ashwell, for two objects,—first, to celebrate the anniversary of the Egbert Lodge, and secondly, to do homage to the exertions of that very excellent lady, Miss Charlotte Morrice, the founder of the new school. It may be as well to state that the school in question was not only designed, but erected by Miss C. Morrice, at a very considerable expense, and is now capable of receiving 150 children. A large number are already in the course of education there, the children of all classes of the parishioners, who pay a trifle per week in order to support the establishment. The exertions of Miss C. Morrice were so highly estimated, that the Odd Fellows requested to be allowed to assist in paying off the large debt that was still owing upon the building, and offered to have the collection at church on their festival appropriated to this purpose, instead of giving it to their own Widow and Orphans' Fund as heretofore; and it will be seen that this liberality was met with the same good spirit on the part of the public. The members of the Egbert Lodge, attended by several visitors from neighbouring Lodges, proceeded to church, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Henry Morrice, M.A., vicar, and a member of the Lodge; at the conclusion of the service, the sum of £28. 10s. 10d., was collected at the church doors, which was afterwards paid over in aid of the school. A dinner was prepared in a spacious booth, erected for the purpose, and about 150 sat down to it. After dinner the chair was taken by brother the Rev. H. Morrice, and the Vice-chair by Mr. Tindall, the surgeon and N. G. of the Lodge.

The Rev. Chairman gave the usual toasts, accompanying each with some appropriate remarks, and they were drunk with the full honours. He then gave the toast, "Prosperity to the Order," which received the honours of the Order. Mr. Mackness, P. G. M., responded to the toast, and gave some interesting details as to the practical working of the Order. The Chairman gave "Prosperity to the Egbert Lodge." He remarked that the members of the Lodge had given it that name out of respect to the early Saxon monarch, Egbert, who had been so great a benefactor to the place. He granted the privilege of a market, and three chartered fairs; and humble as were the pretensions of this little place at the present time, yet, at an early period of our history, it sent two Members to Parliament.

The Chairman gave the health of the Officers of the Lodge.

Mr. Thomas, the V. G., returned thanks, and concluded by proposing the health of the Chairman in very flattering terms.

The Rev. Gentleman returned thanks with much sincerity, and stated that he had taken a very lively interest in the Order, for he found, upon inquiry, that it was calculated to advance the interests and elevate the morals of all who became enrolled in it. He concluded by giving "Prosperity to the Widow and Orphan's Fund."

Mr. Blower, P. P. G. M., as the treasurer of the Widow and Orphan's Fund, acknowledged the toast, and stated that he had already invested £400. belonging to this fund alone, and would shortly be enabled to invest a further amount.

Mr. Wyatt being called on by the Chairman for a toast, said, he would avail himself of the privilege by giving one which always received full honours from the members of this Order, "The Ladies;" but, in giving that toast at the present time, he should venture to couple with it the health of Miss Charlotte Morrice, the founder of that excellent institution now in their view. It was most gratifying to see a lady relinquish the ordinary amusements of the day, many of them too trifling at the best, and enter upon so useful and philanthropic an undertaking. She had erected that building (which was to be the means of disseminating the blessings of education to all classes of the parishioners) at a great expense, and had made herself personally responsible; and it was additionally gratifying to him to find the public, and his brother Odd Fellows, appreciating the motives and exertions of the lady as they had done that day.

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and the Rev. H. Morrice acknowledged it, on behalf of his daughter, in eloquent terms. Several toasts followed, and glees were sung, and when the evening was advanced, the company, highly gratified, broke up.

### Presentation.

August 13, 1844, a silver snuff box, to P. G. Matthew McKean, by the Duke of Richmond Lodge, Salford District.—November 18, 1844, a patent skeleton lever watch, with guard and gold key, value £3, to P. G. Richard Pover, by the Spring of Providence Lodge, Salford District.—July 23, 1845, a splendid silver snuff box, to host Thomas Kelsey: Same day, a handsome patent lever watch, value 4s guineas, to P. G. Thomas Heslop: Same day, a purse of money, to P. G. Joseph Humphries;

all by the Duke of Richmond Lodge, Salford District.—March 26, 1844, a purse of gold, a gold ring, an emblem and frame, and other valuable articles, to P. G. Edward Wynne, by the Shakspeare Lodge, Manchester District.—September 17, 1844, a splendid silver lever watch and guard, to P. F. D. G. M. John Cook, by the Jolly Sailor Lodge, Leeds District.—September 21, 1844, a handsome silver lever watch, to Sec. George Dickinson, by the Allendale Miners Lodge, Chapel District.—September 3, 1844, a handsome silver snuff box, value four guineas, to P. G. W. Glanville, by the Lord Emlyr Lodge, Llanarthmy, Caermarthen District: also, June 3, 1844, a handsome silver dial lever watch, gold guard chain, and gold briquet, value eleven guineas, to P. G. W. Glanville, by the Caermarthen District.—August 12, 1844, a handsome silver snuff box, to P. G. Michael Kelly, by the Social Design Lodge, Manchester District.—May 18, 1834, a massive silver snuff box, to Prov. G. M. Thomas Peele, by the Queen Bee Lodge, Durham District.—April 27, 1844, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. James Pearson, of the Myrtle Lodge, Bingley District.—March, 1842, a handsome silver snuff box, to P. G. William Leech, by the Lord Portman Lodge, London.—October 7, 1844, a splendid set of scarlet regalia and cap, to P. G. John Pike Yapp: a handsome widow and orphans' emblem and frame, to brother John Griffiths; both by the Prince Albert Lodge, Leominster District.—October 12, 1843, a splendid silver cup, value £12. 5s., to P. G. R. H. Smith, surgeon, by the Good Samaritan, Noah's Ark, Good Intent, and Hand and Heart Lodges, Newark District.—October 17, 1844, a handsome silver watch, with appendages, to P. G. William Beech, Per. Sec., by the Noah's Ark Lodge, Newark District.—November 28, a handsome silver snuff box, to P. G. John Dugard, by the Brierley Hill District.

### Marriages.

July 25, 1844, P. G. Benjamin Spencer, of the Mother to the Distressed Lodge, Garstang District, to Miss Mary Ann Fielding.—October 15, 1844, P. V. William Hardman, of the Virtute Securus Lodge, Hereford District, to Miss Jane Melling.—November 14, 1844, P. G. Joseph Griffiths, of the Spring of Providence Lodge, Tenbury District, to Miss Ann Bradford.—October 18, 1844, N. G. John Burdass, of the Prince Albert Lodge, Durham District, to Miss Barbara Naisbett, of Broomside.—November 14, 1844, P. G. Joseph Hallas, of the Star of the North Lodge, Durham District, to Miss Margaret Tipley.—June 17, 1844, brother Samuel Banister, to Miss Mary Marshall: Same day, brother Jonathan Booth, to Miss Margaret Bell: November 3, P. G. James Threlfall, to Miss Mary Ann Moon; all of the King George the Fourth Lodge, Leyland District.—November 7, 1844, brother James Davies, of the Orphans' Hope Lodge, Oxford District, to Miss Mary Smart.—February 26, 1844, brother Stephen Robinson, to Miss Sarah Chapman: May 27, 1844, brother William Cooper, to Miss Elizabeth Nobles; both of the Caledonian Lodge: June 18, 1844, P. S. John Warwick, of the Brothers' Return Lodge, to Miss Sarah Watts: July 10, 1844, brother George Hall, of the True Briton Lodge, to hostess Paine: August 27, 1844, brother Thomas Strangewood, to Miss Sarah Cross; all in the Northampton District.—Lately, V. G. W. Woodhall, of the Gaskell Lodge, New Village, to Miss Margaret Brown: Lately, brother Richard Clemishaw, of the same Lodge, to Miss Crowder.—May 31, brother Giles Beard, of the Prospect Lodge, Painswick, to Miss E. C. Gorie: September 2, P. G. John Wood, of the same Lodge, to Miss Charlotte Gardner: June 6, brother Lord Cobham, of the Ledbury Lodge, Ledbury, to Miss Mary Jukes; both in the Gloucester District.—December 24, 1843, brother John Rhodes, of the Victoria Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Bunn: August 25, 1844, brother Samuel Whitam, of the Myrtle Lodge, to Miss Esther Varley: August 25, 1844, P. G. John Speight, of the same Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Longbottom; both in the Bingley District.—August 17, 1844, at Barneston, by the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Phipps, brother George Phipps, Earl of Mulgrave, of the Mulgrave Lodge, Lyth, to Miss Russell, niece to her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland: Same day, P. V. G. Thomas Stewart, of the St. Helen Lodge, Whitby, to Miss Jane Finley: September 2, 1844, brother Thomas Richardson, of the same Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Easton.—October 5, 1844, P. V. G. William Harris, of the Gwain Lodge, Cardigan District, to Miss Elizabeth Thomas.—September 5, 1844, brother William Picking, of the Egbert Lodge, Ashwell, Bedford District, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Flitton.—June 20, 1844, P. V. John William Thorp, of the General Sir John Moore Lodge, Manchester District, to Miss Elizabeth Rideout.—October 17, 1844, P. S. Sheppard, of the Bath City Lodge, Bath District, to Miss Sarah Robbitt.

### Deaths.

November 8, 1844, aged 46, P. G. William Kirkham, of the Shakspeare Lodge, Manchester District. He had been a member nearly seventeen years, and was greatly and deservedly respected; and few there are at whose departure deeper family sorrow was felt, and over whose grave the tear of friendship has more sincerely fallen.—July 29, 1844, brother Theophilus Tranter, of the Spring of Providence Lodge, Tenbury District.—August 1, 1844, the wife of brother John Smith, of the Myrtle Lodge, Bingley District.—March 3, P. G. White, of the Ledbury Lodge, Gloucester District.—September 17, 1844, P. S. Thomas Short, of the Allendale Miners Lodge, Chapel District.—June 10, 1844, brother John Bright, of the St. Oswald Lodge: June 27, brother Thomas Musgrove, of the Rose of Coxhoe Lodge: July 7, the wife of brother Henry Harrison, of the Star of the North Lodge: July 19, the wife of brother Thomas Gorbett, of the Shakspeare Lodge: August 10, the wife of brother Joseph Pearson, of the Greenwell Lodge: August 12, brother John Carter, of the Myron Lodge: August 25, brother Thomas Moses, of the Shakspeare Lodge; all in the Durham District.—August 3, the wife of brother Thomas Wilkinson, of Our Own Delight Lodge: August 31, the wife of P. G. Thomas Harrison, of the Royal Oak Lodge: September 9, the wife of brother Henry Tootell, of the King George the Fourth Lodge: September 23, brother James Lancaster, of the same Lodge: October 6, P. G. Richard Woodruff, of the Queen Victoria Lodge; all in the Leyland District.—July 2, 1844, the wife of brother Charles Labrum, of the Good Intent Lodge, Northampton.—August 10, 1844, the wife of brother Thomas Mackaness, of the Duke of Manchester Lodge, Kimbolton.—November 4, 1844, brother Robert Stacey, of the Rock of Hope Lodge, Leicester District.—October 3, 1844, brother Thomas Clough, of the St. Hilda Lodge, Whitby.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number will be inserted in the next.]







*John Bratley Prov G M.*

THE  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.  
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

APRIL.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1845.

MEMOIR OF JOHN BRADLEY, P. PROV. G. M.

JOHN BRADLEY was born on the 5th of May, 1810, and is the eldest son of Mr. James Bradley, Hosier, King Street, Blackburn, formerly of Moorgate Fold, near Blackburn. Of his younger days we know but little. At fifteen years of age he was apprenticed to the business of a clog and patten maker, and soon after the termination of his apprenticeship he came to Hyde, where he worked as journeyman for a few years, and in 1835 commenced business for himself, which he has continued up to the present time.

Mr. Bradley was initiated in the Prince of Waterloo Lodge, Hyde District, on the 26th of January, 1833, and took office the night after he was made. He soon became qualified to stand for the V. G.'s chair, and having been an attentive and assiduous member, he was nominated for that office, but fearing he should lose it if he went to poll, and another opportunity presenting itself by the opening of the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, where the V. G.'s chair was offered to him, he accepted it. Nevertheless he entertained strong feelings of respect for the Lodge in which he was initiated, and was near four months before he would consent to draw his clearance, but seeing his services were so much required by the Lodge in which he was serving office, and the Lodge-nights being on Monday evenings, which gave him a better opportunity of attending to his own business, and also that of the Order, he resolved to join the Strangers' Refuge Lodge. At the termination of his servitude of V. G. he was unanimously elected N. G., and the kind and affectionate manner in which he conducted the business of his Lodge, drew forth the warmest praise and admiration of the members.

In 1841 he was elected D. G. M. of the District, and the year following he was appointed G. M. We need not state the arduous duties that District Officers had to encounter during that year, (1842.) The excitement that prevailed in the manufacturing districts, the very severe privations that a many of our members were suffering, on the one hand, and the preservation of unity and peace and the maintenance of the laws of the Order on the other, were not very easy matters to contend with; yet the firm and impressive manner in which Mr. Bradley addressed those who seemed disposed to act against the dictates of the Order, had the effect of causing them to re-consider their affairs, and (with the exception of a very few) they were soon brought into the right path again.

Our worthy brother has also rendered some service to the Order at large; he has been a Deputy at the A. M. Cs. of Rochdale, Birmingham, Isle of Man, Wigan, and Bradford. He was appointed one of the Appeal Committee at the Isle of Man, and the year following at the Wigan A. M. C.; and we feel no hesitation in stating that as a philanthropic member, a servant of his Lodge, District, or Order, he has, upon all

occasions, discharged his duties as a man and an Odd Fellow. His quick conception, sound reasoning, calm deliberation, ready utterance, and suavity of disposition, render him peculiarly serviceable in any of our assemblies.

Mr. Bradley has, upon all occasions, been an undeviating advocate for making the Widow and Orphans' Fund practically beneficial, and has done much to advance the interests of that Fund on his own District. Whilst active as an Odd Fellow, Mr. Bradley has not been unmindful of his duties as a man and a citizen. He has taken a prominent part in his own neighbourhood in most matters of importance, whether of a national or local nature, and has advocated with spirit and energy those measures which he considered right and just, neither courting the smiles, nor valuing the frowns of any party, nor considering any personal sacrifice too much to endure in the advancement of those measures which he conscientiously believed would be beneficial to his own neighbourhood, or the people at large. Upon the whole he may be ranked among those who, through their industry and intelligence, have contributed their full share to promote the interests and happiness of his fellow-men; and all those who prize true integrity, benevolence, and liberality, would, on an intimate acquaintance with his worth, be disposed to admire and esteem the praiseworthy character of John Bradley.

J. W.

### EDUCATION AND ODD FELLOWSHIP.

THERE is a magic spell, by whose aid we can sit by our own firesides and travel over strange and distant countries—we can make ourselves acquainted with the manners and customs of the inhabitants of every land—we can participate in wild and dangerous adventures—we can lose ourselves in gloomy passes and interminable forests—we can listen to the death-whoop of the Indian without a thrill of fear—we can expound the depths of the most subtle philosophy—we can penetrate into the laboratory of the chemist—we can investigate the shining region of the stars—not a bird that skims the air, not a fish that swims the deep waters, not a beast that roams abroad, or sends forth its terrific howls from the gloomy jungle, with whose nature and habits we may not become acquainted—we can raise the mighty dead of every age from their mouldering tombs, and bid them discourse to us as to a confidential friend. This wondrous charm, this great and potent spell, is to be found in books.

Oh, unto God our thankful prayers should rise,  
That darkness hath departed from the land,  
That books no more are pent in cloisters dim,  
Or bound, like slaves, in iron manacles.

By means of the press we are enabled to know the most secret thoughts of some of the wisest and most learned men who ever lived. We can silently, and in our own dwellings, imbibe the profound truths which they have promulgated. The results of years of study and toil are within the grasp of almost the poorest of us; and a work which has been the labour of a life, and which has caused its author to withdraw from all ordinary enjoyments in order that he might carry out the great objects which he had in view, may now be purchased for a few shillings. Who then would voluntarily shut himself out from the glorious privilege which is placed at his disposal—who would not do his utmost to break down all barriers which may prevent mankind from enjoying this high and priceless blessing—who would not use his every energy to make knowledge as boundless as the heavens, and as universal as the air we breathe!

There are few things connected with our great and widely-spreading Order which have given us more pleasure than the movement which is now going forwards for the intellectual improvement of its members. We would, under

all circumstances, provide, in the first instance, for physical wants before proceeding to supply food for the mind. People must be fed before they are taught, and we are not of that class who would descant on the beauties of science and literature to a starving population. The Order of Odd Fellowship was unquestionably formed for the purpose of supplying relief to such of its members as might, at any time, be visited by sickness or adversity; and also to provide for the decent interment of the dead. These objects have been fulfilled, and many others, which were not originally contemplated, have, as a natural consequence, suggested themselves to the minds of our fraternity, and been put into active and extensive operation. Amongst others stands pre-eminent the formation of Widows' and Orphans' Funds, which, in the course of a few years, have spread far and wide over the Institution, and may justly be classed with its chief and best ornaments. We feel a sincere pleasure in reflecting that the profits of this publication, in being appropriated to so benevolent a purpose, have been the means of causing Districts to provide for their widows and orphans, which, if some inducement had not been held out, might not yet have commenced so praiseworthy an undertaking. This excellent feature of our Order, we have reason to know, has been the means of many eligible and worthy individuals uniting themselves to us, who have succeeded in attaining to the highest honours of their Lodges and Districts. We have, in previous numbers, spoken of another most laudable movement which is taking place amongst us—we need scarcely say that we allude to the establishment of Libraries and Schools in connexion with the Institution. We doubt not that, in a short time, the exertions now making for this purpose, will be found to have been eminently successful. Some difficulties will, as a matter of course, impede the progress of the promoters in the early stages of their efforts, but when these are surmounted, as will eventually be the case, so much the more will be the gratification of those parties whose energy and perseverance have led to a successful and triumphant issue. We know of no society in existence so admirably calculated as our own for the establishment of institutions of an educational character. We are numerically great—our members, as a body, are in the vigour of life—we are undisturbed by political or sectarian bickerings, and we have succeeded in putting into practice a provident, and yet independent, system of relief, to an extent which has hitherto been unparalleled. It only remains for our members to make use of the resources which are afforded by our mode of organization, and to apply themselves diligently to the task, to convince the world that Odd Fellows are, what they profess to be, the benefactors of their race. There is no lack of intelligence amongst us; there are not only men of cultivated minds in our ranks, but many who have won for themselves an honourable position amongst those who have contributed to enlighten their fellows in the paths of literature and science. There are keen and practical intellects amongst us—men who possess the faculty of thinking correctly and acting promptly—men who have been schooled by experience, and who will readily lend their aid in the intellectual culture of their brethren. Not many years ago Mechanics' Institutions were unknown, and now there are few towns without them. We do not know why Odd Fellows' Institutions, with similar objects in view, should not be equally numerous, and we hope to see the time when there shall be few Districts indeed where Odd Fellowship flourishes, which have not some place set apart for education, and the diffusion of knowledge amongst its members.

We read with extreme pleasure an account of a Meeting, which took place a short time ago, of the members of the Norwich Athenæum, when the Lord Bishop occupied the chair. This eminent prelate holds the situation of Chaplain to the Queen, and is universally esteemed for his great attainments, true piety, and mild and amiable character. He has so well expressed, in the address which he made on the occasion referred to, what we would wish to inculcate in the minds of our readers, that we make no apology for laying before them the following extract:—

We are asked—what are you now about to do? What is your object? Are you going to raise the young men of this city beyond their situation, and beyond their views in life? I say we are doing no such thing. It has been my object in life to encourage education of every description, among every class, but more especially beginning with the humblest and lowest; because, sure I am, that in this great country of England, unless we have a peasantry well educated, and well grounded in religion, and well taught in that political economy on which their temporal interests and concerns depend, we are doing but half our business. But, it will be said, are you going to make the young men wise above what is written? Are you going to make them philosophers? I wish I was; because a philosopher, in the true sense of the word, is a true Christian in heart, spirit, and in truth; because no man can be a philosopher without knowing and feeling the essential doctrines of Our SAVIOUR'S Gospel. But the objectors still say, you would make them wise men. Be it so. Would the objectors wish them to remain all their lives in ignorance? For there is no middle path. Would you like them to remain drones in society, without improving their intellects, and giving them an opportunity of knowing those things which may raise them above their present situation, and excite them to improve their higher powers, which ought to be the object and ambition of every young man, however low their station? Look at England. Where did our best men and greatest statesmen arise from? Our greatest and most scientific men have arisen from the humbler and middling classes. They had nothing of the pride of birth or aristocracy to boast of, but theirs was a more noble pride—the pride of the highest cultivation of their intellects, and improving the highest powers of the human spirit. Were I to point out any of these, I know not where I should end, nor where I ought to begin, the number is so great. Look at Ferguson, the great astronomer; how did he learn astronomy? When in the humble service of attending his flocks, and watching them by night. He bought some common glass beads, and, raising his eyes to the constellations, he planted these beads on the ground, and reduced them to the order of the heavenly bodies. What progress he made I need not mention. A more well known instance stands forth pre-eminent as a sculptor, whose latest work is placed in our own Cathedral; I mean Sir Francis Chantry. I will mention an anecdote of him, that does him as much honor at the commencement of his career, as when he was more pre-eminent. At Holkham, at one of the ploughing matches, he observed that the lines were not so direct as they ought to be, and said he thought he could plough better. He was dared to the task; and he proceeded, and handled the plough in such a way, that all declared Sir Francis Chantry's furrow was the best of all. They expressed surprise. "Surprise," said he, "know ye not the block from which I was hewn? I was once a ploughman; I began with being a ploughboy." It would take me too long a time were I to enumerate all the instances of this sort I could advance. But again it may be said, you are going to make these young men superficial. What is so bad as being superficial?

"A little learning is a dangerous thing—  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

I never heard greater folly and nonsense. We are all superficial, every one of us. Even Professor Sedgwick is superficial. But I will go beyond him—Sir Isaac Newton was superficial. He was once appealed to on the depth of his knowledge, he said, in the spirit of humility which characterises the true philosopher—"I have the whole ocean of science before me; I know not what men may think of me, but I will tell you what I think of myself. I am like a poor truant boy playing upon the shores of the sea—I take up a pebble, and admire its beauty; I turn to another, and see its equal proportions of beauty. But what are all these? These are but the pebbles that stand at my feet. What are they with regard to the sciences, and the depths of that unfathomable ocean which is stretched before me? They are far beyond my sight, out of my reach, and unfathomable." These were the

sentiments of the greatest philosopher which England ever produced. He was satisfied, in his own mind, that he was standing on the threshold of science—but you know where he left it. You know that we are at the top of the ladder, which England has now reached through his efforts and exertions. With his science to begin with, we are to commence the ascent of a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and God grant that the Norwich Athenæum may, in due time, have aspirants for this situation, and that it may be preparing the way for future philosophers. I own, it is very difficult for me to speak on these subjects; not because I don't know what to say, but from the reverse, I have too much to say; I don't know where to limit myself, nor what line to take. I am, as it were, standing in the centre of a wheel, with radii launching out in every part, not knowing where to begin with the different branches of science. There is not an individual who has not within his heart some seed, which if well cultivated, may not spring and bring forth fruit in abundance that may be most beneficial to the public. The great object in human life should be to ascertain that this seed exists, and, having found it, to cultivate its growth: for there is no seed without its use. All knowledge that you may have in every department of science, in every part of commerce, is connected with the interests of this country, and more or less productive of advantage, if followed out. There is no science that stands alone or insulated; every point is like one of those candles, sending forth light right and left, and diffusing heat in every direction. There is an anecdote told of Sir Walter Scott, which, though it does not do him much honor at its close, yet it has its moral. Sir Walter piqued himself that he never met with any man but he could get something out of him. He was travelling in a stage coach, where he encountered a man whom he tried in every possible manner; but it was like firing into clay, he could elicit nothing. At last, in despair, he said to the Scotchman, "What is it that I can touch upon that you know better than myself?" Said the Scotchman, "Do ye ken onything o' wash-leather?" Sir Walter said, "I know nothing about wash-leather, nor do I wish to know." Now there Sir Walter was wrong; he should have followed it up, and put some questions, and depend upon it he would have derived some useful knowledge from the maker of wash-leather. Take botany—it is the easiest of all subjects to study; I don't know one easier. Every one can walk the fields and see the growth of plants; and let me tell you, that every branch of science is in itself a preparation, as it is the cultivation, of a new science. For instance in painting: I walk over a desolate heath, such as Mousehold; I am fond of drawing, and know something of colors, and in every shade of light I perceive scenes and beauties which a man who is ignorant of painting knows nothing about. Botany may be studied in your walks, even in the hedges. When I was in my own parish—and I like sometimes to revert to that time—I encouraged the study of botany amongst the scholars of my school. I told them, when they were out in the fields, if they saw any flower with which they were unacquainted, to bring it to me, and I would explain it to them. I have now the best *herbarium* of English flowers, probably in existence, the collection of a girl who belonged to that school. She used to gather the flowers, and dry them, and place them in a book—inquiring of me about their nature and properties, when she was ignorant of them. I told her I was afraid she wasted her time in making such a collection. She said, no—she gathered them on her way to and from market, and on other occasions: she wasted no time. That book I now have; and I need not say that I value it highly.

We agree with every sentence of the foregoing extract, and cannot too strongly impress upon our readers the fact that all knowledge may be productive of advantages, which, at the time of its acquirement, could not by possibility have been calculated upon. The Bishop of Norwich recommends the study of botany, and we do not know an instance which more forcibly illustrates the great advantages which may be derived from a slight knowledge of a science than the following. In the month of November, 1821, Beachy Head, on the coast of Sussex, was visited by a tremendous storm, during which a French vessel was driven on shore and wrecked. All on board were swept into the sea; and only four escaped the general destruction, by climbing to the top of a heap of rocks, which had fallen at different times from the overhanging cliffs: their situation of course was one of imminent peril and danger—the tide was encroaching upon them step by step, and it would have been certain death to

have attempted to gain the land. The poor men, finding that they would either be swallowed up by the rising tide, or dashed to pieces against the rocks, resolved to deliver themselves up to the mercy of the waves, with the forlorn hope of being cast on some place of safety. At this moment one of the men saw, by the vivid flashes of lightning, a plant growing among the stones on which they stood, which he found was Samphire, and, which he happened to know never grew where it could be entirely immersed in water. He immediately communicated this fact to his distressed companions, and persuaded them to remain where they were till morning, being convinced that the height of the tide would not be equal to the place on which they stood. The result proved the correctness of his knowledge; for when day-light broke, the poor fellows were seen by the people on the cliffs, who rescued them from their perilous situation. Had it not have been the case that one of these men possessed a trifling knowledge of botany, the whole of the four would have perished.

Odd Fellowship is peculiarly adapted for working men; and of them the greater part of the Institution is unquestionably composed. It may be argued that our members have not leisure to devote much of their time to intellectual acquirements, and, therefore, libraries would not be sufficiently available to them to render their establishment a matter of much importance. Nothing could be more futile than such an argument as this. By whom are our Mechanics' Institutions and Lyceums mainly supported except by working-men; and will not the majority of our members bear comparison in energy and intellect with others of their class, and have they not an equal amount of time at their disposal? They have proved themselves to possess prudence and foresight in the provident affairs of Odd Fellowship, and the same success will, we feel convinced, attend upon any demonstration which may be made by them in favour of education. It has been too much the fashion to look upon Odd Fellows as a peculiar and isolated body of men, who are so entirely absorbed with their own interests and affairs, as to have nothing in common with such as do not belong to their society. It is true they are united to one another by a strong feeling of sympathy, consequent upon the fact of all being cemented in the cause of friendship and humanity; but that they can also sympathise largely with those who are not of them is abundantly evidenced by the liberal contributions which they are ever forward to render in aid of all such movements as are really beneficial, whether charitably or otherwise, to the majority of the public. Nor does Odd Fellowship, as some would seem to imagine, have the effect of so absorbing the faculties as to prevent its members from attending to the daily and necessary avocations of existence. On the contrary, that spirit which prompts the working-man to lay by a portion of his earnings for days of emergency, also induces him to employ his time well and profitably, so that he may be in a condition to discharge the duties which he has incurred with honour and promptitude. What is in itself good seldom leads to that which is evil. How often has the remark been made that education, instead of being a benefit, would be a positive curse to the masses, by making them dissatisfied with their position in the world! But what proof can be adduced that "ignorance is bliss"—what facts can be brought forward to shew that lack of knowledge and content go hand and hand together? Is the untutored savage in a state of bliss when he crouches round the fire of his doorless and smoky wigwam, or greedily devours his uncooked food, without the knowledge as to how he shall provide for the morrow—is the cannibal in a state of bliss when he banquets on the

flesh of his foe—is the ploughboy in a state of bliss who looks upon the sun and stars, and sees nothing but a large luminary, and a host of smaller ones that give light by day and night—is the atheist in a state of bliss, when he looks upon this fair and beautiful world, and says “no God hath made it?” Away with such jargon—as well might we say that the condition of the idiot is one of supreme felicity. Look to our prisons and our workhouses—examine the records of crime and improvidence, and there will be found fearful and unimpeachable testimonials to the *bliss of ignorance*. Let him who would preach against the diffusion of knowledge visit the abodes of the ignorant and the enlightened artizan—let him compare the filth and misery of the one with the cleanliness and comfort of the other, and we venture to predict that it will need no logician to make him change the tenor of his argument. Most truly has it been observed by an Arabian author, that “the man of knowledge lives eternally after his death, while his members are reduced to dust beneath the tomb. But the ignorant man is dead, even while he walks upon the earth; he is numbered with living men, and yet existeth not.”

It is a mistaken notion to think that the high and wealthy classes ought to be the chief conservators of knowledge. It is not ~~always~~ leisure and opportunity which lead men to the best and purest sources of enjoyment. There is a mental as well as a sensual luxury, and the man of toil will read his book with greater zest in his hours of relaxation than the rich son of wealth, whose time is wholly at his own command. The working man knows the value of time, and will be more careful in the selection of the works which he reads, than he who reads principally for amusement, and to dissipate his hours of idleness. It is not the quantity, but the quality, of our information which renders it valuable. As a proof of what may be done by the working man, we are told by Lord Morpeth of a blacksmith that he fell in with in one of the interior States of North America, who, while he most assiduously performed all the requirements of his calling, accomplished the mastery of, and was perfectly able to read, about fifty languages. We could mention, in addition to this, a long list of men who have distinguished themselves by their acquirements whilst pursuing their daily occupations; but we feel that enough has been said, on the present occasion, to shew that Odd Fellows may participate in the benefits of education, without allowing them to interfere with their other duties. We have stated, in a former number, what steps have been taken in some Districts to provide libraries and schools; and the contributions required are so small, that we think few will be deterred by the amount from making the attempt to further so desirable a cause. Much will depend upon the judgment with which the works are selected, and the care with which the Schools are superintended. We shall recur to the subject again, and we hope shortly to be able to congratulate our members on exertions which may be productive of lasting advantages, not only to the Odd Fellows of the present day, but to those of future generations.

#### THE FLIGHT OF AN HOUR.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

SILENT we sit, and our voiceless chamber  
Hears not the rush of the wings of time;  
Yet an hour has gone forth to bear its record  
Of pleasure and anguish, of woe and crime!



## THE FLIGHT OF AN HOUR.

Death has come down to many a pillow—  
 Welcome, or dreaded, the shaft has sped!  
 Royalty's throne-couch—straw of the pauper!  
 Loved or forsaken, the hour has fled!  
 Earthquakes, tornados, and floods have power—  
 Even as we sit in this chamber's gloom,  
 Kingdoms and rulers have chang'd or perished—  
 War and oppression have wrought their doom.  
 In purple and ermine, state and splendour,  
 Has past on the pomp of a royal bride—  
 A houseless child, in that lighted city,  
 Has writh'd with the famine pang and died!  
 Many the eyes that to life have opened,  
 Flowers of the Eden lost,—they share  
 The primal curse, and with tears inherit  
 This world and the lot we are doom'd to bear.  
 The dead have gone forth to wait the judgment,  
 From city and hamlet and battle field;  
 Stern is the course of the fearful reaper—  
 Mighty the harvest his labours yield!  
 Sighs and curses and tears and prayers,  
 Have gone up, like clouds, to the Father's throne!  
 Who shall tell of the boundless mercies  
 Given to the wings of the hour that's flown?  
 Tears have been dried on the mourner's eyelids,  
 Ease been given to the bed of pain—  
 Want has smil'd on the generous donor,  
 Hearts are heal'd that have bled in vain!  
 Love has known its first thrill of rapture,  
 Ambition gather'd its laurel crown—  
 Faith aspir'd to its martyr-glory,  
 Favors and treasures and bright renown;  
 Earth's best gifts on the many shower'd,  
 Earth's worst sorrows have had their sway;  
 Change unto all! An hour has vanish'd,  
 Time and oblivion have had their prey!

## A SHADOW FROM THE PAST.

BY THE SAME.

It was a pleasant garden,  
 And down the bright moon shone  
 On the ripples of the fountain,  
 And we two were alone.  
  
 We gather'd the crimson roses,  
 And cast them on the stream;  
 And fame that could not perish,  
 Was our hearts' impassion'd theme.  
  
 To his lyre's enamour'd music,  
 My minstrel words replied—  
 A life of bright elysium  
 Was that hour by the fountain's side.  
  
 Oh! time and death and sorrow,  
 That the heart should be your slave!  
 There's snow in my auburn tresses,  
 And he is in the grave!

## THE LEGENDS OF ODELL.

BY JAMES WYATT.

(Author of "*Scenes in the Civil Wars*," &c.)

## CHAPTER III.

IN the last chapter we left the barons, Wahul and Radwell, exercising a somewhat constrained civility towards each other, after the great convocation at Bedford; Radwell's deportment having latterly increased some suspicions in the minds of Arthur's friends, who had already attributed Arthur's disappearance to him.

On the day following the entertainment at Wahul, the worthy baron and his friends proceeded to the adjourned convocation at Antehill. Upon their arrival they found many nobles and knights assembled at the Moot House, and shortly after the sheriff opened the meeting. Earl Beauchamp then stated that he had received letters from court, informing him that the king would hold his levees at Westminster on the day named at the former meeting, in order to celebrate the anniversary of his ascension; the convocation therefore ratified the resolutions that were carried at Bedford, and confirmed the appointment of the retinue to accompany the sheriff.

Just previous to the conclusion of the affairs of the meeting, a surly knight, Thomas de Goldyngton, in emphatic and angry tones, protested against such an exclusive deputation, and inquired why the name of so important, and so worthy a noble, as the Baron Radwell, had been omitted? This was the signal for an uproar. Boteler, in his usual earnest and unguarded manner, turned round and taxed Radwell with urging on his friend, de Goldyngton, to raise a cabal, whilst he had not courage to put the question fairly himself. "Liar and miscreant!" with other fierce epithets were now heard, and the right hand of each man was on his sword's hilt. Sir Gerard de Braybroke, drawing his weapon, called upon Radwell to defend himself, and answer a charge made of being cognizant of his kinsman St. Amand's death; when the sonorous voice of the sheriff was heard above the cabal,—"For shame, my friends! Is it to be said that king Henry's subjects in the shire of Bedford, aye, and the leaders too, cannot even attend a summons to prepare a document of fealty to him, without drawing their weapons upon each other? Shame on you! Never let this occur again for the honour of your shire!" Peace was again restored, and the assembly was finally dissolved.

A large company then proceeded to Antehill castle, where they were nobly entertained; and at the conclusion of the feast the absorbing topic of Arthur's mysterious absence was again and again discussed, but, of course, with some degree of caution and reservation, inasmuch as the Baron Radwell was of the party; and, for a time, as far as external appearances went, there was a show of courtesy from one to the other, as if nothing had occurred. Thus, for a considerable time, a check was put upon Boteler, who burned to express that which was rankling in his bosom; and respect for the host alone prevented him. The subject was changed, and the elders of the company used some exertion to throw oil upon the waters that had already been troubled, and at length one of the party referred to the presentation of the address, and inquired what number of attendants each knight would have as the escort, when Radwell, with a sneer, suggested that they should go unattended, lest the squires and guards should divide the honour with their masters. Unable any longer to control himself, the headstrong Boteler shot a glance of fire at the speaker, and exclaimed,—"Aye—and be surprised and butchered as the brave St. Amand was; and loud calls indeed might be made before the assistance of the lord of Radwell was forthcoming." In a moment the sword of Radwell was drawn from its scabbard; the example was as quickly followed by Boteler, and before the nobles could interfere, the weapons were already crossed, in defiance of the rites of hospitality. Wahul, pained that the event should have occurred at the festive board of his friend, seized Boteler, disarmed him, and desired him, as he valued his friendship, to curb his tongue; at the same time compelling him to ask a pardon of the noble host for the breach of hospitality he had just committed. This was no sooner asked than granted, and an attempt was made to reconcile the angry parties; but Radwell immediately flung his gauntlet on the floor, and challenged Boteler to test his courage by maintaining with his sword that which he had just uttered. Boteler picked up the gage, and accepted the challenge. The nobles stepped in, and endeavoured to effect a reconciliation; but both parties were determined on immediate revenge. The day had

considerably advanced, but they demanded instant combat; Boteler boldly and unequivocally accusing Radwell of a knowledge of the death of St. Amand; whilst he as fiercely retorted, with all the opprobrious insults he could throw into language. Goldyngton as fiercely defended his friend Radwell, and called upon the baron to hasten the combat.

The company thus unceremoniously broken up, left the castle, and proceeded across the park to a small vale at the bottom of the ravine, hard by the hamlet of Milbroke. No sooner did the parties arrive at this spot, than they took their standing, and Boteler again making his accusation, called upon his antagonist to prove his innocence. Radwell, burning for revenge, stamped his foot upon the greensward, and answered the speech by fiercely striking at the sword-arm of Boteler, thinking soon to disable him; but the movement was detected, and Boteler received the blow on his own weapon, which was as quickly wielded to the offensive, and alighted on the steel cap of his enemy. Without waiting for guard, or ward, or parry, they each laid on with the most savage spirit of revenge,—to say that the swords reeked with blood—that sparks flew from the clashing metal, would give but a faint idea of the fierceness of the struggle. For a long time it was impossible to tell which had the advantage, if any there were. With foaming mouths, and eyes fierce unto wildness, did they, after a momentary pause for breath, return to the bloody struggle. Repeatedly did the lookers-on call upon them to desist for a time—the only answer given was a redoubling of their fierce blows at each other. Hacked and blunted, the swords were still wielded with almost as much vigour as at the first. At length, vexed at his inability to exterminate his antagonist, Radwell raised himself, lifted up his sword, and with both hands grasping it, he planned a blow that must have inevitably cleaved the skull if it had there alighted; but Boteler, with the quickness of thought, stepped aside, and the blow well nigh threw Radwell on his face. Boteler seized the opportunity, and before the fierce baron could recover himself, thrust his weapon into his right side, and it passed through to the other. Radwell's sword dropped from his hand—he staggered for a moment—his eyes rolled in perfect phrenzy, and then he fell heavily to the ground. The spectators ran to him, and raised him up, but he was helpless, and gasping fearfully. The lord Beauchamp called to his attendants to remove the wounded baron to the castle, but Goldyngton resisted the order, urging that he himself had a kinsman, a holy father, who lived in the cell of Milbroke, which was much nearer than the castle. The servants accordingly conveyed him to the cell by the side of the ravine, where they found the father Bernard. On informing him what had occurred, he led the way to the inner apartment, and directed them to lay the wounded man on his humble bed; the monk then went to call some of his holy brothers to lend their assistance. On his return with them, they proceeded to remove Radwell's dress, and found he had received a severe wound. They applied remedies, and poured a cordial down his throat, which had the effect of partially reviving him. At intervals the medicine was repeated, and the poor wretch appeared to rally. The father then gave directions for the company to withdraw, and with the exception of Goldyngton, they all retired to the castle, where it was found that Boteler required almost as much assistance. He was conducted to a chamber, and his wounds were promptly dressed, and his wants were administered to by his friend Braybroke, who more than half regretted that he had not fought the battle on his cousin St. Amand's account.

The monks found that Radwell's wound was mortal, and father Bernard, after telling him as much, conjured him to prepare for death. Up to this moment Radwell had borne the intense pain without shrinking, but upon learning that his very hours were numbered, his fortitude vanished, and he became as a child. Large tears rolled down his cheeks, and he shrieked in anguish. Feeling himself every moment growing weaker, but still making efforts to bear up against the faintness, he motioned the holy father to draw closer to him. The old man obeyed, and the wretched baron entreated him to give him his blessing and his prayers; the monk having so done, the baron, with feeble voice and gasping breath, told him that he had committed crimes at which his own soul now trembled. The father conjured him to confess his sins, and after an agonizing pause, the wretched man confessed the atrocities into which he had been hurried by his uncontrolled passions, and also told how he had treated St. Amand. He acknowledged that he justly merited his mortal wound at the hand of St. Amand's friend, and had hardly breath to finish his confession, ere the cold sweat came upon him. Goldyngton

was called in, and Radwell made an effort to speak to him, but his tongue was paralysed, he raised himself up from the bed, and the next moment his eyes became fixed and glassy, and he fell back, no more a participant in the restless scenes of this world. His friend had only time to witness his last struggle, and not to hear anything he had told the monk, who was prevented from telling him in consequence of the spirit of revenge Goldyngton invoked upon the slayer. Although Goldyngton was a kinsman, he was no favourite of the holy father's; he knew him to be a man of dark resolves, and one who would spare neither friend nor foe to work his own ends. Leaving him therefore in the chamber with two of the monks, the holy father took his staff, and bent his tottering steps to the castle. He sought for Boteler, and on being conducted to his bedside, he told him of the death of Radwell, and then proceeded to unbosom that which the sufferings of death alone could have extorted from the wicked baron. Boteler, in an ecstasy of joy at the probability of Arthur being still alive, kissed the hand of the good old monk, summoned his brother to the chamber, and acquainted him with what he had just learned.

No sooner had the young Boteler heard the narrative, than he proposed going instantly to Radwell castle to procure Arthur's liberty. Without mentioning the affair to any of his friends, he mustered a small retinue and started. On arriving there, after a hasty ride, he informed the attendants at Radwell of the death of their master in combat. The intelligence completely paralysed the horrid old woman, and she became speechless. Young Boteler drew aside one of the armed men, and told him of the confession his late lord had made, and begged him, as he valued his own life and safety, to conduct him to Arthur's prison; the man, finding no reasonable resistance could be made, called to the person who officiated as jailer, and having communicated what he had just heard, received the keys of him; and the jailer immediately made his escape, an example that was readily followed by several others to whom he conveyed the news. The man conducted young Boteler to the vaults—the door was soon unlocked, and Arthur expecting only his usual savage attendant, retired to the end of his cell. Boteler however spoke to him, and when he saw who it was, he uttered a cry of delight, and ran into his open arms. Boteler, grieved to the heart to find his friend so haggard and wan, led him to the bed and comforted him. A thousand questions were asked by the released prisoner, who could hardly believe it was a reality he was then experiencing. Boteler answered them as rapidly as he could, but entreated him to leave the hateful prison. Tears of joy ran down St. Amand's hollow cheeks as he crossed the threshold of the prison; but after walking a few steps, his knees tottered from weakness, and he would have fallen but for the arm of his friend. With the assistance of the man, Boteler conducted him into the hall, where some refreshments were provided; Arthur, however, could eat but little, his thoughts were engrossed by the delightful anticipations of meeting Eleanor again. Repeated inquiries did he make concerning her, and of the events that had transpired since his imprisonment. Whilst the friends were talking together, the door opened, and Braybroke entered; he had seen Boteler go off, and on learning of Radwell's death, suspected where his friend was gone. Arthur sprang to his cousin, and again broke out in such ecstasies at his deliverance, that he had liked to have gone out of his wits. Braybroke wished him to attire himself, and go to Wahul, offering to precede him to prepare Eleanor and Lady Wahul for the intelligence of his being still alive. Arthur however planned a scheme for assuring himself of the constancy of Eleanor. He proposed that Braybroke should go to Wahul, and give the ladies some particulars of the late events, and contrive to get possession of his lute.

Braybroke consented to the proposal, although not knowing the purpose of the scheme; he immediately rode across, and soon related all that had occurred in the absence of the baron. Then leaving the room a minute, he contrived to see Eleanor's handmaid, and having sworn her to secrecy, induced her to obtain possession of the lute which had been found in the garden on the morning of Arthur's absence, and ever since mournfully prized by Eleanor. Braybroke then took his leave of the ladies, and departed for Radwell. As soon as Arthur received his lute, he struck some chords with such a wild enthusiasm, that his friends were amazed at the sounds, and almost feared he would relapse into his former frenzy. His joy knew no bounds, and again and again did he pour forth his feelings in impassioned roundelays. At length, however, he disguised himself, and went across to Wahul. On reaching the castle, he entered the courtyard, and found that not one of the domestics knew him, particularly as his illness

and confinement had wasted him very much, and his countenance had been shorn of its ruddy colour and smiling expression during his severe febrile attack. He then commenced singing, and accompanied himself on his lute. The maid ran in to her mistress to tell her of the beautiful music played by a strange minstrel. Eleanor came, and listened to him for some time, and he almost sank with emotion; nevertheless his disguise succeeded as well as did that of Sir Guy of Warwick, under similar circumstances, in earlier days. Eleanor conversed with him, and he told her he had just arrived from Burgundy, and, beckoning her aside, asked if he was right in his suspicion that she was the lady Eleanor Wahul? She replied that he was right. "Then," said he, "to you I am commissioned to bear a message from a young knight, by name St. Amand, whom I met in my travels."

No sooner was the name mentioned than the maiden started, and, with cheeks covered with blushes, inquired eagerly when and where the minstrel had seen him. Affecting not to notice her emotion, he replied, "In a far country, and he bade me search for you immediately on my reaching England, and learn if you bore him in remembrance; and if so, to present this amulet." Arthur then produced the little token she had given him at their last parting. She seized it eagerly, and pressing it to her lips; with tears in her eyes, she begged the minstrel to tell her more of St. Amand. Still affecting not to notice her great emotion, he said he should be shortly returning to that country, and would see St. Amand, and requested to know what message he might bear to him to assure him that his friendship was still esteemed. She eagerly replied, "Tell him that in Eleanor's devoted heart his image has ever dwelt. But you are a stranger, perhaps you even now trifle with me—speak truly, by the hope of the future, how came you by this token?—where did he die?" Without further parley, he threw back his cap from his brow, exclaiming, "Lady, in reality, St. Amand lives, he is before you." She uttered a shriek, and fell into his arms fainting, and he then began to reproach himself for thus tantalizing one whose affections were beyond all doubt. He called aloud for assistance, and when the domestics made their appearance, they found their young lady in the strange minstrel's arms; wondering at what they saw they bore her into the castle; Arthur followed, and quickly discovered himself to the Lady Wahul, who welcomed him with great joy and affection. Eleanor soon recovered, and nothing could equal her delight at the new discovery. Arthur briefly related the cruelties he had undergone, and learned how Radwell had been repulsed at Wahul. He then stated that his good friends, Boteler and Braybroke, were waiting his return to Radwell; but the ladies would not hear of his going again to the scene of his former misery; and we need hardly say he did not require much entreaty to stay where he then was. Lady Wahul despatched messengers to Radwell castle, and also to the Baron, and his friends, at Antehill, to acquaint them of the joyful restoration. When the messengers, however, reached Radwell, Braybroke sent them back with Boteler, and he went on to Antehill. On his arrival he told all that had occurred; how that he had seen Arthur himself, and that he was now at Wahul. Surprise and delight filled the bosom of every one present, and young Boteler being now nearly convalescent, they proposed proceeding immediately to Wahul, and the good Baron Beauchamp begged to be allowed to join them. Never was a more joyful journey taken by a party. Fifty times was Braybroke obliged to tell his tale over, and even then, questions poured in upon him. At length, after about two hour's ride, they reached Wahul castle, where they were all enabled to test the accuracy of the statement they had just heard. Arthur met them at the portal, and the Baron, with tears of joy in his eyes, sprang from his horse, and embraced him most affectionately. The greetings all around were such as to assure Arthur how sincerely he was regarded, and the company did not seem to contain a single unhappy person. A splendid entertainment was provided, and the roof of the great hall resounded with the acclamations of joy and welcome. The baron, in the course of the evening, turned to his daughter, who was looking on gravely, and playfully told her he supposed she was regretting the death of her rich suitor, rather than rejoicing at the restoration of their young friend. Eleanor only blushed a reply, and this the baron well understood. Soon afterwards Lady Wahul rose from the table to retire for the night, and Eleanor accompanied her. As soon as they had left the room, loud and boisterous jokes were passed upon Arthur for his dulness now the lady was gone. The wine cups passed round, and in the plenitude of his enthusiasm, the old Baron Beauchamp called on his friends to pledge the knight St. Amand, and his lady!

Loud cheers and bursts of merriment followed this sally, and they all stood up, shouting till the very walls vibrated. Again, and again, did they pledge the intended bride, and so deeply did they all drink, that when, where, and how they finished, very few of them could tell; and the castle bell tolled an advanced hour of the morning before the great hall was empty.

When the company arose in the morning the Baron Beauchamp found out Lady Wahul, and questioned her relative to the hopes of the young people. He found that all scruples on her part had been removed; and calling the baron to them, he proposed that Eleanor should be united to Arthur immediately, and before they went to Westminster with the addresses; adding, that he and Sir Thomas Brounffete would request the king to confiscate Radwell's estates, and then make a grant of them to Arthur, who should be present to offer his allegiance. The plan met with the entire approval of the baron and his lady; and the venerable Beauchamp then acquainted Arthur with what had passed. The youth was overwhelmed with joy at the disinterested kindness of his old friend, and of course most readily fell into the arrangement. At length, on the subject being referred to the company, it was decided that the nuptials should be celebrated on the third day from that time. Great rejoicings and preparations were thereupon made throughout the intervening period, and on the appointed morning, early, the company were awoke from their chambers by flourishes of trumpets and other signals of the approaching festivities. The nobles and knights assembled at the breakfast, but the ladies did not appear; they held another party in the state room, where they received the lady visitors who had been invited from all parts of the shire, to grace the ceremony with their presence; and the whole castle was one continued scene of bustle, joy, and delight. It would far exceed our limits to tell of the immense preparations of roasted venison, stewed fishes, baked meats, game, capons, pasties, &c. &c., that were then made. But the most bustling figure of this bustling scene, was the kind-hearted old Baron Beauchamp; insisting upon making all sorts of arrangements, he called upon the young ones to help him in his plans. He schemed that a great effect should be given by the bridal party, and as the church was only a stone's throw across the road, he determined to arrange so that the procession should be more pleasing to the view. He accordingly planned that the party should leave at the west-side of the castle, wind round the hill, and come up to the church on the other side. Sir Edward Burgoyne smiled at the plan, saying, that the baron had improved the road to church, by making them go a quarter of a league to get to that which might be reached in a hop, step, and jump; adding, laughingly, that he was determined to make the young people appreciate their happiness the more, by detaining them longer from it. A burst of laughter succeeded, and Wahul patted his old friend on the shoulder, and told him that as he had usurped his prerogative in one instance, he should throughout, and give his daughter to her anxious lover.

Soon after the feast had ended, instruments of music played, and the bells of the church sent forth a merry peal. The doors of the castle were flung open, and six trumpeters blew a blast as a signal. Then came forth a herald, bearing a coat charged with the arms of Wahul, quartered with those of Burgoyne and Lancaster, supported by two gentlemen, holding staves tipped with silver. Then followed twenty-four gentlemen at arms of the bodyguard of Wahul, in couples; and the rear was brought up by the holy father Andrew. Behind him came the beautiful Eleanor, leaning on the arm of Lord Beauchamp, who tripped along as nimbly as if his years numbered a score, rather than four score. Eleanor was attired in a tight-fitting boddice of bright blue silk, over which was a sleeveless jacket of crimson velvet, embroidered, and trimmed with white fur. The skirt of her gown was parted some length up the sides; the front was held up by herself, and the train by the ladies, which displayed an under-dress of white satin, beautifully embroidered in gay colours, representing various flowers. The gown was of blue, as the boddice, and was embroidered, and also powdered with pearls. On her head was placed a small cap, like a coronet, with a border of minever; and her hair hung over her neck and shoulders, and far down the back, in an infinity of tresses, curled by nature herself, in a style of elegance that laughed to scorn all artificial attempts of *fashion*. Her girdle was broad, richly-embroidered, and ornamented with jewels of great rarity. This was the united production of the lady-trainbearers, and was presented that morning to Eleanor, in her chamber. Bridal knots of crimson ribbon were attached to the lady's shoulders, terminated by points of gold. The train was many yards in length,

and was held by the ladies, Burgoyne, Mordaunt, Brounflete, Asscheton, Wayte, Tullesworth, Braybroke, Curteys, Bray, and Saltier. Then came the Baron and Lady Wahul, and their friends from Luton, the Earl, and his pretty daughter, the Lady Mand, Eleanor's young friend; following these, came more than a hundred ladies of rank and beauty, most sumptuously attired. Six trumpeters followed, ushering a herald, who bore a shield, with the arms of St. Amand emblazoned upon it. Then came twenty-four gentlemen at arms, and after them walked Arthur himself, supported by Sir Edward Burgoyne, and his cousin Braybroke. He was attired in a short blue satin tunic, fastened up the middle with rich gold buttons; the sleeves were full and long, opened at the wrists, shewing a fine white shirt, with the sleeves gathered up, and ornamented with an embroidered wreath in silk and tissue. Over all was a rich crimson velvet cloak, fastened round the neck with a golden hook and eye-hole; the cloak was trimmed with fur, and the corners worked with gold. His belt was also embroidered, and held his golden hilted dagger and pouch. Long hose, of red colour, and embroidered shoes, with long turned-up peaks, terminated the costume. He walked uncovered, having a red hood-cap in his hand, and although the new monarch had introduced the fashion of shaven crowns, yet Arthur still wore his hair long and flowing. Round his neck was a massive gold chain, to which was attached a golden fire-ball, his cognizance. We have been somewhat particular in describing the costumes, in order to give our readers some idea of the gorgeous manner in which such ceremonies were conducted in those days. The cloak train was borne by Lord Bray, the Botelers, Faldo, and others, to the number of ten. Then came about six score of worthy knights, and men of rank, in the most costly dresses of the period; and succeeding them was a whole army of yeomen retainers of the various nobles, in hoods and coats of bright green cloth. In advance of the party were twenty beautiful little girls of the adjoining villages, attired in uniform costume of pure white frocks, and tight red bodices; they carried baskets of flowers, with which they strewn the path to the church. The whole length of the way was lined with retainers and villagers, assembled to witness the marriage of their favourite.

On arriving at the church door, Eleanor was met by six young ladies of high estate, each of whom delivered a present to her. One handed a large bouquet of beautiful flowers; another a gold chain for the neck; the third a jewelled ring; the fourth an embroidered pouch, or purse; the fifth an ornamental girdle-dagger; and the sixth a chaplet of roses and jessamine, intertwined with gilded leaves. The company filled the church, and the happy pair were conducted to the altar. Here father Andrew performed the ceremony, and Lord Beauchamp handed Eleanor to the bridegroom. At the conclusion, the old lord stepped up to the bride and kissed her, at the same time presenting her with a parchment roll, which afterwards was found to be a grant of one of his manors as a dowry for her. The ladies then crowded round her, and congratulated her in many fair speeches. The baron Wahul embraced Arthur, and, following the example of his old friend, presented him with the rolls of one of his most wealthy manors, and a grant of 500 nobles. The bridegroom then led his bride from the church, and the rest of the party returned to the castle in the same order, amidst shouts and other loud tokens of joy; and as soon as they entered the hall, the trumpeters blew such a blast that the roof rang again. The company took their seats at the table which was gorgeously set forth. Large silver chalices bore bouquets of scented flowers, and in different parts of the table were placed vases bearing large trees, in full foliage, wherein were ingeniously placed divers kinds of fruits for the guests to gather at their pleasure. The huge barons of beef, boar's heads, brawns, joints of venison, choice poultry, game, stuffed pike, broiled tench, crackled bread, pasties, confectionery, sugar meats, and luscious fruits, were beyond our poor powers of description. The very wine cups were filled to overflowing, and the wassail bowl was fifty times replenished. In the courtyard a temporary roof was erected, and the same bountiful cheer was given to the retainers, villagers, and all who chose to come and participate in the rejoicings. This was one of the very few good features of feudalism, and shewed that in those days the powerful had, upon some occasions, a little good feeling towards the poor; an example we would like to see followed in the present day to a far greater extent than it is, and in a very different form to the patronizing, condescending style, now so very prevalent wherein *fashion* is more conspicuous than feeling.

A repetition of these rejoicings was given for several days with great spirit, until the arrival of the period fixed for the deputation to wait upon the king. It was then

arranged that Arthur should join them. Accordingly, on the 26th of October, they assembled at Bedford, and then journeyed on to London, which they reached on the evening of the 27th. Having rested at the palace of Westminster, they attended the morning levee of the sovereign, which he was accustomed to hold at an early hour. Having been apprized of the intention of their loyal visit, Henry descended from his chair of state, and advanced to meet them as soon as they were ushered into the presence chamber, gracefully lifting from his head, the velvet cap of maintenance. The knights fell on their knees, but the king cordially embraced them, and desired them all to rise, with a courtesy and majesty which convinced those who had never hitherto seen him, that it was no man of common mind and character to whom they came to do homage. The worthy sheriff again went upon his knee and presented the address; and as soon as he had finished, Henry unclasped his purple cloak, and laid it upon the shoulders of the sheriff, exclaiming, "Heaven condemn us if ever we forget so much loyalty. Oh, worthy subjects! each well-befitted to be a monarch; of you, let us ever, for the future, ask for counsel, and may we never lose sight of such affectionate preservers of our person and state. In the midst of so much disaffection in our realm, it is most encouraging, and truly soul-comforting, to find such faithful hearts and nervous arms to protect our throne. Aided by you, and your fellows, and by God's assistance, we will wield the sceptre of England with this strong arm, directed by this faithful heart, until all disloyalty and affection shall be banished from our dominions. Cousin Burgoyne, we are right glad to see you, and esteem this advance of homage on your part as most acceptable. We greet you with that love which should sway the bosom of every heir of the good Lancaster." And so saying, he raised the sheriff from his knees, and advancing to Burgoyne, he most cordially embraced him. Two nobler forms never met.

After the first salutation, Burgoyne presented each of his friends to the king, who received them with much courtesy; and, on coming to Arthur he briefly related the treatment he had received at the hands of Radwell, adding "And know, my liege, that England possesses not a nobler nor a gentler knight than he who now kneels to his sovereign, to whom he will ever give due fealty, and whose person he will ever defend." As Arthur knelt, the king placed his hands upon him, and in warm terms expressed his delight to know so worthy a youth. He immediately ordered the scribe to record the confiscation of Radwell's estates, and then make out a patent granting them, with the title of baron, to Arthur. Overwhelmed by the generosity of the king, Wabul fell down at his feet, and joined Arthur in his acknowledgments, but the king desired them to rise, and accompany him to the banquet which was already waiting for them. They proceeded to the hall where they saw the newly-wedded queen, the matronly, but still beautiful and elegant Joanna. As soon as the nobles and knights entered, the king, with his easy manners, made them known to his consort, who as readily, and perchance with more grace, welcomed the noble visitors. The queen, at this time, had arrived at that period of life when the romance of youth has passed away, and a high toned elegance usurps its place. She had a style of beauty in perfect keeping with her mind, and the united attractions of the two were far too powerful to fail of making an impression upon the accomplished Henry. But not alone on him was her power so omnipotent—even in the galaxy of splendour which then pervaded the British court she shone in the ascendant, not merely that she had the highest position in point of precedence, but that her charms were more commanding, and her accomplishments superior. Others might be beautiful, but every feature of the brilliant Bretagne was rendered doubly attractive by the sunshine of intellect which gleamed through it. That she occasionally acted a part, we admit, but she seems to have done it with so much ease and grace that few could discover a partial want of sincerity; and those who did, only admired her the more, as they knew it proceeded from a desire to make peaceful and pleasant that which had been so discordant; and that it proceeded also from a policy generated by hard experience in courts, and a deep insight into the human heart. She found her present husband a far more brilliant man than the Duke of Bretagne, her former one, but her acute knowledge of human nature convinced her that even with this powerful monarch she could exercise as much control, if her influence were judiciously applied; and to her immortal credit be it spoken, her influence was used to raise the monarch without degrading the man—to make him a being yet more worthy of her lofty but generous pride. What wonder, then, that such a woman obtained so powerful a hold over not merely the king, but the whole nation? She was proud of her husband, proud of her position—but it was not the pride of a



vulgar mind; she had a fond ambition to make a brilliant monarch, and a brilliant country, the admiration of the world. She knew they both possessed the elements, and that these elements only required some power to direct them, she therefore became the master-spirit to put them into action; and troubled and difficult as was this reign, yet admired and feared was powerful England, and that mainly through the instrumentality of a woman.

When the nobles were introduced into the presence of the queen, they were struck, nay, enchanted with her appearance and demeanour. A feeling of pride glowed in each person's bosom that the really noble woman before them was their queen, and more on account of her mental endowments than of her high position. Instead of a sober matron, the subdued widow of Bretagne, as they expected to see, they found "a majestic and graceful woman, in the meridian glory of her days, with a form of the most symmetrical proportions, and a countenance of equal beauty."\* Her dress was of the richest kind, yet there was absence of gaud; and the few ornaments she wore were chaste enough; but the richest ornament she displayed was the double cluster of curls, allowed to fall upon her shoulders and bosom, which were displayed, doubtless on account of their surpassing form. A crimson jacket fitted tight to her body, but gathers and folds innumerable sprang from the waist and terminated in an ample train. The jacket was sleeveless, and her finely-rounded arms were bare, and had only armlets of gold filagree, in keeping with the gold chain upon the neck. A rich fur-trimmed mantle covered her back and shoulders, and was fastened on the neck by brooch clasps. On the top of her head, and rather inclining backwards, she wore a small golden crown; but without this emblem the visitors would have immediately recognized her, from all the rest of the beauties, as the queen. They advanced to do their homage, and she received them with surpassing grace, and putting her hand into that of the Baron Wahul, she led the way to the banquet.

On the following morning the party took leave of their majesties, and proceeded to Bedfordshire. After a hasty journey they arrived at Bedford, and there separated for their several homes. Arthur and the Baron Wahul proceeded instantly to the castle, to acquaint the ladies of their good fortune and brilliant entertainment at the court; and in a few days Arthur proceeded to Radwell castle, and formally took possession, amidst the congratulations of all who knew him.†

After a long and happy career, the good old baron and his lady were severally conveyed to the tombs of the Wahuls, and their estates passed to Arthur and his beautiful lady who passed through the remainder of their days in as felicitous a manner as can be experienced in this world.

Time, the eternal ravager, has now swept all away that then existed in brightness and splendour—Wahul castle has been demolished, and an unsightly brick-building has usurped its place; and even the very name itself is altered, and spoiled, and become degenerated into "Odell." Radwell castle has shared the same fate, but its site is still pointed out, as is also the print of the wicked Baron Radwell's hands on the church of Odell, made when his evil spirit tried to overturn the sacred building to prevent the marriage of his happy rival. The old people there also show the pond, at the corner of which is a deep pit, wherein the wicked spirit was exorcised by twenty priests, and was closed in by an immense stone, which he is enabled by dint of pertinacious and untiring exertion to remove once in a hundred years, and thereby effect his escape; but by some

\*Agnes Strickland.

† Near the site of this castle the visitor may see a peculiar bend of the river, where the stream has been diverted from its original course. This was occasioned by the spirit of the wicked Radwell, who, jealous of his rival having surmounted all his troubles, and supplanted him with the fair Eleanor, as well as in his own castle, obtained the ever ready assistance of the Evil One in an infernal scheme for the destruction of the newly-wedded pair. The plan was to stop the river in the night, until a dam of water was obtained sufficient to swamp and drown all the Radwell domains. The two wicked ones went to the spot by night, armed with the tempter's charmed spade; their power was, however, limited to three spadefuls of earth. They dug the first by Sharnbrook, and it was so large that the hole is still pointed out: when the earth was thrown into the river, it filled up the middle like a large island. The second was dug from Milton, and was equally effective, leaving only a small outlet for the stream on one side. The third was taken from Pavenham Hill, and would have done the business; but just as they were raising it, the haft of the spade broke, the lump fell back into its former place, and the wicked spirits were frustrated. Fortunately there was a charm at this spot; a devotee who had been to the priest the day before, had kicked against a stone and tumbled down, breaking his bottle of holy water in the fall. That saved Radwell.

he is invariably exorcised back again before he can do further mischief than one of the cattle run themselves to death—affright females by darting across th— or thunder in the village ale-house until the inmates are afraid to go to bed, whole place is in arms. Last year his time had again come, when, of course, he visit; and in spite of the great exertions of the justices, aided by a detachment of al police (one of whom followed him through the ceiling into the room below,) inued to thunder through every wall, floor, and partition of the ale-house, paying ect whatever to persons, for several weeks; until by some unknown agency he ain quietly exorcised for another century (unless some person is imprudent to let him out by removing the stone) when probably his wicked visitation may ithfully recorded by another visitor to Waul.

*ten Queen Lodge, Bedford.*

## TWO ERAS OF A POET'S LIFE.

BY MISS CELIA MOSS.

(One of the Authors of "*Early Efforts*," "*Romance of Jewish History*," &c. &c.)

### FIRST ERA.

'Twas night, and a light was gleaming  
In the poet's wretched room,  
Through the broken lattice streaming,  
Rendering more deep surrounding gloom.  
And there he sat, his high pale brow  
Illumined by the fitful glow  
The dying candle faintly threw,  
Tinging it with an unearthly hue;  
And many a thought of care and unrest  
Was at work within that young poet's breast;  
For she who had left her home to share  
His hopes, his joys, his grief, his despair,  
Was beside him then, but her beauty was dim,  
And oft the tears in her eyes would swim,  
Though a smile decked her lips when she spoke to him.  
A lovely boy lay on her knee asleep,  
And oft the mother turned from it to weep;  
For she had felt her heart grow cold,  
When gazing on his forehead fair,  
And inly shuddered to behold  
The marks by famine printed there.  
"I hunger, mother," faintly cried the child,  
As, with a start, he raised his little head;  
"Nay, be not angry," and he faintly smiled,  
"You won't refuse your boy a crust of bread."  
She wildly clasped her hands, but could not speak,  
While her hot tears fell scalding on his cheek.  
And he, the gifted father, who had dreamed  
Such glorious dreams as genius only knows,  
Had never, in his darkest hour, deemed  
That he should live to hear such words as those.  
Oh! ye who rest in fortune's ray secure,  
Who never knew the curse of being poor,  
Who never heard your famished children cry,  
Unable to relieve their agony;  
Who never watched the rosy cheek grow pale,  
The dimmed eye tell starvation's bitter tale,  
Ye cannot dream the agony that thrilled  
Those parents, as they watched their dying child.

He had striven hard, God only knows how hard,  
 Worked night and day, and yet the scant reward .  
 That paid his toil, was not enough to save  
 His only infant from a parish grave.  
 And all that night, with cries that chilled the blood,  
 The starving child entreated loud for food ;  
 Bread, give me bread, were the last words he spoke,  
 And died just as the light of morning broke.  
 She perished too, the young and lovely mother,  
 And he was left alone, he had no other  
 To love or cherish, none for whom to strive,  
 None for to cling to—why should he survive,  
 To feel the bitter curse of loneliness,  
 Without one hope to soften his distress?

## SECOND ERA.

It was a stately chamber, and the walls  
 Were hung with trophies of the painter's art;  
 Titian, Correggio, Rubens, and Raffaele's,  
 To deck that gorgeous room had done their part.  
 And there were sculptures from those sunny lands  
 Where poetry and statuary had birth,  
 Which, scarcely seeming formed by mortal hands,  
 Gave their sculptors immortality on earth.  
 Lamps from the fretted ceiling hung,  
 A rich light through the chamber flung,  
 While glittering gem and varied flower  
 Lent perfume and brightness to the hour.  
 The sons of genius, the noble and proud,  
 Were assembled there, and a joyous crowd  
 Of the young and the lovely beings who smile,  
 Might the hearts of the coldest and sternest beguile.  
 But while they praised that glowing scene,  
 Sad were the thoughts of their host, I ween;  
 He passed the rich treasures of east and west  
 With a careless step and a troubled breast;  
 He paused not to gaze upon flower or gem,  
 Little he recked the possession of them;  
 No painting attracted his wandering eye,  
 And heedless he passed those fair sculptures by;  
 He was chary of speech and moody of mien,  
 But ill befitting so splendid a scene;  
 Yet all gazed on him, for his was a name  
 That was circled round by the laurels of fame;  
 A poet and painter, the works of his art  
 Partook of the sadness deep shrined in his heart;  
 'Twas said some mem'ry of early care  
 Darkened his soul, and left its shadow there;  
 Some spectre of the past, that still had power  
 To gloom his spirit in its gayest hour.  
 He had been a wanderer, many years,  
 From the bright land of his birth,  
 With none to share his joys or cares,  
 His sorrows or his mirth.  
 He had drank of Castaly's living waters,  
 He had gazed on Grecia's dark-eyed daughters,  
 He had wandered by Italia's shore,  
 But for him the joys of life were o'er.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time passed, the lights were out, the guests were gone,  
 The host was kneeling in a room alone,

A contrast to the one amid whose glow  
 Of life and light he stood an hour ago.  
 Calmly and sweetly the moonlight shone  
 On a large square picture, the only one;  
 It represented a mother and child.  
 Fair was her face, but, oh! so deep and wild  
 Was the look of anguish pictured there,  
 You read in each feature grief and despair.  
 The child seemed in its dying agony,  
 Wasted and wan his cheek, his glazing eye  
 Was fixed upon its mother's wistfully.  
 Down the artist's cheek came the trickling tears—  
 As he gazed on that picture, the buried years  
 Which had passed since his pencil the painting had wrought,  
 Came hurrying back on the wings of thought;  
 A weight seemed pressed on his burning brain,  
 And he lived o'er that terrible night again;  
 And again he heard that death-shriek dread,  
 Of his starving child—bread, bread—give me bread!

### ODD FELLOWSHIP IN FRANCE.

OPENING A NEW LODGE AT ROUEN, IN NORMANDY, AND REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNEY THERE.

BY THOMAS LANCASTER, P. PROV. G. M.

HAVING been officially engaged upon this pleasing mission, I feel that a few details, connected therewith, may not be devoid of interest to the members of our Order; relating as they do to, one of the most interesting events connected with Odd Fellowship. The localities of which I have to speak, have, I am fully aware, been frequently described by abler pens than mine; but those descriptions may not have fallen into the hands of all my brethren, and mine certainly must, in some degree, be interesting to each of them, in consequence of their having relation to so important a matter as the planting the tree of Odd Fellowship in a region so far from its native soil. Despite the rapid advances made by our Order in Great Britain, and many other lands, it has ever been to me, and doubtless to many others, a matter of extreme regret, that we should have found so little success upon the vast continent of Europe; that the whole of that wide field should have been to us as a sealed book; and while our brothers, travelling in other quarters of the globe, could enjoy the comforts, or participate in the blessings of Odd Fellowship, yet, those who were only separated from us by a narrow slip of water, and a comparatively insignificant distance, were absolutely deprived thereof; and it was, therefore, with considerable pleasure, that I accompanied my colleagues in office, in 1843, in the opening of the St. Peire Lodge, at Calais, and, upon that occasion, I expressed my positive conviction, that our excellent Order, being once established upon the shores of France, and once acknowledged by the authorities, would surely prosper and would be found of inestimable benefit to the inhabitants and all connected therewith.

My prophecy, with regard to its speedy advancement and increase, has early been fulfilled, by an application being made to our September District Committee, for a Dispensation to open a new Lodge at Rouen, in Normandy, which application was made to us from the Lodge at Calais; to the kindly assistance and advice of the officers and members of which Lodge, the Order is indebted for the opening of the Star of Normandy, by which name the gentlemen forming the new Lodge, wished it to be designated. The application was granted, and by a subsequent vote of the committee, I was honoured with the appointment to proceed to Rouen, to officiate at the opening; and I need not say that I received with considerable pleasure and gratitude, this additional proof of the confidence placed in me by my District.

On Saturday morning, November 23rd, I left London by the Brighton Railway, *en route*, for Rouen, by way of Dieppe, and the only annoyance, or regret I felt, was,

that I had, by unavoidable circumstances, been deprived of the company of several friends who had promised to accompany me; my worthy D. G. M. Bateman having actually his luggage packed, and passport provided for the occasion, and yet was compelled to decline the anticipated pleasure the trip promised to afford him. I therefore went quite alone. The day, however, was fine, and after parting with my friends at the terminus, I went rapidly on, hailing the auspicious change in the previously miserable state of the atmosphere, as a fortunate omen of the result of my mission.

The transit from London to Brighton requires but little comment, being performed in about two hours. Whilst on the journey, I witnessed that truly English sight, a fox hunt. The hounds were in full cry, and ran well together; in fact, in sporting parlance, you might have covered them with a table cloth; and their music was exhilarating.

An old Brighton fisherman was in the carriage with me from the junction with the Dover line, from whom I learned that he had left his home on the preceding day, had broken his arm in France, had left Boulogne after it had been set, and was now returning, having come by Fokeston that morning from Boulogne. His arm, he said, was doing well, and the old sailor seemed somewhat pleased with the very short space of time in which all these travels and events had been encountered. A slip of the earth, from one part of the rail, had occurred a few hours before we passed, but it occasioned us no inconvenience; hundreds of men were, however, congregated around the spot, who had but just completed the repair as our train passed over it. When the train arrived at the Brighton terminus, the sun was shining brilliantly, as in spring, and the whole town seemed alive with its splendour. Equestrian and pedestrian passengers thronged the streets, and upon the new Steyne, and the Grand Parade, was a continuous line of many hundreds of aristocratic equipages, filled with splendidly-dressed ladies. At this period of the year, Brighton is in the height of its best season; I say its best season, for, contrary to the usual custom of what are termed watering places, it has two, one in summer, when the London merchant, or tradesman, with his family, luxuriates in the balmy sea breezes, and fine scenery that Brighton affords him; and the other in autumn, or early winter, when, upon the departure of this class, the Brightonians are honoured with the presence, and benefitted by the outlay of the aristocracy. The latter season is the most profitable; and I was informed, that so great was the difference in the expenditure of the two classes, that furnished houses, which at that season were let at fourteen pounds per week, could, in the summer, be obtained for less than half that sum. I, of course, speak of first-class mansions; although rent, and indeed all besides, is exceedingly dear there. It is a very handsome, and evidently, a prosperous town. The shops are spacious and showy, the houses clean, and the streets, paved with red bricks, present a remarkable appearance to a visitor. The most conspicuous object in Brighton is the Pavillion, which, however, is now closed against the public, unless they have a special order; the reason assigned being the same unfortunate charge so frequently brought against our countrymen, namely, that they will not keep their hands from defacing any works of art to which they are admitted. The Chain Pier is a very handsome and well-known structure. Passing down High Street, and along the Steyne, and Cliffs, I made my way to the usual resort of an Odd Fellow—the Lodge-house. The Brunswick Lodge, is now held at the Lea House, Middle Street, and, fortunately, I found there, P. G. Channon, of that Lodge, by whose kindness I was speedily introduced to several of the past and present officers of that District, and a short time afterwards, as night drew on, a snug party of about a dozen, was assembled to welcome me, including the G. M., C. S., and two P. G. Ms. of the District, and a cosy hour we spent, around a good fire in a neat little parlour, discoursing on that never-ending theme—Odd Fellowship. The Order, I found, was prosperous at this town; but, though established upwards of twenty years, is yet but very imperfectly understood by the inhabitants. At seven o'clock, escorted by Mr. Ancock, P. G. M., and relieving officer, and Mr. Philips, Prov. C. S., I left the house to proceed by the branch railway, to Shoreham Harbour, which I did, with some regret at leaving this pleasant party; and I beg to return my thanks to the gentlemen I have alluded to, for their kindness during my brief sojourn in their pretty, but most expensive, town.

The journey to Kingston harbour is a very short one, a few miles only. Upon alighting at the station, I consigned my luggage, Dispensation, &c., to the care of one of the attendants, who said it was his duty, to convey them down to the steam packet.

I thought this was exceedingly polite upon the part of the railway authorities, but my opinion was somewhat altered, when, upon arriving at the vessel's side, sixpence each parcel was demanded in return for this politeness, which I paid him quietly, having no alternative. Not so a little irascible Frenchman, who was returning home—he thundered out a thousand *sacres et sacre nom de Dieu*, upon the man's head, for what he thought was an imposition; but being in French, they fell harmless upon the porter, who certainly was not the guilty party.

Our ship, the *Menai*, lay ready for her passage, and after one of us had attended to the safe stowage of our luggage, we found that there were yet some three hours before the time fixed for our departure, which was dependant upon the tides, and this interval we had to spend as well as we could. Accordingly we went to a house at the dock gates, called an hotel, but it proved not deserving this high-sounding name, being nothing but a common country ale house, and not the best of its kind. The time soon arrived for going on board to secure our berths, &c., which is at all times the first thing to be done, as every voyager well knows. This important point being arranged as satisfactorily as the circumstances would admit of, I went on deck, and, enveloped in my cloak, solaced myself with my Meerschaum travelling companion, (for I am addicted to the pleasant vice of smoking,) and watched the preparations busily made by the crew for our departure. The captain came on board—the ship bell was sounded—and the good ship, *Menai*, quickly but carefully left the harbour. Upon emerging into the open waters of the ocean, the whole scene was splendid. The moon had risen, and cast her pale, mellow light, upon the water with a degree of splendour I have never seen equalled, except in the works of our first marine artists—the sea was smooth as glass, its surface undisturbed by a-breath of wind, and only influenced by the restless motion so peculiar to itself—while a long bright row of light showed us the fast-receding town of Brighton, and Bearly Head, and its light too, were visible to us from the deck.

I remained enjoying the scene, and the conversation of some of my fellow-passengers, for an hour or two, and then retired to my berth, where, making myself as comfortable as the five-feet-by-two box, the hard bed, and scanty covering would allow, I soon fell asleep, but in a short time after was awoke by the disagreeable noise made by some gentlemen in my bed-room, who were troubled with that unpleasant malady, sea-sickness; so, pulling on my boots, I went on deck again, to avoid, if possible, the contagion, which I succeeded in doing. I found the crew hoisting the sails, as the captain found a slight breeze arising, of which he wished to have the benefit. After a short time I went below again, and as the noise had somewhat abated, I was soon in the arms of Morpheus. My slumber was of short duration, for one of the crew, to avoid his watch, had esconced himself in the berth above me, and being discovered he was dragged from it most unceremoniously by one of the mates about four o'clock in the morning. Aroused by the scuffle, I again went on deck, but the scene had greatly changed; the moon had gone down, and all was pitchy darkness above us and around us, except in our wake, where the vessel, in her passage through the waters, seemed to leave a track of living fire. The expected breeze, too, had come, and the ship, yielding to its influence, was rolling in the sea in a very uncomfortable way to a landsman; and in trying to look out ahead I received a visitation from father Neptune, in the shape of a huge wave; that speedily sent me to my cabin, not quite so dry as I had left it. Again I sought my little cupboard of a berth, and slept till daylight, when I went on deck, and by a long dark line upon the water, at the extreme point of vision, I found we were in sight of land. *Ma belle France* was the exclamation of our French passenger, uttered apparently with heart-felt joy; and so it proved, for the low black line I saw was Dieppe, though still several miles distant.

On reaching the harbour of Dieppe, which was from the state of the tide a work of some time and difficulty, the first thing that attracted my attention was an immense crucifix, placed upon one of the walls forming the entrance to the harbour, and upon it a full-sized representation of our Saviour, of the same proportion, and coloured to represent reality with a minuteness almost painful to look at; and in the background a curious-looking structure, bearing this inscription,—*Atribute de nation pour le Grand Napoleon*. I know not the legend attached to these effigies of piety and gratitude, but the effect upon the mind of the stranger visiting the shores of France for the first time, must be of a very peculiar and interesting kind.

Upon arriving at the station assigned for the debarkation of passengers from the steam boat, two exceedingly fierce-looking *douaniers*, or custom-house officers, came

on board, and stationed themselves on either side of the gangway, to prevent us taking any of our luggage on shore, until it had been officially examined by the custom-house authorities. By these gentlemen we were passed singly over the side of the vessel to land, when we found ourselves between a double line of *gens-des-armes* and *douaniers*, whose swords, large cocked hats, moustachios and beards, had a most formidable appearance. They intimated by a gesture, as we passed them, that we were to go on until we reached the bureau of *M. le Commissaire d'Actois*, which we did, having, in fact, no other choice allowed us; as to escape from our armed line of guards was impossible. I need not say how repugnant all these proceedings are to the national feeling of an Englishman, who, accustomed at home to personal liberty of motion, feels unable to understand why he should submit to such a course, and is frequently disposed almost to resent what he feels to be an invasion upon his rights.

In the bureau, or office, we found the Commissaire seated in a sort of iron cage, through the bars of which we passed our passports, and after they were examined, we were, one by one, allowed to pass through the cage into another, where two bearded functionaries, in uniform and with drawn swords, did us the favour of searching our pockets and persons, until they were satisfied we had nothing in our possession they conceived to be improper. This done, we were at liberty, and were conducted out into the street, and told to apply in a couple of hours for our passports and luggage. I at once went to the diligence office to secure my place to Rouen, as I knew there was but little time to lose, as I must reach that place the same night, or be too late for the opening of the Lodge upon the next day. At the office I found a *gens-de-arme* who politely told me that I must not take my place, or be allowed to leave Dieppe until I produced my passport, properly examined and passed by the officials of the government; I had two hours to wait before this could be obtained, which I spent in surveying the ancient, but dirty and mean-looking, town of Dieppe. I walked up the main street, and although it was Sunday, and high mass was actually being performed in the cathedral, yet there was an utter absence of all that quiet and decorum by which the Sabbath is distinguished in England—the shops were all open, the street hawkers were pursuing their usual avocations, the bands were playing in the street for the mustering of the national and municipal guards, and the artisans were each at work at their different trades as upon any other day. Dieppe appears to be remarkable for nothing in the shape of manufacture, unless it be for ivory carriages, most elaborate specimens of which art appear in the shops, and are both beautiful in execution, and interesting in the subjects they illustrate.

Dieppe is merely an old fishing town, and has only been raised from its original insignificance into a place of some importance, from the fact of its being the most convenient port for landing on the line to Paris from Brighton. The most important building in the town is the cathedral, which is a very imposing structure; it is evidently of great antiquity, and is esteemed by competent judges to be second to very few in Europe, in the beautiful proportions of the exterior. A party of us from the Menai entered, and witnessed the conclusion of mass, which was being celebrated by the choristers and priests; it is an exceedingly interesting sight when witnessed for the first time, and cannot fail to impress itself upon the memory of the visitor. The solemn chaunting of the choir, the sonorous tones of the priests, the loud pealing of the organ, together with the devotional attitude, and apparent piety of the congregation, altogether form a very remarkable scene. A shaven priest, in his long dark gown, accompanied by a *sous officier* of the town guard was going round the church, collecting alms from the charitable, in a magnificent silver salver; they waited upon our party soon after our entering, and I, having no French coin, gave them an English penny, for which I received a polite bow from the *officier*, and a *benedicite* from the monk. In one part of the sacred building, there was a large number of those ladies, called by the French, *les Sœurs de Charité*, (Sisters of Charity) who are a body devoted by their professional vow to deeds of mercy and charity. I believe they are not nuns, although they wear their romantic garb. They are to be seen clothed in the black serge gown, and snow-white coif, with a cross, formed of white linen, upon the breast, walking about every town in France, searching for those to whom their kindly ministrations can be serviceable. They officiate as nurses at the bed of the poor man, and administer to him both spiritual and bodily comforts, and either in the public hospital, or the private dwelling, they are equally willing to give their assistance and attendance whenever requisite. I was informed

that they are mostly ladies of birth and wealth who thus devote themselves for life to alleviating the distress of their fellow-creatures wheresoever they may find it; and I need hardly say that they are much and deservedly respected.

Upon leaving the cathedral, we all partook of breakfast at a French hotel, upon the Grand Place, where, for twenty-five sous, or one shilling English, we had a plentiful supply of eggs, French bread, and most delicious coffee; after which we proceeded to the office of *M. le Commissaire de Police*, for our passport, and as we were not aware of the locality, though quite close to it, we requested one of the innumerable band of porters, and agents for the hotels, that haunt this, as well as every other landing place upon the continent, to show us the way. In five minutes his task was done, and I gave him a sixpence, which I fancied was good pay; but our French friend thought differently, and abused us in the French language most flatteringly for not paying him more, and at length when the police were called, he left us, remarking in the most complimentary style, that he could see we were only a "*pack of English thieves*."

*M. le Commissaire* took my passport from me altogether, telling me I should find it at my journey's end, and gave me in its stead, what they call a provisional passport, which would serve me as well in the interim; for this piece of kindness he charged me three-and-a-half francs; the payment of the money appeared to me to be the only thing of any importance in the whole transaction. From thence I went to the custom house, to get my luggage searched. My carpet bag, &c., after being duly examined, and their contents exhibited in another iron cage, by me, to the proper officer, were allowed to pass; but when I unrolled and unlocked the Dispensation, a vast discussion arose. The officer said it could not be allowed to pass, as it belonged to a secret society; to this I would not give way, and he then went for his superior officer. I explained to him the nature of the article, and after stating to him the fact of the authorities of Rouen and Calais having both sanctioned its use, he allowed it to pass; but upon opening the parcel which contained the books for the Lodge, he pounced upon the printed ones, and insisted, in spite of all my arguments, in detaining all the General and District Laws, List of Lodges, Almanack, Charges, Lecture Book and Supplement, until I produced or procured an order from the Minister of the Interior, to the effect that the laws regarding printed books should not be enforced in this case. In vain I pleaded the importance of the case, and showed the different conduct of the officer at Calais— and useless was my offer to pay for them whatever he thought fit to charge. He was inflexible; nor were they given up until I had made the application he alluded to, and at least two months elapsed before the books were returned. He did, however, allow me to seal them, and I believe the seal was held sacred.

I was now in an awkward predicament. I had depended upon the conduct pursued towards us by the officer at Calais, and had taken no precaution against such an event as this, which left me without book, card, or copy of any of the charges, or duties, required for opening the Lodge. The question now was, should I go on, or return for another set? If I were to return, I knew full well I could not be at Rouen in proper time, and I at last resolved that I would go on, and trust for the whole of the charges to a memory that had never failed me. Fortunately, I have had to assist at the opening of nearly fifty Lodges, and always being careful to learn my charge, my confidence in my memory was not misplaced, for on the next day I went through the whole of the charges without, I believe, a single material error.

Having thus resolved to go on, I caught up some of my remaining luggage, and essayed to leave the custom house for the diligence office; but here again I was compelled to abandon my intention, for I was at once surrounded by nearly fifty porters, who seemed determined that I should not go, unless they carried my luggage for me, and I paid them for it. There was no alternative but submission, and these chattering gentlemen received about fifteen or eighteenpence of my money for what I could have done myself in five minutes; and on arriving at the office I found, from the clerk, that I could not leave that day, as all the seats in the diligence were engaged. This I found afterwards was a mere subterfuge, and only said that he might be enabled to ascertain, whether or not, I wanted to go particularly that day; he soon found I did, and recommended me to engage a post-chaise, and upon my going to inquire about one, I was told the price would be sixty francs, or nearly twelve times the sum I expected to pay. This, of course, was out of the question, and upon returning to the office, he, with much apparent kindness, told me that there was a place for which a deposit had been paid,



but which he would let me have, out of his great benevolence, if I would free him from him, by paying, in addition to my fare, the deposit, which he said he should have to return. The rascal had laid his plan well, he saw I was in a hurry, and reckoned, safely enough, that I would not stand for a few francs—nor did I; and thus he got nearly double fare from me. Having paid my fare, and seen my now reduced luggage safely placed upon the roof, I took my seat in the *rotonde*, or back seat of the diligence, at twelve o'clock, for Rouen, by no means sorry to escape from Dieppe and all its annoyances. The French diligence is pretty well known to be a clumsy, lumbering-looking affair, but still they are comfortable to ride in; and although the noisy driver, in his blue frock and wooden shoes, and the horses yoked together by ropes and chains, present as great a contrast as can well be conceived between it and an English stage coach, still it travels at a tolerable good pace, galloping both up and down hills in a manner which few coaches could accomplish. This peculiarity is effected by an excellent contrivance in the shape of a small windlass, placed on the box, by the side of the driver, which gives him perfect control over the wheels of the carriage without being obliged to stop to unskid the wheels, as it is called in England, which, if he were to do in France, where there are so many hills, would be an endless task for the driver.

The flat and uninteresting appearance of the country around us, afforded but little amusement on the journey to Rouen, nearly sixty miles. The fields are devoid of hedges, and all is flat and monotonous, except at the villages, where we stopped about each hour to change horses. My fellow travellers were an American clergyman, and a French lady and gentleman, who were going to Paris; there was of course but little conversation among us, and it was with no small degree of pleasure that about five o'clock I found we had arrived at the *actroi*, or duty gate of the old town of Rouen. This gate, which somewhat resembles a turnpike, and is guarded by a number of the town guard, is common at the entrance of all French towns, and the object of it is to prevent the entry of any goods into the place that have not paid the *actroi*, or king's duty. Here our way bill was carefully examined, and my passport was looked at; and after the diligence had been weighed to ascertain that we had not more merchandise, or luggage, than the weight allowed, we were permitted to proceed. A short time hence, and, doubtless, the mode of travelling by diligence from either Havre, or Dieppe, to Rouen, will be disused, for the rail road from Havre is progressing rapidly; I was informed that six thousand men are employed upon it. They have made already great advances, and, from time to time, we caught sight of the stupendous work; now passing through a tremendous hill, now crossing a deep valley, and elevated hundreds of feet above the surface of the land. This work, in common with others of a similar kind in France, is principally effected by British skill, and principally supported by British capital!

After entering Rouen we proceeded for near two miles, along a fine Boulevard, with noble trees upon each side, and lying principally upon the banks of the river Seine. On the one side were fine old houses, and upon the other wharfs, &c., and which, in summer time, form a beautiful promenade. At the time we passed along, it was dark and the lamps were alight; they are poor miserable affairs, being only common glimmering oil lamps, suspended by a rope between two trees, across the streets, through which our rattling conveyance rumbled on to the *Messageries Royales*, in the *Rue de Back*, where we were driven into a court yard, and the iron gates closed behind us. We had there to claim our property, and wait until the obnoxious military attendants had again inspected them, and were quite satisfied that nothing of an improper nature had escaped the notice of their lynx-eyed colleagues at Dieppe, and then, but not till then, we were at liberty to depart.

The day before I left England, my worthy friend and colleague, C. S. Roe, had written to our friends at Rouen, informing them of the time and manner of my arrival, and I anticipated some one would have met me to conduct me to their hotel; but by a strange delay, the letter did not arrive until one day after me, therefore I found no one to receive me; and then, for the first time, I felt myself in some difficulty. All those with whom I had formed a sort of acquaintance upon the journey, had departed for their several destinations, and I found myself, on a dark night, in a strange land, a total stranger to all around me, and with a very imperfect acquaintance with the language, full two miles from where I had to go. I endeavoured to inquire my direction from the clerks in the office, but the reply was—*non parlais Anglais, Monsieur*, and I, alas! could scarcely ask them in their own tongue, and certainly could not comprehend their

answers to my question; for the rapidity of utterance, and gesticulation of a Frenchman, soon put to flight the comprehension of a native of our more quiet-speaking land, until after a short stay with them, he becomes accustomed to it. As my only resource, I was compelled to employ one of the numerous band of *garçons*, who were all the time almost fighting each other, and me too, for the possession of myself, and all belonging to me. The one who, by personal strength and stentorian lungs, at last gained the victory, was a tall powerful Norman, with an immense beard of sandy hair, a black patch over one eye, and altogether a most forbidding-looking sort of customer; however, he professed to know the way to M. Shipman, in the Boulevard St. Hilairie, where I had to go, but I soon found he did not know it, nor could he speak a word of English. I followed him for near an hour, though certainly not with the most pleasant feeling, as may be supposed, for, although there was no cause for fear, still, a more perfectly helpless condition than mine appeared to be, had his intention been robbery, or violence, could hardly be imagined. I followed him over the dirty paving stones of Rouen, up one dark street, and down the other, until all knowledge of where I was had quite departed from me. I had my pistols in my coat pocket, and therefore was not quite defenceless; still the fact of my having property of considerable value about me, made me somewhat anxious to arrive among friends. At last we met an Englishman singing along one of the streets, who very kindly showed us the way to the house I wished to go to. On our arrival a fresh difficulty arose, for my well-featured guide demanded four times as much for his task as M. Shipman thought him entitled to. A full half hour the discussion waxed both long and loud, and then I learned a lesson more fully than I before had done, never to employ a Frenchman for any purpose, great or small, without first making a specific bargain as to the price of payment; the matter ended by his showering down upon my head a heavy malediction of his hatred, of *les enfer Anglais, &c. &c.*

The journey over, and seated comfortably in my friend Shipman's snug bar parlour, I speedily forgot all its annoyance, while the hearty welcome of M. Shipman, and his worthy son, together with the kind attention of his amiable daughter, left me no doubt as to my having fallen into most excellent quarters; and I may as well at once say, that the kindness of M. Shipman and family towards me during my stay at their house, fully confirmed me in the opinion I first formed of them; for greater kindness and courtesy, or more liberal treatment, I never met with in my life, than I did from the whole of that worthy family, whom I that night met for the first time, and upon whom I had no claim or right to expect such kindness. Nor do I recollect in my life any more tranquil or happy evening, than I that evening spent with M. Shipman, his family, and a few friends and brethren whom the news of my arrival speedily collected around us. The friendly glass passed cheerily round until near the hour of midnight, when we separated, big with the high intents for the morrow.

*Loyal Portman Lodge, North London District.*

[To be concluded in our next.]

### SPRING.

THE thrush is liting on the tall fir tree,  
The thorn is budding on its sunny side,  
And lowly harps the humble honey-bee,  
Where lovely flowrets half their beauties hide.  
In lowly meadow-land, by mountain side,  
Beauty is waking from her winter's rest;  
Fair Nature wears a look of modest pride,  
And Spring comes singing from the sweet south-west.  
Hail! lovely Spring, that with all-cheering ray,  
Doth wake the beauties of the early year,  
And make full half our sorrows fade away,  
And cheering hope more beauteous appear.  
Come on, thou life-spring of the year, and be  
A season of delight to all mankind and me!

S. SHERIF.

*North Shields.*

## MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

(From Béranger.)

"Adieu, charmant pays de France,  
Que je dois tant cherir!  
Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,  
Adieu! te quitter c'est mourir."

BEAUTIFUL France! adieu, adieu!  
Best claimant of my heart,  
Where happy childhood's breath I drew,  
'Tis death with thee to part!  
From thee, mine own adopted land,  
I feel myself exiled!  
France! take my parting blessing, and  
Forget not thine own child.  
Avail me nothing tears, nor prayers,  
For storms to bind me to thy shore!  
With favoring winds the vessel bears  
Away—thy coast I see no more!

When crowned 'midst those I idolized,  
The lilies diadem I wore,  
My lofty state they little prized,  
My budding spring they valued more;  
That lofty state may still be mine,  
Partaken with the gloomy Scot,  
But, France! I wish no throne but thine—  
No love but thine to sooth my lot.

Love, and genius, and glory,  
Lighted all my summer days;  
But the clouds will gather o'er me,  
'Treading Scotia's sterile ways.  
By omen sad—foreboding drear,  
Alas, e'en now my soul is bowed:  
In dreams the scaffold gloometh near—  
The lifted axe—the bloody shroud!

Let Fate bring what alarms it may—  
Danger to dread, or loss to mourn—  
As in this tearful parting day,  
To thee will Mary Stuart turn.  
But Heaven! the vessel onward wends  
Sailing 'neath new ungenial skies!  
And now the night's damp veil descends  
To steal thee wholly from mine eyes.  
Oh, my happy childhood's cradle,  
Chosen country of my heart,  
Land of the true and beautiful,  
'Tis death with thee to part!

J. W. DALBY.

*Grove Lodge, Wheathamstead.*

## GLIMPSSES OF LONDON AND WINDSOR.

BY A. SCRIBE.

THE Englishman who has not seen London cannot be considered acquainted with the chief characteristics of his native land; for in no other place can a knowledge be obtained of the genius, the wealth, and the commercial enterprise, which have raised England to its present supremacy. The facilities for travelling are now so numerous, and easy of attainment, that there will be few persons in the nineteenth century who will not have an opportunity afforded them, at least once in their lives, of paying a visit to the great metropolis. It had been my fate to be several times on the eve of visiting London, but circumstances, of one description or other, had continually occurred to prevent my journey, until the latter end of December last, when unexpected business occasioned me suddenly to depart from home. The morning was cold and misty, and a black frost lay on the busy town of Manchester, when, in company with a friend, I took my seat in the railway carriage, and fled away from the smoky atmosphere. We had not proceeded more than twenty miles when the face of all things appeared changed. The sun shone brightly, and the streams glanced along, as though they had set frost at defiance, and banished it from their vicinity. There is not, however, much leisure for observation or incidents on railways, and we hurried on until we came to the Birmingham station, where we had an interval of half-an-hour, and partook of an excellent dinner at the Queen's Hotel, everything being promptly supplied, and at a reasonable rate. Our only other place of rest was Wolverton, where we were allowed ten minutes to refresh ourselves in an elegant and cheerful room, which is fitted up by the railway company, and abundantly provided with a variety of viands. Expedition is there the order of the day, and a bevy of pretty and neatly-dressed girls are on the alert to supply the rapid demands of the travellers. We arrived at the Euston Station about half-past-nine o'clock in the evening, and took a cab to Goswell Street, where we arranged to sleep for the night. It was in this street that Mr. Pickwick is described as residing with the widow of the lamented Mr. Bardell. We did not venture forth that evening, but spent a pleasant hour or two in the society of several intelligent gentlemen, who had assembled to meet my companion, whose coming they had expected. In the morning we commenced our perambulations, under the able guidance of a worthy and esteemed friend, who had volunteered to be our conductor for the day.

The first object of note which was pointed out to us was the Bank of England, which lies a little to the north of the Mansion House. It is a vast stone building, of modern structure, and occupies an irregular area of eight acres. The various elevations are of the Corinthian order, selected and adapted from the Sybiline Temple at Tivoli. There are no windows in the exterior, and light is supplied to the different offices from nine open courts within the square. The grand front, towards Threadneedle Street, extends to eighty feet in length, and in it is situated a noble gateway, opening into the court-yard, and leading to the great hall.

The next building which claimed our attention was the new Royal Exchange, which occupies the site of the old one, considerably enlarged, and is at the south-east corner of the Bank of England. The first building was founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, in the reign of Elizabeth, and was completed in November, 1567. It was then called the Bourse, and was dignified with the title of the Royal Exchange, by Elizabeth, in 1570. This edifice perished in the great fire; it was rebuilt by the city and the company of mercers, at an expense of £80,000, and was opened in 1669. The latter building shared the fate of its predecessor, being entirely destroyed by fire on the 10th of January, 1838. The first stone of the present Exchange was laid with great pomp and ceremony by his Royal Highness, Prince Albert, on the 17th of January, 1842. The west front is seen from a distance of 500 feet, and the triumphal arch has been expanded, and, as it were, rendered habitable by floors. In the south front four niches contain the statues of Sir Thomas Gresham, Sir Hugh Myddleton, and other worthies of the city of London. The dragon of London, the arms of London, the royal arms, and the Gresham arms, decorate different portions of the building. The interior, though larger, bears the same relative width and height as Guildhall; and the area between the porticoes has, within a foot, the same actual width and height with that of the Bourse, at Paris. Above is a cove, which gives great proportion and dignity to the interior hall, and by diminishing the exposure to the weather, (in aid of the porticoes) will be found a material advantage;

and a middle course is thus taken between opinions which approve or deprecate a covered Exchange.

The Mansion House of the Lord Mayor is a substantial building, of the Palladian style of architecture, but we were unable to obtain a view of the state apartments in consequence of the absence of his Lordship. As we proceeded to London Bridge, we obtained a sight of the Monument, which is situated in Fish Street Hill, very near the spot where the great fire commenced in 1666, and which it was intended to commemorate. It is a Doric column, 202 feet high, fluted, and surmounted with an urn of flames, instead of a noble statue of the reigning monarch, as was proposed by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect. It was begun in 1671, and completed in 1677, at an expense of £14,500. It is now guarded at the top by iron railings, in order to prevent parties from precipitating themselves from it, as has lately been the case. When we arrived at London Bridge, we could perceive the Tower looming in the distance, and, though we intended to have inspected the interior, we were prevented by want of time. From London Bridge we made our way to Billingsgate Wharf and Fish Market, and from thence to the new Custom House. This building was erected in 1814, and the water-front is embellished with columns of the Ionic order. We afterwards visited Guildhall, where the chief business of the corporation is transacted. This was originally built in, 1411, but sustained so much damage by the great fire, that it was rebuilt in 1669. The front has a Gothic appearance, and beside the western window of the hall, in the interior are stationed the gigantic figures of Gog and Magog, each above fourteen feet in height, said to represent an ancient Briton and Saxon.

It has been remarked to me by an intellectual friend that nothing in London came up to his expectation, except St. Paul's Cathedral, and, though I cannot reiterate the sentiment, I must admit that I was more gratified with this magnificent pile than anything which I saw in London. When standing beneath its lofty and capacious dome, a feeling of sublimity steals insensibly over the mind, and you become forcibly imbued with the idea that the beings who have conceived and carried into effect such a mighty plan, must themselves have a spark of divinity, and cannot be identified with the creatures of soulless clay. The first stone of this superb edifice was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, and the building was completed in 1710; but the whole decorations were not finished until 1723. In the reign of James I. and Charles I., the body of this cathedral was the common resort of the politicians, the news-mongers, and idle in general. It was called Paul's Walk, and is mentioned in the old plays and other books of the times. To give an idea of the immense size of the cross, we were informed, that upon the occasion of its being taken down to be repaired, it was found impracticable to convey it through Temple Bar. The interior of St. Paul's resembles the plan of the ancient cathedrals, consisting of three aisles, divided by piers and arches, and covered by a vaulting.

Near St. Paul's is the New Post Office, one of the finest specimens of architecture in the metropolis. It was opened for public business on the 23rd of September, 1829. At the back of the Post Office is Goldsmith's Hall, a very handsome structure, in the Italian style. We next inspected the prison of Newgate, and several other buildings which we have not space to particularize, though well worthy of the visitor's notice. After dinner we strolled towards Temple Bar, the only city gate remaining, and marking the western extremity of the city. It is closed against royalty, as a matter of form, on state occasions, and the sovereign can only enter on permission. The heads of traitors were formerly spiked over Temple Bar. On the left hand, as you approach Temple Bar from the city, is the Temple, one of our most celebrated seats of law, and formerly the abode of the Knights Templars. It is a great relief to escape from the noise and bustle of Fleet Street, and retreat for a few minutes into the precincts of the Temple. Here all is quiet and secluded, and you see nothing except at intervals a lawyer stealing silently in or out of his office. The law offices of the crown are situated here, and the eye is constantly greeted with names that stand high in the legal profession. In one of the courts a fountain was playing, which had a delightfully soothing effect; and in another court was a solitary shop, tenanted by a wig-maker, who no doubt monopolizes a considerable emolument. There is a church, too, within the Temple, which was founded by the Templars, in the reign of Henry II., upon the model of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem: The tombs of eleven Knights Templars are in the entrance of the western tower. The church is in a perfect and beautiful state, and is regarded as an object of great interest, being one of the first architectural studies in existence. The Temple

extends from White Friars, nearly to Essex Street, Strand, and has two halls, two libraries, and airy gardens on the back of the Thames. Shakspeare, in a beautiful scene in the first part of *King Henry VI.*, (act ii. scene iv.,) has immortalized the Temple Garden as the place where the badges of the red and white roses, those baleful cognizances of the Houses of York and Lancaster, had their origin, and "under which the rival partizans of each line arranged themselves in the fatal quarrel that caused such torrents of blood to flow." The Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, nephew and heir of Edmund Mortimer, with Vernon and another lawyer, are the characters introduced. Suffolk says—

"Within the Temple Hall we were too loud;  
The garden here is more convenient."

Plantagenet plucks a white rose and Somerset a red one: this example is followed by their respective friends, and, after a threatening altercation, Warwick, speaking to Plantagenet, says—

—————"In signal of my love to thee,  
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:  
And here I prophecy,—This brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,  
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

Whether Shakspeare had any historical grounds for giving this locality to the quarrel has not been discovered; but that he had traditionary authority appears evident, as in the same play, and following scene, the first keeper, in reply to the dying Mortimer, says—

"Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come;  
We sent unto the Temple to his chamber,  
And answer was return'd that he will come."

The Temple Gardens were formerly a fashionable lounge, and the fine ladies and gentlemen of a by-gone age were in the habit of assembling there to flirt and talk over the scandal of the day.

After leaving the Temple we took the opportunity of paying a visit to New Hungerford Market, which is situated towards the west end of the Strand, opening to the Thames. It is an excellent fish market, with a good supply of fruit, vegetables, meat, poultry, &c. Here we saw the New Suspension Bridge, which springs from the front of Hungerford Market to the opposite shore, for the accommodation of foot-passengers. Here are also piers, at which numbers of steam-boats touch to land and receive passengers.

The Column in Trafalgar Square next attracted our attention, on the summit of which is placed a statue of the immortal Nelson. Not far from Trafalgar Square is a fine equestrian statue of George III., cast in bronze. Opposite the Nelson Monument, at Charing Cross, there is another bronze equestrian statue, the first erected in England, of Charles I. It was near this statue that the unfortunate Drummond was assassinated by the lunatic Mac Naghten. Charing Cross is one of the places from which the accession of a new monarch is proclaimed by the heralds. Northumberland House, the splendid town residence of the Duke of Northumberland, faces Charing Cross. The Admiralty Office is in the neighbourhood, and also the chief military establishment of the country, the Horse Guards, the west front of which opens into St. James's Park, and is entered by an archway. Nearly opposite the Horse Guards stands Whitehall, or the Banqueting House, a portion of the intended new palace for the kings of England, designed by Inigo Jones. It is now used as a chapel, wherein service is performed every Sunday. It was in front of Whitehall, upon a scaffold erected for the purpose, that Charles I. was beheaded; having passed to the block through one of the windows. Within the area, behind the building, is a fine bronze statue of James II., by Gibbons. Privy Gardens, anciently the private gardens of Whitehall Palace, are now occupied by several aristocratic mansions, including that of Sir Robert Peel. Opposite Privy Gardens, a little further to the west, is the Treasury, a modern erection by the late Sir J. Soane, on the site of the palace of Cardinal Wolsey. In this the Home Office is placed. From this, extending to the entrance of Downing Street, in which are the official residences of the First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c., is a handsome new range of building, appropriated to the Board of Trade, Privy

Council, &c. Turning to the left, at the end of Parliament Street, is Westminster Bridge, which crosses the Thames at Old Palace Yard, to the opposite shore in Surrey. Facing the west end of Bridge Street, the approach to Westminster Bridge, is Great George Street, which leads into St. James's Park, through Storey's Gate. Though we passed a short time in this park, the season of the year, and our limited stay, prevented our noting its principal attractions. On the Parade, in front of the Horse Guards, are some curious pieces of ancient foreign ordnance. In the Bird Cage Walk, extending on the south side of the park from Storey's Gate to Buckingham Gate, is a range of barracks. At the western extremity of the park, and commanding a fine view of its plantations, stands Buckingham Palace, the town residence of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

From St. James's Park we proceeded towards Westminster Abbey, the interior of which, however, we had not leisure to survey at that time. Near the Abbey were situated the two Houses of Parliament. The former House of Lords has been converted into the House of Commons. What was termed the Painted Gallery is now appropriated to the temporary use of the Peers. We were favoured with a view of the interior of the present House of Lords, a room of not remarkably large dimensions, the walls and seats of which are covered with scarlet cloth. At the upper end are three handsome chairs, for the accommodation of her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales. The latter has not yet been occupied. The woolsack is merely a scarlet cushion, placed on a seat very slightly elevated, and capable of holding three persons. There are galleries for spectators. One portion of the room is reserved for the bishops. The ministerialists and the opposition party sit on different sides, and the neutral members occupy benches in the middle. At a short distance from the woolsack is stationed a chair, at the head of a central table. This chair is occupied by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the chairman of committees.

Another building that merited our particular attention during the day was Somerset House, which is situated on the south side of the Strand. Here are the Navy Pay Office, Stamps and Taxes, Legacy Duty, Poor Law Commissioners, Audit Offices, &c. Here are also the apartments of the Royal Society of Arts, the Royal Society of Antiquaries, the Royal Geographical Society, the University of London, the School of Design, &c. And here, too, until the year 1837, were the exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy of Arts, now in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross. The south front of this noble building is open to the Thames. In the centre of a quadrangle, opposite to the entrance from the Strand, is a statue of George III., with Father Thames as a river god at his feet.

Having removed our luggage, we took apartments at the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane, a short time ago one of the most celebrated coaching houses in London. The moment we entered the yard, we were struck with the appearance of the place, and the galleries running round the house and its general features brought to our minds the description by Dickens of the first meeting of Pickwick and Sam Weller. There is no doubt that this is the house which he had in view at the time he was writing. After we had secured our lodgings and refreshed ourselves, we proceeded to Drury Lane Theatre, where was represented Balfe's Opera of the "Daughter of St. Mark," and a Pantomime. The Opera was splendidly got up, and the groupings, dresses, and scenery were on a most magnificent scale. The Pantomime depended principally upon the skill of the scene painter and mechanist, and like most productions of that class, at the present period, was very deficient in point and humour.

On Sunday morning we travelled by the Great Western Railway to Slough, and from thence by omnibus to Windsor, which is twenty-one miles distant from London. The town of Windsor is irregularly built, and the only evidence which it exhibits of the neighbourhood of royalty is the numerous announcements displayed by shopkeepers and others that they are patronized by Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The royal arms are every where to be seen on the establishments of the tradesmen, but their places of business are not by any means of first rate character. In the town itself there is nothing deserving of particular note, the great object of attraction being the royal residence. Windsor Castle, which has been for centuries the abiding place of monarchs, is well-deserving the name of a royal mansion, and fully realizes the most romantic ideas which can have been formed of its vastness and grandeur. No views can by possibility give a representation of its imposing appearance and immense extent. It is

erected on the summit of a hill, on the declivity of which stands the town, and presents a noble feature in the prospect for a number of miles round. A very important addition was made to the edifice by order of Queen Elizabeth, in the formation of a terrace on the north side of the Castle. This noble promenade (which was subsequently enlarged by Charles II., and carried round the east and part of the south fronts) is 1870 feet in length; it is crowned with a rampart of free stone, and commands a finely varied and extensive prospect. On the north side the view comprises the counties of Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Oxford, and Middlesex, including Eton College, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Stoke Park, the river Thames, and several noblemen's seats and villages. The prospect from the south and east sides is more circumscribed in extent, but scarcely inferior in beauty, extending over the Long Walk, Windsor Forest, and the Great Park, and bounded by the richly-wooded scenery of the Surrey Hills.

It would be utterly impossible, in a brief article like the present, to attempt a description of all the striking features of the Castle, the most imposing of which is the Round Tower, which stands in stern and lofty grandeur, bearing on its summit the royal standard of England. The Round Tower suggests a long train of reflection, and is connected with many romantic and historical events. It was the prison of James I. of Scotland, the Earl of Surrey, and many other noble captives. The whole of the pile is grand and princely, and presents in every part something for the eye to rest upon with admiration. We had hoped to be favoured with a sight of the mistress of this royal abode, but, the day being cold and drizzly, the Queen did not venture forth. The Castle is surrounded with fine walks and gardens, and opposite the private apartments of the sovereign is one which abounds with fountains and statuary.

After we had gratified ourselves with a view of the exterior of the Castle, we took the opportunity of inspecting the State Apartments, which had only been re-opened to the public a few days previously, in consequence of the recent visit of the King of the French. Some of them were not yet exhibited to strangers, but the greater part of them were open to visitors. We entered by a door under a Gothic porch at the north-west angle of the upper ward, and ascended a flight of stairs, which conducted us to the Audience Chamber, the ceiling of which is painted by Verrio. The walls are ornamented with beautiful specimens of Gobelin tapestry, representing part of the story of Esther. We were next shown the Vandyke Room, so called from its being filled with paintings entirely the production of that great artist. We successively viewed The Queen's Presence Chamber, The Guard Chamber, St. George's Hall, The Ball Room, and Waterloo Chamber. In all of these we found many objects of admiration, but our enumeration of them would grow tedious.

On Sunday evening we attended Cathedral service in St. George's Chapel, which may truly be said to be that portion of Windsor most deserving the gaze of the stranger. A modern writer observes, "The exquisite proportion, and the rich, yet solemn ornaments of the interior of this unrivalled edifice, leave an effect upon the mind which baffles description,—the broad glare of day displays the admirable finishing of its parts, elaborate as a cabinet, and yet harmonising in one massive and simple whole. The calm twilight does not abate its splendour, while it adds to its solemnity; as the "storied windows" catch the last rays of the setting sun, and the cathedral chant steals over the senses, the genius of the place compels the coldest heart to devotion in a temple of such perfect beauty." The interior of the chapel is divided by a screen and organ gallery; the body of the chapel and choir. The most striking object on first entering the former is the magnificent window at the west end. The ceiling is ornamented with a great variety of devices, including the arms of many of our early monarchs, and produces a highly imposing effect. Over the stalls, on each side of the choir, hang the motionless banners of the Knights of the Garter; and beneath these again are the mantle, helmet, sword, and crest of their respective owners. In addition to this, may be mentioned the marble floor, the rich and minute carving of the stalls and ceiling, the airy lightness of the building itself, and the splendid furniture of the altar. We must remember, too, that we stand upon the very spot where the greatest warriors and statesmen have stood before us; that here every King of England, from Edward the Third, has offered up his adoration; that we tread upon the dust of princes; and that thousands of the great and powerful, who once mingled here in the glittering pageant, are now mouldering beneath our feet. The Sovereign's stall is immediately on the right as we enter the choir, and the Prince's on the left. The stalls of the other knights are ranged on each side under their respective banners,



and on the back of them are small brass plates on which their titles and armes are blazoned. These plates remain on the death of the Knights, "as a perpetual memorial to their honour." They are well worthy of being examined, as amongst them may be traced the arms of some of the greatest men which this country has produced. On the north side of the choir opposite the pulpit, and close to the altar, is the Queen's closet, where Her Majesty and suite sit during public worship. The altar is surmounted with richly-stained glass windows, adorned with designs by West, and these, together with the massive gold communion plate, produce a very rich and effective termination to the view from the organ loft. Immediately under the royal closet stands the tomb of Edward IV., a beautiful work of art in hammered steel, executed by Quintin Matsys. In 1789, more than three hundred years after its interment, the leaden coffin of Edward was discovered by some workmen employed in laying down a new pavement. The skeleton, which measured seven feet in length, was found immersed in a glutinous fluid, which was probably inserted for the preservation of the body, many portions of which were taken away by persons who flocked to the spectacle of its disinterment. Another coffin was also discovered in the same vault, which at first was supposed to contain the ashes of Elizabeth Widville; but these were subsequently found in another part of the chapel. We were next shewn the tombs of Edward's rival, Henry VI., who was murdered in the tower, and whose remains were first interred at Chertsey, but afterwards removed by Richard III. to Windsor. Henry VIII., and his queen, Jane Seymour, are buried in a vault in the choir, near the eleventh stall, on the sovereign's side. In the same vault sleep the mortal remains of the unfortunate Charles I., respecting whose burial here, and the precise spot of his interment, so many doubts have existed as to render the subject one of considerable historical interest.

On Tuesday we returned by the Southampton Railway to London. At night we attended the Haymarket Theatre, to witness the performance of the new comedy of "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and a fairy spectacle. This theatre may now be considered the first place for dramatic representations in the kingdom. The actors are the most talented comedians of the day, and the pieces are put upon the stage with every care and great taste.

In the morning we met a party who had obtained an order for us to view the new Houses of Parliament, which are now in course of erection, on a scale of extent, convenience, and grandeur, worthy of the first nation in the world. Mr. Barry's design, with certain modifications, was determined on, and, under that gentleman's superintendence, the noble pile is rapidly advancing towards its completion. The Houses of Parliament, the Courts of Law, and Westminster Hall, will constitute one comprehensive whole. St. Stephen's Chapel, the Crypt, and the Cloisters, are to be restored. Exclusively of the space occupied by Westminster Hall and the Law Courts, the design covers a space of about six acres. Mr. Barry's plan happily avoids the ecclesiastical, collegiate, castellated, and domestic styles, and adopts that which is better suited to the characteristic nature of the building.

The Westminster Guildhall, or Court House, is on the south side of the precinct called the Sanctuary, near the Abbey. It is of an octagonal form, with a Doric portico. Westminster Abbey, or the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster, is situated a little to the westward of Westminster Hall.

The usual entrance for visitors is by the side of Henry the Seventh's chapel, in Poet's Corner, opposite the Houses of Parliament. Here are to be found the names of Shakspeare, Spenser, Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Butler, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, &c. Here, also, are the tombs of Handel and Garrick. Amongst the more remarkable monuments may be mentioned those of the Duke of Argyle, Captain James Cornwall, Dr. Watts, &c. At the west end of the abbey, are those of Sir Godfrey Kneller, Dr. Mead, Sir Charles Wager, the Earl of Chatham, &c. On the north side of the entrance into the choir, is a monument to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, and at a short distance is that of Earl Stanhope. Edward the Confessor's Chapel stands immediately behind the altar of the church, upon an elevated floor, to which there is a flight of steps on the northern side. The shrine of the Confessor, standing in the centre, and within it the ashes of Edward, was erected by Henry III. In the same chapel is also the splendid tomb of Henry III.; with the tombs of Edward I., and his Queen Eleanor; and in it are kept the chairs in which the kings and queens of England are crowned. The chapel of Henry V. is on the same floor with that of the Confessor.

Within is the tomb of Henry V., on which lies the headless effigy of that prince; the head, which was of beaten silver, having been long since stolen. On the east of the abbey stands the chapel of Henry VII., which is one of the most expensive remains of ancient English taste and magnificence. There is no looking upon it without admiration. It conveys an idea of the fine taste for Gothic architecture in that age; and the inside is of most curious workmanship, and truly noble and majestic. Its original intention was to be a dormitory for the royal blood; and so far the will of the founder has been observed, that none have been interred therein but such as have traced their descent from ancient kings.

North from the Abbey; stood the Sanctuary, the place of refuge allowed in old times to criminals of certain classes; and on the south was the Almonry, where the alms of the abbot were distributed. On this spot the first printing press ever used in England was set up.

The last of our sights was a glimpse of the National Gallery, which contains some of the finest works of Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude, the Poussins, the Caracci, Correggio, Parmegiano, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, West, Wilkie, &c.

We now began to think of returning home, though we were fully aware that our limited time had prevented us from seeing a vast number of things worthy of notice. Weeks and months might, in fact, be spent in exploring and visiting the curiosities of London, and each day would bring with it some new wonder. At every turn something meets the gaze which is entitled to investigation and remembrance. The crowded state of the streets, the never ceasing stream of omnibuses, carriages, coaches, cabs, and vehicles of every description, strike the stranger with astonishment. As you pass up Fleet Street, and some other of the principal thoroughfares, your eyes are frequently saluted with signs of the Newspaper Offices, those papers which daily and weekly diffuse intelligence and political opinions over the kingdom. The very names of the streets are fraught with interest and suggestive of historical recollections. The stranger has, however, to be continually on his guard against imposition and exorbitant demands, for on all hands are parties ready to take advantage of the unwary. Omnibus-cads, cab-drivers, innkeepers, porters, crossing-sweepers, all are on the alert to make as much as possible out of those who come in contact with them. It has been truly remarked that there are thousands of persons in London who issue forth in a morning without knowing how they shall obtain the next meal, or where they must lay their heads at night; and amongst such classes the cry is continually "give, give." On no occasion, with one solitary exception, did we, during our absence, find any person neglect to make us pay to the fullest extent for every service performed. The instance I speak of occurred at Windsor; for the feeling of rapacity prevails in great perfection in the neighbourhood of royalty. The omnibus driver absolutely handed my friend his portmanteau without making an extra charge for it. It appears, however, that the fellow was soon after stung with remorse for this omission. In the course of day we chanced to encounter the unfortunate omnibus driver, who, with a most rueful countenance, fixed his eyes on my friend, and, like a man asking forgiveness for some deadly crime, said, in dolorous accents, "I beg your pardon, sir—I forgot to charge you for your portmanteau."

Having occasion to be in Manchester on Thursday, we left London by the Mail Train, at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, and reached our destination at five o'clock the following morning.

## PRAYER OF A LITTLE GIRL.

BY MADAME CAVADIA.

OH, pray for me, father! whilst lowly I bend,  
In the humble position of prayer, at thy knee,  
Perchance our great Maker would deign to attend  
To the fervent petition thus proffer'd by thee!  
Father dear, pray for me!

Oh, pray for me, mother! lift up thy sweet voice,  
That thy child may from sin and from sorrow be free,  
Yet in earthly afflictions I still should rejoice,  
That my Saviour hereafter by faith I may see.

Mother dear, pray for me!

Oh, pray for me, brother! my champion, my guide,  
Who in childhood's affliction brings solace to me;  
In worship divine thou art e'er at my side,  
And the prayers which I utter were taught me by thee.

Brother dear, pray for me!

My sister below'd! we together will kneel  
Before the great Being, who all hearts can see,  
For the aid of his spirit, here humbly appeal,  
And united in faith, as in love, let us be.

Sister dear, pray with me!

### RANDOM REMARKS ON PRIVATE PIQUE.

BY ZETA.

I AM afraid, by venturing to give a few plain unvarnished traits of the character of Private Pique, I am laying both my scribbling and my hero open to public censure; for I am aware, that so far from it being fashionable for writers to paint the vices of their heroes in proper colours, it is not unusual for them to select some low vagabond for their hero, and to fling such a fascinating charm around his daring exploits, as to procure for him not only the sympathy, but the admiration of their readers; and which leads them to acknowledge, that although such personage certainly attempts not to excel in any known virtue, yet that he has undoubtedly arrived at the acme of perfection in roguery.

Now it is nevertheless not my intention to throw around my present hero any such attractive charm, and should any persons thereby be inclined to look unfavourably upon him, and begin to feel somewhat ashamed of their old acquaintance, Private Pique, I still think I should not feel much cause to regret that I had not used borrowed plumes to set him off to greater advantage. I certainly might have chosen a more exalted personage for a hero, and probably the hair-breadth escapes, and mad adventures of some dashing officer of dragoons, might have been quite as acceptable to the general reader; yet I have in this matter followed my own foolish fancy, and thought it better for my present purpose to spoil a sheet or two of paper with scribbling a few commonplace remarks on a mere private soldier.

As to the parentage and birth of Private Pique, I profess to know nothing, but one thing I do know, and that is, I never heard of any families who were willing to acknowledge that they had any close connexion with him; and indeed such a queer fellow is he, that I suppose his very parents have probably been ashamed of their offspring, and therefore have turned him upon the wide world to fight his way in the best manner he could. Now although sometimes treated disrespectfully, yet it would appear that Private Pique has seen much service, and in his peregrinations, visited various countries. On this account, most probably, it is that the said private is frequently suffered to take the command, and is even sometimes permitted to exercise as much power as a general officer. He must certainly have been a valiant soldier, for I have heard it said that battles have been fought, cities taken, and countries subdued by his prowess, and at his bidding—that officers, high in command, have sometimes condescended to follow him as a leader in such enterprises. Not only in times of war, but in times of peace, it appears this remarkable personage has considerable influence; and it would seem that his long service entitles him to visit even among the great and noble of the land. He is frequently present at the most fashionable dinner parties, balls, and masquerades, and the most beautiful belles sometimes listen to his confidential

whisperings. In the houses of parliament he is often allowed to be present, and as prompter now and then, assists both noble lords and wealthy commoners in their warmest and most eloquent speeches. Not only does he visit among the noble and great, but he is so complaisant as to mingle freely among all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, the richest to the poorest; and all classes in turn hearken to his suggestions, and are in some measure governed by him.

From all these circumstances, which seem to show his popularity, one might easily be led to imagine that he was a very honourable, upright, and amiable personage, and that he was an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable companion; but I am sorry to state that such is not really the case, for on the contrary, he is an insidious, mischievous whisperer; and a very angry, waspish, turbulent fellow; never satisfied but when he is making every person around him uncomfortable. On this account, he is frequently despised by every person, except those who are at the time listening to his whisperings, yet, still almost all in turn pay a willing ear to his insidious suggestions; and when we consider that all such whisperings tend only to promote strife, dissension, and ill-will, we may well wonder that instead of any persons listening to the suggestions of this meddling Private Pique, all do not at once strive to shun such a mischief-making fellow. But all his bad habits are not yet told, for having been an old soldier, I suppose he deems he has a right to annoy and play tricks on every person who falls in his way; and although he certainly seldom openly wears a soldier's arms, yet he always carries about with him a small dagger, and though it be but a mere bodkin, yet with it he continually pricks and goads his most intimate acquaintance. So much, at times, is their anger stirred up by his boring propensities, that they are almost choked with rage at the torture he so unmercifully inflicts. Yet wonderful!—most wonderful! he still has numerous friends, still has confidants, who tamely submit to his annoyances, and are governed by his every whim and caprice; and notwithstanding all his bad qualities, he has several acquaintances, both male and female, even in the religious world, who not only harken to his whisperings, but are also frequently so far influenced by him, as to act a truly unchristian part, and instead of striving to live in charity and peace with all mankind, they are mostly contriving to set friend against friend, and neighbour against neighbour, and to speak maliciously and unkindly of their brethren.

It would appear from these remarks, that although some few persons may have sufficient firmness to shake off this invidious intruder, and to despise his suggestions, the greater part of mankind quietly allow themselves to be drilled by him, as if he were a regular drill sergeant, instead of mere Private Pique; and I for one should, as a peaceably-disposed Odd Fellow, have left the rascal to pursue his vagaries, and continue his malignant practices unnoticed, had I not found out that he has actually had the audacity to enter even the privacy of an Odd Fellow's Lodge. Now, considering that he has nothing of the character of a true Odd Fellow about him, I cannot conceive how the villain can possibly have the impudence to enter therein. However, I find that Private Pique has often done so, and I am really afraid that most part of the difficulties and dissensions that have taken place in the Order have been brought about by his nefarious interference. I really think that officers would seldom disagree, brothers would seldom quarrel, and prosperous Lodges would never, in a spirit of dissension, break up and divide their funds, if officers and brothers never harkened to or believed the slanderous insinuations of Private Pique. Seeing, then, that he is such a malicious fellow, that he has already played such havoc in the Order, and is still successful in many of his pettifogging tricks amongst us, it would undoubtedly be very proper for all Odd Fellows henceforward to keep a sharper look out after the intruder, and on no account whatever to submit to his backbiting, drilling, and boring propensities.

It is truly a matter of much astonishment how the fellow manages to creep unobserved into our Lodges. It certainly appears he must be a cunning fellow after all, or how could he contrive to elude the vigilance of our trusty guardians, and manage so secretly yet so certainly to effect his purposes. Whether the guardians sometimes get a little drowsy, or whether there has been any neglect on the part of the officers in this matter, I will not take upon myself to determine, however there can be no doubt but it would be well for all to be on the alert in future. By the bye, there is one thing which I have omitted to mention, which renders the detection of this miscreant a little more difficult than it otherwise would be, and that is, nobody seems to know any thing certain as to the personal appearance of Private Pique. It would appear that while giving his

private instructions to individuals, he generally, by some manœuvre, contrives to screen himself from observation, and thus the very parties who listen to his whisperings, and writhe under his torturing annoyances, actually not only seem to know nothing of his personal appearance, but can afterwards scarcely be convinced that he has ever been near them. Thus I verily believe, that were he among a crowd, even the new police, with all their activity, would be unable to capture the fellow and put him into durance vile.

From the many singular circumstances connected with Private Pique, and from the great uncertainty which seems to prevail as to his personal appearance, I am inclined to think the fellow has, probably in some of his ramblings, met with an invisible coat, similar to the one which proved of such singular service to that renowned hero of the bean stalk, Jack the Giant Killer, and now makes use of it to conceal himself from observation in his mischievous practices. If so, the secret is out, and it would indeed seem an exceedingly difficult matter to keep Private Pique out of our Lodges. Nevertheless as each of us may by certain indescribable feelings easily guess when he is present, it would be well for us all on such occasions to turn a deaf ear to his whisperings, to despise his insidious suggestions, and never submit to be influenced or misled by the mischievous rascal.

To the members of my own Lodge in particular, I would say, let the discord, ruin, and disgrace, which has, through the intrusion of this impudent fellow, fallen on a certain Lodge, not a hundred miles distant, be a salutary warning; and may we all in future keep a sharp look out lest we also be duped and played upon by this secret destroyer of unity and peace. When a brother proposes anything for the good of the Lodge, or the benefit of the Order, we feel inclined to rise, and in an improper spirit, warmly and rashly to oppose it; on such occasions let us pause a while, and consider whether that impudent fellow, Private Pique, is not whispering in our ear, or probing us with his intolerable bodkin. When any officer feels inclined to speak tartly to a brother—when a brother feels jealous of the deference paid to the presiding officers—or in any other case when bad feeling, dissension, or difference are likely to arise, it would be well to examine whether Private Pique is exerting any improper influence in the matter; and if so, let us try if we cannot counteract such influence, and by every reasonable affability seek to restore peace and unity amongst us. I must, however, acknowledge that I believe the scoundrel has, probably on the whole, had as little to do in our Lodge, as in any Lodge in the Unity; and I likewise have every reason to believe that our present peace and prosperity are in a great measure owing to that very circumstance. In spite of our peace and prosperity, I must, in candour, confess that I have fancied, in a casual altercation or two, that I have now and then noticed proofs of his presence even in our Lodge. Now I am certain that although he may have managed to creep in unawares, he is nevertheless an unwelcome visitor to all, and I hereby (on behalf of the Lodge) give the rascal due notice to quit, and after such public notice, if he ever again presume to enter our Lodge, to whisper to, or otherwise annoy our members, he may expect to be treated with the aversion and contempt he so justly deserves. At the same time it may be as well to add, that if the said surly veteran ever presume to venture among us without his invisible coat, he may rest assured we shall either give him a gentle ducking in a horse pond, or otherwise use him so roughly, that he will probably consider twice before he again creeps into an Odd Fellow's Lodge. In the mean time, it may probably be of some use to observe, that Private Pique has (like most other private persons) his peculiarities, and one in particular is, that he has a great antipathy to the friendly shaking of hands in his presence; nay, so great is his dislike to these occurrences, that in all such cases he usually takes off in a twinkling; when members, therefore, at any time feel unaccountably stirred up to anger and strife, they may make a shrewd guess that the fellow is present, and if they, on all such occasions, at once fling aside their difference, drop their anger, and give their opponent, not a slap over the face, but a real hearty Odd Fellow's grip, Private Pique will at once scamper away like a coward. By acting thus such members will not only free themselves from his drilling annoyances, and promote the growth of Friendship, Love, and Truth amongst themselves, but if such example be courageously and promptly followed by others, the malicious and malevolent whisperer, Private Pique, will not only soon be ejected from their own Lodge, but he will speedily be effectually expelled from every Odd Fellows' Lodge in the Unity.

*Loyal Bolton Lodge, Leyburn.*

## THE JEWISH MOTHER.

BY MRS. CAULTON.

(Authoress of the "*Domestic Hearth, and other Poems.*")

JOSEPHUS relates of a certain noble woman, named Mary, who was in Jerusalem at the time of the siege, (to which place she had flown for safety and succour from her ruined country beyond Jordan,) that she killed and ate her only son to whom she gave suck, in the dreadful famine that raged. Before committing this horrible deed, she was tormented by the "seditions" of the city, who forced her to give them what food she originally possessed, and as is related in the poem, she saved a portion of her child for when they should call again. She is represented as uttering a passionate address to her child before she took his life.

THE shouts of war were sounding  
Round Salem's lofty towers,  
And day to day had seen them  
Begirt with Roman powers;  
The eagle standard proudly waved,—  
That banner of the world!  
Oh! deep and deadly were the woes  
Or ere that flag was furled.

But these were woes *without* the walls,  
*Within* were deadlier still,  
Fast came the doom of prophecy,  
On Sion's fated hill;  
For there in every deed, was grief  
Such as time had not seen,  
Death in such guise as ne'er before  
Within the world had been.

The husband rose against the wife  
That on his bosom lay,  
The aged parent ghastly fell  
To her child's rage a prey;  
But one deed more, and then the fiend  
Of war his vict'ry won,  
He saw the moment, and he raised  
A mother 'gainst her son!

She had been nurtured in fair halls,  
'Mid Judah's mountains free,  
The wild gazelle that bounded there,  
Stepped not more gracefully:  
Hers was the look, the voice, the form,  
That haunt a happy home,  
A spot so blessed, that it seems  
From Paradise to come.

But Roman eagles tore away  
The shelter from the dove,—  
Fire-blackened walls, a trampled hearth,  
All that was left to love;  
And wildly, madly, did she flee,  
Her baby closely prest,  
To Sion's bulwarks as a home,  
A haven and a rest.

But Sion's glories were gone by,  
Her God had left his hill,  
And deep and bitter was the cup  
Where she must drink her fill;

## THE JEWISH MOTHER.

No helping hand could Salem give  
 To that poor stricken one,  
 And direst wretchedness hung o'er  
 The widow and her son.

Fierce were the conflicts that now raged  
 Within her heated brain,  
 Till nature overtasked could bear  
 No mastery again;  
 The eye that once beamed love and joy,  
 Beneath her own "roof tree,"  
 Now in the leaguered, bannered wall,  
 Flashed wild insanity;

And recklessly she cast aside  
 Her boy, her only child,  
 And laughed a maniac laugh, then spoke  
 In accents deep and wild:—  
 "A curse is on Jerusalem,  
 Rotten her lofty walls,  
 Gone is the God who guarded her,  
 And to the fiend she falls;

And thou! the offspring of a sire,  
 More noble and more true  
 Than aught that Rome's rude chivalry  
 Brings forth against the Jew;  
 Thou boy, in whose proud falcon glance,  
 And on whose lofty brow,  
 The spirit of the Hebrew dwells,—  
 The Hebrew! said I? How?

Within his gates is bloody war,  
 Treason, and wild despair,  
 And godless wretches seek the haunts  
 Where famine has her lair;  
 A weary choice, my noble child,  
 Sedition, famine, war!  
 These wait around thy babyhood,  
 Which shall I keep thee for?

Or shall I send thee as a slave  
 To the proud Roman there,  
 Who tramples with his charger's hoofs,  
 Homes where thy fathers were?"  
 Then, as she madly tossed her arms,  
 Flung from her brow her hair,  
 A fiend might shudder to behold  
 The look that settled there!

Day passed away, and with the eve  
 Came forth a frantic shout,  
 And recklessly there hurried on  
 A godless "rabble rout;"  
 They passed a house, the door was shut—  
 "See, hither seek we food!"  
 And forcibly they broke the latch,  
 The frantic multitude.

There stood a woman pale and still  
 As some tall statued stone,  
 She heard their calls, their murd'rous threats,  
 But answer gave she none;

With gleaming eye and stately step,  
 She moved across the room,  
 Uncovered there a hidden heap,  
 "See! I have saved you some!"

But, oh! the horror that there fell  
 Upon the famished men!  
 How shudderingly they turned away,  
 And sought the street again!  
 No word spake they, no outcry raised,  
 But hushed in heart, I ween,  
 They pondered loathingly and sad  
 On what their eyes had seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

The night had flung her mantle down  
 On field and sloping hill,  
 And gently play'd the moonbeams fair  
 On many a trickling rill;  
 They sparkled the dark leaves among  
 Of a thick hanging wood,  
 And tipped with mimic crests the waves  
 Of Jordan's swelling flood.

Fair was the spot, and peaceful too,  
 Though violence there had been,  
 For passing by a streamlet's side  
 Which ran tall trees between,  
 There rose burnt beams and blacken'd walls,  
 Lattices moss o'ergrown,  
 And mid tall grass and flaunting weeds,  
 Columns of sculptured stone;

A little farther, and there lay  
 Under a tall tree's shade,  
 Upon the bending fragrant turf,  
 Which gentle couch there made,  
 A woman's form—'twas still and cold  
 As chiselled marble fair,  
 Her dress was soiled and travail-worn,  
 Grey her once raven hair;  
 Her brow was bent, as though deep pain  
 Had dwelt upon its throne,—  
 But the lips parted, gently smiled,  
 Like to a weary, sleeping child,  
 Reposing 'mong its own!

## CHURCHYARDS.

BY GEORGE HURST.

### CHAPTER III.

A few months since, whilst walking in one of the suburban churchyards situated about four miles from the Metropolis, we noticed a new and rather costly tomb, where the memory of the deceased was fenced in with strong iron railings. The base consisted of two steps, upon which was raised a square pedestal, surmounted by an ornamental urn, from the mouth of which sculptured flames were issuing. If these flames could be considered in the slightest degree as having reference to the immortal state of the defunct, we conceive that with better taste some more complimentary ornament might



have been adopted. On one side of the pedestal were sculptured two naked angels, each holding in his hand a pocket-handkerchief; and between them was written a somewhat lengthy Latin inscription, in very odd modern antique characters, informing all who could read it, that the remains of John Floyd, merchant, of the city of London, were deposited below. Of this inscription one thing is quite certain, that if John Floyd's "spirit could hover over," not one syllable of it would be enabled to comprehend. The virtues of the deceased were set forth in a string of pentameters, by the adjectives, *pious, perliberatis, clementissimus, opitalus, dignus, &c.*, but oddly enough, *honestas* was omitted, perhaps from a doubt existing whether that can be reckoned as one of the mercantile virtues. Two men were standing by, apparently contemplating the tomb—one complacently, the other approvingly. One, a decent, meagre-looking personage, we soon ascertained to be the sculptor, who had erected the monument; the other, a chubby, vulgar-looking man, dressed in rusty sables, whom we found was an undertaker.

"Mr. Chisell, sir," said the undertaker, "this is quite sufficient—your reputation is from this moment established. I pronounce it, sir, this work places you in a first-rate position in your profession, and you will allow that few men are more capable of judging on these matters than myself, everything about a churchyard being continually brought under my observation in the regular course of my business. When you give your snug little party to *wet* the payment of this great work, I shall be prepared to propose your health, sir, in a suitable manner;—but this is a subject I shall drop for the present, and reserve myself for that occasion. But, Mr. Chisell, this is not quite a regular sort of tomb, by what name is it called?"

Mr. Chisell replied, "A cenotaph."

"A what?" said the undertaker. "So many new names, and so much new learning, it will be necessary for some of us old uns to go to school again."

"Did you ever go to school, Mr. Mort?" inquired the sculptor.

The undertaker did not think proper to notice this question, but evidently recurring to his intended after-dinner speeches, remarked,—*"This is a work, Mr. Chisell, of great importance in a variety of respects, not only as an achievement, in which is displayed the surprising talents of one of our most promising artists; but as drawing attention to the remarkable individual, whose memory it was erected to perpetuate. In seeing this, we have also the pleasing reflection, that after his decease every respect was paid that was due to the important position he held in society. I had the honour of serving his funeral, when his son and heir gave me the necessary instructions, he spoke in a manner honourable alike to his head and his heart,—'Mr. Mort,' said he, 'the poor old fellow's gone at last. I know I can leave the entire management of his funeral to you—do the thing respectably, and don't spoil it for a trifle of expense.' I assured him that everything should be done in a manner to give him satisfaction. The day of the funeral, sir, was a proud day to me—the procession was universally admired, and without vanity, I think I may say, nothing could have been done more handsomely."*

"Or more handsomely paid for, I'll answer for it," said Mr. Chisell.

"Mr. Chisell, sir," said Mr. Mort, "I don't know what you mean by that remark, but I trust I am not influenced by sordid motives in conducting these magnificent and solemn affairs. My satisfaction, sir, arose from a conviction that due respect had been paid to an excellent and remarkable individual;—with propriety I may say remarkable, for Mr. Floyd, in this world, sir, had much to contend with, but by talent and perseverance, he surmounted every difficulty. He began the world, sir, without a farthing—without a farthing!—yet on his retirement from business, he was worth more than one hundred thousand pounds. I look upon such a man as a really great man. You may talk of your professional men, your artists, your scientific men, your literary characters—people who make a sort of noise in the world—but who ever heard of any one of them realizing a hundred thousand pounds? As for their works, their merit is at best fanciful, or mere matter of opinion; but the *thorough business-man*, like Mr. Floyd, who realizes by his talents and exertions a princely fortune, concerning him there can be no mistake, his merits being brought to the solid and obvious standard of pounds, shillings, and pence."

If there be any truth in Mr. Mort's reasoning, some account of the life of a man like Mr. Floyd, cannot be deemed uninteresting, particularly in times like the present, when the press sends forth continually the monotonous lives of the most unremarkable individuals, and even the remarkable sayings that dying infants have been primed to

utter, are considered worth recording. Therefore, although we have been unable to collect sufficient materials for a methodical biography, yet by conversing with people who for many years knew Mr. Floyd personally, we have been enabled to obtain some information, and have compiled the following sketch accordingly.

Of Mr. Floyd's parentage there is considerable uncertainty;—whether he sprung from an obscure family, from an unfortunate one, or from no family at all, being what a celebrated legal authority describes, as *filius nullius*, or the son of nobody, is equally doubtful. The progress of his childhood is alike uncertain with his birth. The first information concerning him that can be relied upon is, that at the age of fourteen years, he filled the situation of trotter, or errand boy, to a tailor, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross. At this early age he seems to have been actuated by that sound principle which continued to be his guide throughout the subsequent portion of his life, and by an undeviating adherence to which, his uniform prosperity and advancement may be mainly attributed. This principle of action was, to turn, as far as he could, every circumstance in which he was in any way concerned, to his own advantage, or, as he himself laconically expressed it—“to look after number one.” It is unnecessary to detail the various trifling incidents that occurred in this humble station; being sufficient to state that at the age of sixteen years he was discharged from the tailor's, it is believed for carrying out his guiding principle too rigidly. This opinion is strengthened by the circumstance, that although he dressed very decently, and supported himself very comfortably for upwards of a month whilst out of a situation, still he contrived to save somewhat more than the full amount of all the wages that he had ever received.

His next situation was at a linen drapers; his office there being to carry out parcels, clean boots and shoes, and to perform any other kind of drudgery. Here he soon ingratiated himself with one of the junior shopmen, who being a kind-hearted, well-disposed young man, undertook the task of teaching him to write. By determined application, he made such progress that he quickly excelled his preceptor. From instructions of the same young man, he obtained a competent knowledge of arithmetic, and by these accomplishments, joined to quiet and attentive habits, he attracted the notice of the head shopman, by whose recommendation he obtained an *entrée* behind the counter, as junior to his kind friend and instructor. Attention and perseverance in a short time rendered him tolerably expert in the various manœuvres of business; and there remained but one obstacle to his further advancement, this was that his best friend filled the situation immediately above him. It became absolutely necessary that this person should be removed, but to effect this there was some difficulty, as the young man was remarkably steady and attentive; and Mr. Floyd certainly owed him a large debt of gratitude, not only for his valuable instructions, but for having invariably assisted in causing him to appear advantageously in the eyes of his employers. This young man had also on several occasions extricated Mr. Floyd from some awkward scrapes, which, without such assistance, would, in all probability, have cost him his situation. Mr. Floyd being of a most sensitive temperament, felt these favours warmly, but he could not but feel also, that being a check to one's own advancement, a man ceases to be a friend, and such an injury is more than sufficient to wipe out any debt for former benefits. However, it is uncertain whether he would have taken any active measures for the removal of his friend, had not a circumstance occurred, and not to have taken advantage of which would have been a dereliction of his own principle of looking to himself. His friend had remained out one night about a couple of hours later than the usual time of the family's retiring to rest; he contrived to make Mr. Floyd hear him, who unbarred the door, and let him into the house quietly, without any one else hearing or knowing anything about the matter. So far all was kind and friendly;—yet it was but a reciprocation of a similar service that the young man had performed for Mr. Floyd many times previously. But here was an opportunity—and could a person of John Floyd's principles do otherwise than embrace it? He had a duty to perform, nor would he shrink from it on any considerations; and that he should not shrink from it was due to his consistency of character. He, therefore, on the next day, took an early opportunity of going into the counting-house, and speaking to the head of the firm, Mr. Grough, for the house he was living with was no other than the celebrated firm of “Grough and Styles.” He began by saying in rather an hesitating and reluctant manner,—“It is, sir, with the utmost regret that I appear before you to complain of one, for whom, *with all his faults*, I cannot but feel the greatest esteem!” Oh! what a fool was the young man to have

whetted a knife for cutting his own throat. Had it not been for his instructions, Floyd would never have been qualified for any situation beyond that of a light porter, nor would he even have understood some of the words that he used in addressing his master.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Grough, "cut it short, and tell me at once what you have got to say."

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Floyd. "Excuse me, sir, I consider I have a duty to perform; a man in the humble condition of assistant, ought to study his employer's interests before any other consideration." Mr. Floyd seems to have had a thorough American dislike to the words, master and servant, and invariably avoided using them. He continued after a slight pause,—"When, like you, Mr. Grough, the employer shews every disposition to secure the comfort and advantage of his assistants, the duty becomes more imperative." Mr. Floyd again paused, and having worked himself into a glorious state of enthusiasm on the subject of duty to employers, was about to proceed, when Mr. Grough, not having much taste for this style of oratory, and well knowing that he did not care a dump for the comfort or well-being of his young men, only as far as his own interests were concerned, stopped him by saying,—"Come, sir, I don't want any of this-gammon, tell me what's up, and then go to your business."

Mr. Floyd sighed deeply to find his eloquence produced so little effect, therefore, compelled to speak without further preface, he detailed plainly the events of the preceding evening, embellishing his tale only with a few expressions, from which it might have been inferred, that the occurrence was a very common affair, and that there were many other things exceedingly wrong, of which his friend had been guilty, but which his susceptibility to kindly impressions, caused him to abstain from particularizing. The result of this interview was the advancement of Mr. Floyd, and the dismissal of his friend.

Here was an important point gained. Mr. Floyd had advanced one degree, and now had a youth under him; but this poor boy, right little chance had he of advancement—John was too good a judge for that, or even to allow him to gain any important knowledge of business; but by continually disparaging the poor fellow, he contrived to get him very much out of favour with the whole establishment, though not sufficiently so as to cause his dismissal. Mr. Floyd would have gained nothing by that; but by disparagement how much in the eyes of all, by the contrast, were his own superior merits enhanced! Mr. Floyd, believing his planet to be in the ascendant, resolved upon keeping his shoulder to the wheel, so that he might deserve a continuation of auspicious fortune; and with that object he repeated the part of a young cuckoo, which being hatched in the nest of some other kind of bird, quietly hoists out, one by one, the remainder of the brood that had been hatched with him. In like manner Mr. Floyd contrived, in rotation, to get the young men discharged who held situations above him in the establishment, until he became the principal shopman. But in justice to him it must be allowed that he sincerely regretted the inconvenience many of them suffered in making way for him—at least he always declared so. But what was he to do? It was impossible for him to have the superior post whilst it was occupied by another; and he would frequently affirm, that he was compelled to do many things repugnant to his own inclinations, but the stern demands of duty compelled the sacrifice of his own feelings.

About this time Mr. Floyd suffered considerably from a weakness of memory. He seemed to have entirely lost all recollection of having once been a trotter at a tailor's, and even had forgotten all about his office of blacking shoes and boots, when he first came to live with Grough and Co., therefore he could not be expected to remember the humble companions and friends, with whom he had been formerly intimate; however as a compensation for this defect, his imagination and capability of embellishing any subject of discourse became proportionally strengthened. He was very fond of boasting of the estates and importance of his parents, and other relatives in the country, but without giving the slightest hint as to where they resided. If a horse chanced to be named, he would say,—"Oh, sir, you should have seen a pony I had when I was a lad in the country; I used to hunt him,—my father always started me respectably,—I assure you all the appointments were correct,—I used to ride in a scarlet hunting jacket,—that pony, sir, although only a twelve hander, would carry me 'over the highest fire-barred gates, and make nothing of it.'" From his own account, one would have supposed he had been a very knight errant in saving beautiful damsels from houses on fire, and ad

various other perilous situations. These relations might seem to throw some light upon his origin, and many of his friends considered them conclusive in that respect, but to ourselves they seem rather apocryphal; at all events, an entire absence of places and dates will prevent us from insisting upon their authenticity.

When Mr. Floyd was advanced in years, he used to relate, with considerable gusto, that during part of the time he lived with Grough and Co., he belonged to a club that used to meet every Sunday morning, in a back room in St. Martin's Lane, but for what purpose he never stated. This club consisted of sixteen members, that of these, in after time, seven were transported, five died from the effects of dissipation, three were hanged, and that he alone, out of the whole number, had passed his life in an honourable manner. Then, in tones of exultance he would exclaim,—“Where there is a fixedness of principle, a firm determination to avoid evil courses, a man may come unscathed from amidst the strongest temptations,” and he would conclude with something about gold being tried in the fire coming out more purified. One day, after relating this tale with additional zest, and being more than usually eloquent in his moral conclusions, a gentleman remarked,—“Why, Floyd, your escape was owing to your being the greatest rogue of the lot—you had sufficient cunning to prevent your rascalities from being discovered!” Mr. Floyd never related this anecdote afterwards.

Huzza! keep moving—go a-head! A man that remains for any length of time stationary, loses much of his natural energy—his mind stagnates and becomes muddy; but one that continually rubs his way upwards, brightens as he advances, and his whole being becomes infused with intelligence and power. As the eagle, whose boldness and volition increases with exercise, so it was with the individual we are contemplating. Mr. Floyd, in the capacity of assistant, had reached the utmost round of the ladder; but he was not the sort of person to remain there, and he considered it was incumbent upon him to take quite a different footing to what he had hitherto done. What was to be the next step? He knew that the term of partnership between his respected employers had nearly expired, and that Mr. Grough was the monied man. Now whether it would not be possible to obtain a partnership with him, and get Mr. Styles sent to the right about? For the accomplishment of this there seemed a considerable difficulty. Mr. Grough had never admitted him to the least familiarity, and had unaccountably, but evidently, conceived towards him something of dislike. He was also a man of considerable discernment, and firmness of purpose, so not easily to be tampered with. With Mr. Styles he could much more easily have managed, but fortunately his amount of capital was very limited; he therefore was not worth consideration. Mr. Floyd next contemplated starting upon his own account, in a shop opposite, and in opposition to his respected employers; but this scheme he soon abandoned, being unable to raise sufficient money for that purpose. It was true he had saved a few hundreds of pounds, having all along acted up to his prudent system of saving, each year, somewhat more than his wages; but he had not an adequate amount for commencing business with a fair prospect of success. Well, something was to be done. He could not for a moment think of remaining in his present position, so at last he thought he would even sacrifice himself, and make his fortune by marriage. He maintained the highest opinion of his own personal attractions, and as for his manners he considered them to be in the highest degree irresistible; and having been successful in some minor flirtations, like many young men similarly situated to himself, he believed he had little to do besides making his selection. He would doubtlessly have found more difficulty in gaining a lady with any property than he imagined, had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Styles, by whom he was introduced to several respectable people, and amongst others to the family of a Mr. Canaster, a tobacconist, not rich, but in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Canaster had a daughter, his only child, a very good sort of insipid young lady, by no means ugly, and very good tempered; so altogether she might be considered a very eligible person. Mr. Floyd thought that provided no better chance presented itself, she might do; although he considered her hardly up to the mark. He, however, became unremitting in his attentions, and succeeded in becoming a favourite. The intimacy was for some time kept a secret from the young lady's father. Mr. Floyd wished that it should be so, prudently desiring to be almost certain of favourable reception before he ventured to ask the old gentleman's consent. He had also another game to play. He began seriously to think of trying it on with Miss Grough, the daughter of his senior employer. He saw clearly if he could but establish an *affaire de cœur* with her, a

partnership for himself would be the result, and Mr. Styles would be hoisted out of the concern. This was no very easy matter to manage, for Mr. Grough never allowed his daughter to speak to any of the shopmen; and the lady herself was especially fortified with the pride of station. The good opinion Mr. Floyd entertained of himself would not allow him to be daunted; he therefore resolved upon a battery that he thought could not fail of taking effect. This was to exhibit himself in the eyes of Miss Grough in his most irresistible and interesting manner. For this purpose, whenever she passed through the shop, he would place himself in a most imposing attitude, leaning against a pile of goods, where he could only be seen by her passing; at the same time he would assume a face of the most maudlin sentimentality. After endeavouring by these means to attract her attention, two or three times he fancied he noticed a smile upon her countenance; this gave him great encouragement, and he thought to himself—"now it will do to come it regularly strong." Accordingly, on the next occasion of Miss Grough's passing, he fixed his eyes upon her, and attempted a most profound sigh; but unfortunately he rather destroyed the effect by uttering a decided groan instead. Now we wish to caution all persons, in doing the sentimental, to avoid groaning; it may be sad, but it is by no means romantic. Miss Grough, however, looked exceedingly good humoured, and smiled sweetly; she restrained herself, otherwise she would have laughed broadly—but it was sufficient to assure Mr. Floyd. He now felt that he had made an impression—that his path was now smooth—that the fruit was within his reach, and he had only to put out his hand and gather it; but Miss Grough was not to be caught in that manner. It never for a moment entered into her head that the young man would presume to think of attracting from her the slightest notice; but she was greatly amused by what she considered the ridiculous antics of her father's foreman; she also gratified her acquaintances with burlesque imitations of poor Floyd's vagaries, and said—"She should very much like to know whether he was groaning after her father's fat cook-maid?" Mr. Floyd himself felt perfectly happy—had delightful dreams, in which was presented to his imagination the names, over the shop door, of "Grough and Floyd," which shortly changed to the single name of—"Floyd!" painted in letters of a foot in length.

The encouragement he fancied he had received made him resolve upon coming to a declaration of his attachment, and as he had no opportunity of speaking to the lady, he determined upon doing it by letter. The compilation of this precious document cost him no little labour; for during its progress he read two novels, one romance in four volumes, and the amatory portions of three complete letter writers, for the purpose of selecting the most striking and impassioned passages. This work occupied him no less than the half of nine nights, and the whole of two Sundays; so determined was he that it should be a masterpiece of epistolary composition. Having completed the work very much to his own satisfaction, he then spoiled a whole quire of gilt-edged paper in making his fair copy, before he could please himself with his caligraphic display. The letter being finished, duly perfumed, and sealed with the impression of a heart pierced with cross arrows, he contrived to get it conveyed to the fair hands of the lovely object of his solicitude. On that night he retired to his bed with perfect confidence of success, pleased with himself and all the world besides, and dreamed of turtle doves carrying true-love-knots to faithful lovers.

On the ensuing morning Mr. Grough came into the shop earlier than usual, and in a manner, for him, singularly mild and polite, requested Mr. Floyd to come into the counting-house. All this seemed very satisfactory, for even Mr. Grough seemed to have arrived to an appreciation of his merits. When in the counting-house Mr. Grough said, "Have the kindness to make out your account." Mr. Floyd did as he was desired, nothing doubting but that Mr. Grough, delicately and handsomely intended to place him in a situation beyond that of a servant, so that his rank might be such as became the favoured admirer of his (Mr. Grough's) daughter. The account being made out, Mr. Grough handed over the exact amount of salary due; and then, with a countenance kindling with rage, drew the identical letter from his pocket, roared out, and at the same time giving the astonished young man a hearty tweak of the nose,—"So, scoundrel! you, who came to my house a mere pauper, and having been well fed and kindly treated, have got to such a pitch of impudence as to send this precious piece of balderdash to my daughter," with that he thrust into the fire this valuable intellectual production, over which so much of the midnight oil had been expended; and without allowing

Mr. Floyd one word of reply or explanation, continued,—"Wretch! if you are not off my premises in less than half an hour, I'll double your neck and heels, and pitch you into the kennel." Mr. Grough being a man rather of action than of words, then kicked the trembling lover out of the counting-house.

Mr. Floyd felt himself to be a "stricken deer," and went out, and wept. He was in the utmost trepidation, so packed up his clothes, and left the premises in a very few minutes, as he dreaded a repetition of the infliction he had already received; for Mr. Grough was not a person to shake a horse-whip over a man's head, and tell him to consider himself horse-whipped—Mr. Grough left nothing for the imagination—there was a sort of reality about everything he said and did, therefore a kicking from him was a genuine, unsophisticated, thorough, English, kicking, of which a person would be painfully reminded for many days afterwards. The mental and bodily sufferings of Mr. Floyd were intense. Mentally he felt the summary, and as he deemed it unhand-some dismissal from his situation, for which he had in no respect arranged; but far beyond that, or his bodily endurance, was the anguish he felt on account of his wounded honour.

Honour in the breech is lodg'd,  
As wise philosophers have judg'd;  
For a kick in that part more  
Hurts honour than deep wounds before.

When he had got clear away, the first thing he did was to take lodgings; but he carefully avoided telling any of his friends that he had left the house of Grough and Co., and for the succeeding week, he became more than usually attentive to the lovely Sophia Canaster; at the expiration of that time he thought it proper to enter into an explanation with her father. He commenced by stating many things, disparagingly, of his late employers, and expressed his determination of *quitting their service*. He next showed himself to be possessed of a few hundreds of pounds, which instead of saying were the result of his own saving, he said was a legacy from a near relative; he spoke also of his great expectation, on the death of his father; and then enlarged upon his ardent attachment to the charming Sophia, and concluded by giving some very cogent reasons for their speedy union. Mr. Canaster was very much annoyed by this communication, not having had the slightest notion previously, of the close intimacy of his daughter and Mr. Floyd. He at first flew into a violent rage, which was gradually softened down by the persuasive eloquence of his would-be son-in-law, and at last, although he shewed great reluctance at consenting, yet he did consent to their marriage. Mr. Floyd, like a good workman, struck whilst the iron was hot, for the wedding took place in a very few days after obtaining the consent of the lady's honoured parent. The happy couple temporarily, as it was supposed, after the marriage, resided under the paternal roof, ostensibly for the purpose of allowing Mr. Floyd time and opportunity to find a suitable situation, in which to commence business; and of his further progress, we must treat in another chapter.

*Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.*

[To be continued.]

## SONG.

(WRITTEN WITHIN THE TROPICS, NEAR THE EQUATOR.)

O! TELL me not of sunny shore,  
Where pleasure dwells in flowers;  
Sing of the blossom'd vine no more,  
Nor fairy painted bowers.  
But if you think to draw a smile,  
Of Britain's beauties tell;  
O! sing the song of Britain's isle,  
The land I love so well.

O! tell me not of foreign shores,  
 Where constant summer reigns,  
 Where Flora spreads her blushing stores  
 Of flowers o'er the plains.  
 But if you think to touch the string  
 That vibrates to my heart,  
 O! then of Britain's beauties sing,  
 Fresh joys they will impart.

O! tell me not of sunny skies,  
 Nor fragrant scented air,  
 O! tell me not of sloe-black eyes,  
 Of sable maids, nor fair;  
 For when I see a lovely eye,  
 Soft beaming with a smile,  
 My fancy wanders with a sigh  
 To eyes in Britain's isle.

H. RIDLEY, P. G.

*Mechanic Lodge, Llanelly.*

#### TO THE DAISY.

WELL might the minstrel sing of thee,  
 Thou gentle unassuming flower,  
 For on the fair wide-spreading lea,  
 Or in the lowly sheltered bower,  
 No flowret greets the minstrel's gaze,  
 That e'er may wake his memory  
 To scenes of by-gone blissful days,  
 Like thee—so calm, so tenderly.

The bard who sweetest sung to thee,  
 Shall view thy silent charms no more;  
 From care and sorrow he is free,  
 His little earthly reign is o'er.  
 He lived to feel the bitter woe  
 Which half-assailed him while he sung;  
 He lived life's sorest ills to know,  
 Before he left earth's silly throng.

Peace is that peasant's portion now,  
 Woe's ploughshare crushed him "mang the stoor;"  
 His country strove to calm his woe,  
 But not before his woes were o'er.  
 But time will not forget his name,  
 Daisy, 'twill last as long as thine;  
 For laurel-chaplets, wove by fame,  
 Nor time, nor change, may e'er untwine.

And is there now no musing child  
 Of all who toil upon the plain,  
 To greet thee with a love as mild  
 As his who sung that melting strain?  
 There are who love thee yet as well,  
 Whose love is warm as bard's might be  
 Yet, ah! their love they may not tell  
 So sweetly, or so plaintively.

Sweet flowret! could I win the art  
 Which none, save minstrels, ever claim;  
 Oh! would some secret power impart  
 To me, the light which leads to fame;  
 Then might I sing thy simple charms,  
 And praise thee in some measured strain,  
 And wake the power which ever warms  
 My soul with more of joy than pain.

For thou remind'st me of the glee  
 Which warm'd my heart in life's gay morn,  
 When oft, I ween, right pleasantly,  
 With daisy-heads I gemm'd the thorn,  
 To form a rural garland gay,  
 To grace some female playmate's hair,  
 And we would laugh, and sing, and play,  
 Untouched by sorrow, sin, or care.

Those blythsome days are past and gone,  
 Those little playmates lost to me;  
 And now I'm friendless, left alone  
 To fade unheeded, just like thee.  
 This world 's a weary place of care  
 To the keen-feeling, aimless child;  
 And oft I almost wish I were,  
 Daisy, like thee, a flowret wild.

Methinks I'd know no sorrow then,  
 Nor would remembrance mar my glee,  
 For I should shine in grove or glen,  
 In sinless, sweet simplicity.  
 Yet, ah! I would not know the joys  
 With which hope sometimes charms my way,  
 Easing my lone heart's miseries,  
 Or beckoning to a brighter day.

Ah, no! I would not be a flower,  
 For flowers can have nor thought, nor mind,  
 Nor can they claim the pleasing power  
 That bids me love, or weep, my kind;  
 Nor muse on Wisdom's, Power's, display,  
 Which shine above us ever fair,  
 Where oft my spirit wings her way,  
 Seeking her peaceful mansion there.  
 Thou lovely gem, I slight not thee,  
 For thou art of my Maker's plan,  
 Yet would I bear more misery  
 Than time makes known to weeping man,  
 Rather than be a soulless flower,  
 In summer time to gild a bower  
 And then to die;  
 For soon the floweret fades away,—  
 But man has hopes to live for aye,  
 In realms of everlasting day,  
 With God on high!

S. SHERIF.



Already is the name of the Manchester Unity spreading far and wide—already has the importance of the Order arrested the attention of a great portion of the human race—already is the conduct, nay, the very language, of its officers made the matter for public criticism; and does not this shew the almost paramount necessity that exists for them to encourage mental cultivation by every means in their power, so that they may be able at all times to ensure the services of men whose conduct and acquirements will bear the strictest criticism?

Some of our best theological writers have asserted that all men are, by nature, endowed with some talent, for the proper use and cultivation of which they are responsible to their Creator. If this be so—and who can say it is not?—we have a strong moral obligation imposed upon the members of the Manchester Unity, in their common character as men and created beings, to fulfil this great duty to their Creator, their fellow-creatures, and themselves, by giving all the support in their power to any project which has so laudable an object in view as the affording the means of self-cultivation to all who choose to avail themselves of them.

We heartily wish success to the cause, and shall feel happy if the opportunity is afforded us of contributing to its success by any means that can be suggested to us.—*County Herald*.

**THE ORDER IN CANADA.**—The Loyal and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity, celebrated on Thursday, November 7th, 1844,—it being the Anniversary of their establishment in Montreal—their annual festival. The brethren of the Montreal, the St. Lawrence, and the British North American Lodges, assembled between eleven o'clock and noon, at the Lodge of the first-named Brotherhood, in St. Paul Street; and headed by the band of the 93rd Highlanders, marched in procession—the various beautiful emblematic flags, banners, and other insignia of the Order being borne by the proper officers—to the St. Gabriel Street Church, where the Rev. Wm. Taylor delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse to them, and a liberal collection was made in aid of the “Widow and Orphans’ Fund.” After divine service the brethren re-formed in procession, and returned to the Lodge from whence they started, by Notre Dame, M’Gill, and St. Paul Streets. In the afternoon, the office-bearers of the Montreal Lodge proceeded to Monklands, the residence of the Governor General, and presented to His Excellency the following Address:—

*To His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES THEOPHILUS METCALFE, Bart., Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, one of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, Governor General of British North America, and Captain General and Governor in Chief, in and over the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Island of Prince Edward, and Vice Admiral of the same.*

**MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:**

We, the office-bearers in the Montreal District, of the Manchester Unity Lodges, of the Loyal and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, on the part of our brethren, beg most respectfully to wait upon Your Excellency, on this the Anniversary of the establishment of our brotherhood in the City of Montreal.

We do so for the purpose of tendering you our grateful thanks, for the liberality and kindness which Your Excellency, since your auspicious arrival in Canada, as the Representative of Our Gracious and Beloved Sovereign, has been pleased to shew towards us and our brethren in both sections of the Province.

Your Excellency will, perhaps, excuse us for reminding you, that the sole end and object of our fraternisation, is, by precept and example, to inculcate and practice those principles of brotherly love and mutual assistance, which, we believe, Your Excellency will acknowledge, must ever conduce to the political as well as the social happiness, prosperity and contentment of those who act up to them.

While, by the rules of our Order, we are strictly precluded from any interference with the religious faith, or the political opinions of our brethren, we assure Your Excellency, that we all feel and acknowledge that veneration towards our God, loyalty towards our Queen, and love towards the glorious constitution of our country, are our primary and most imperative duties alike as citizens and as Odd Fellows.

We again thank Your Excellency for the kindness and consideration which you have been pleased to manifest towards us and our Order: and, in sincerity and truth, we pray that Your Excellency may long live in the enjoyment of health, of the approbation of

Your Sovereign, the confidence of Her Ministers, and the respect, esteem, and affection of those among Her subjects over whom you have been appointed to rule. With the latter sentiments, we have the honor to subscribe ourselves, individually and for the brethren of our Lodge.

Your Excellency's

Obliged and very obedient servants,

PETER TAYLOR, P. G. M.

DUNCAN M'LEAN, P. D. G. M.

JOHN LAMBERT, P. P. G. M. and C. S.

EDWARD CLEGG, P. G.

To which His Excellency very graciously replied—thanking the brethren of the Order, through their office-bearers, for the satisfaction which their loyal and affectionate address afforded him—proving, as it did, that while attending to their own peculiar interests as Odd Fellows, they were not unmindful of their duty towards their Sovereign and their country. His Excellency made many inquiries as to the past history and present condition of the Order, extended, as it now is, into—with the exception, we believe, of the East Indies—every quarter of the globe, where the "meteor flag of England" waves over the settlements of her enterprising sons. His Excellency expressed his perfect approbation of the objects of the Order, and showed himself deeply interested in its prosperity. His reception of the deputation was at once dignified, courteous, and kind, and we were happy to hear from them, that he appeared, during his somewhat lengthened conversation with them, to be—notwithstanding the local affection under which he has so long suffered—in excellent health and spirits.

In the evening, the brethren with their families and guests, held a social *reunion* in the Lodge-room, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion. There were upwards of 300 present—the music was admirable, the refreshments abundant and *recherche*; and, while the elders looked complacently on, the juveniles continued to "trip it on the light fantastic toe" until the "wee short hours" reminded them that it was time to part.

During the evening, a very handsome silver snuff-box was presented to Mr. Lambert, who, if not the founder, has been a zealous and indefatigable friend and supporter of Odd Fellowship in Montreal—as a slight testimonial of the respect and esteem in which he is universally held by his brethren of the order.—*Montreal Herald*.

COUNTRESS OF WILTON LODGE ANNIVERSARY, MANCHESTER DISTRICT.—On Monday evening, February 17th, 1845, the members and friends of the above Lodge held their anniversary at the house of Mr. William Gray, Royal Olympic Tavern, Stevenson's Square, Manchester. The company was highly respectable, and consisted of about sixty gentlemen, who sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by the worthy host. Amongst the parties present were Mr. Henry White, G. M., Mr. John Dickinson, D. G. M., Mr. William Ratcliffe, C. S., Mr. J. B. Rogerson, P. G., Editor of the *Odd Fellows' Magazine*, Mr. George Richmond, P. G. M., Mr. John Peiser, P. G. M., Mr. W. F. Burdett, Prov. G. M., and Mr. John Ormond, Prov. C. S. of the Manchester District. Mr. Henry Gregson, P. G., occupied the Chair, and Mr. Joseph Evans, P. G., acted as Vice-chairman on the occasion.

The Chairman, in proposing the first toast, observed that in an assembly of Odd Fellows it was not necessary to say much to induce a hearty response. It was well known that the very constitution of the association inculcated the principles of loyalty and observance of the laws of the country; he would therefore, without further remark, give "The Queen."

The toast was drank with three times three, the company upstanding.

Song, "God save the Queen."

The Chairman next gave "The Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family," which was pledged with due honours.

Song, "Fine Old English Gentleman."

The Chairman said the next toast upon his list was one dear to every Briton, and one which he was sure every lover of his country could not fail to respond to with a degree of satisfaction and grateful remembrance, which would stimulate feelings of approbation whenever it was proposed. He would give them "The Army and Navy," which was pledged with loud cheers.

Song, "The Wooden Walls of England."

The next toast he had to propose was, he believed, the toast of the evening, and one upon which he could not trust himself to speak. Without further preface, therefore, he would give "The Independent Order of Odd Fellows."

Mr. George Richmond, P. G. M., was called upon to respond to the toast. He said, he believed that was the third time he had been called upon to respond to the toast which they had just drunk with such enthusiasm. Addressing as he was, a number of gentlemen, most of whom were as well acquainted with the merits of the Institution as himself, and having so often before delivered his sentiments upon the utility of Odd Fellowship, he confessed he felt at a loss how to proceed on that occasion; not because he had a barren subject to deal with, for every Odd Fellow knew the extent of field and fruitful subjects to dilate upon, but because, as he before said, the advantages of Odd Fellowship were so well understood by the gentlemen before him. The Institution was one of the most extensive and useful in the country; in its fall, or prosperity, the interests of thousands were at stake, and, therefore, it behoved the officers in trust, carefully to examine into the financial affairs of the society, with a view of purging it from errors (if any existed) which might, in the least degree, tend to retard its progress. It was highly necessary that the whole of its affairs should be conducted upon sound principles, and upon principles of the most rigid economy, consistent with the efficient management of the Order. He observed, that he thought the time fixed for the consideration of this most important subject, was well chosen, for, generally speaking, the working population, a majority of whom, he was proud to say, composed our Institution, were pretty well employed, in consequence of the improvement that had lately taken place in trade, and, therefore, were in a better frame of mind to calmly and dispassionately consider the subject in all its bearings. He gave expression to the deepest feelings of his heart, when he said that every endeavour should be made to promote the prosperity and welfare of the Institution.

The Chairman next gave "The Officers of the Order, and Board of Directors." Drunk with three times three.

Mr. John Dickinson, D. G. M., responded to this toast. He, like the last speaker, felt considerable difficulty in addressing the gentlemen present. His views on the principles and usefulness of the society were long ago before the Order, and he was proud to say had undergone no change. There were hundreds of subjects in connexion with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows upon which he could address them, every one of which, though not new in themselves, were interesting, and which would afford food for any speaker to dwell upon. The great, and he hoped lasting, advantages which the society was distributing throughout the country, afforded many interesting topics for remark. The moral effects of the spread of Odd Fellowship, were as extensive as its domestic influence upon its members. In many of the more rural Districts of the country, where a short time ago the inhabitants were little better than heathens, the most beneficial results had followed the introduction of Odd Fellowship. It was a well known fact that ministers of religion were very materially assisted in their labours by the introduction of the principles of the Institution. In one case, with which he (the speaker) was himself acquainted, a minister of the Established Church had declared that the spread of Odd Fellowship had facilitated his labours more than any other circumstance he knew of; and that he was perfectly satisfied, after reading their laws and rules, that they would do more to effect a moral regeneration in England, than even the preaching from the pulpit. This he (the speaker) believed to be the fact in many parts of the country; indeed, he knew such to be the case in Districts which he had visited in the discharge of his official duties, and he also knew that the laws of the Institution were held as sacred as the laws of religion, and obeyed with as much, and in some instances, perhaps, with more scrupulosity, than the laws of the country. Such were the effects of Odd Fellowship, and he was sure that every right-minded man, on being more acquainted with its principles, would join in supporting them. By the spread of Odd Fellowship, the people were taught to be more provident and temperate, as was proved from many facts within his own knowledge. In 1841-2 when distress was prevalent in many parts of England, it was a well-established fact, that but very few Odd Fellows applied for relief. In one District alone, which came under his own observation, out of 1400 applicants for parochial relief, not one of them belonged to the association, although the Order, at that time, numbered 5000 members in the same locality. There were many other cases of a similar nature, which passed within his own notice. These,

he repeated, were facts which must satisfy every well-informed mind of the great advantages of Odd Fellowship. Returning to the toast which had just been given, and so heartily responded to, he thought he was fully justified in stating, on behalf of his brother officers, that it was their whole care and study to promote the interests of the society. In the desire to promote the welfare of the Order, which, he could assure them animated the minds of the Board of Directors, he was sure every gentleman present would most heartily join; and as regarded himself, he could only say, that as long as he had any latent power left, his whole energies should be directed to the spread of Odd Fellowship.

The chairman next gave "The Past Officers of the Order," which was acknowledged by Mr. John Peiser, P. G. M., in a short but appropriate address.

The next toast on the list was "The Editor of the Magazine, and Committee of Management."

Mr. John Bolton Rogerson, P. G., Editor of the Magazine, was called upon by the chairman to respond. Mr. Rogerson said that he felt deeply grateful for the spirit with which his labours in connexion with the Magazine had been received, as well as for the compliment they had just paid to the Committee of Management. The present state of the Order and the extensive circulation of the publication with which he had the honour to be identified, convinced him that the working men of England were fully alive to their own interests, and that they were the best judges of those principles which were calculated to promote their welfare, as was proved by the fact that they were the originators of the society of Odd Fellows. Some thirty years ago, the Order was composed of a few working men, meeting together and devising the best means of providing for themselves and their families when in distress. At that period of the history of Odd Fellowship many prejudices were in existence against it, and numerous were the obstacles thrown in its way; still the working men, in spite of every difficulty, persevered in the good work, until they overcame every opposition, and succeeded in laying the foundation of an association which for its philanthropy, numbers, and extent, was unparalleled. The progress of the society, and the national character which it assumed in time, warranted them in the establishment of a publication, devoted to the objects of the society, the care and direction of which were placed in the hands of the Board of Directors, by whose management it had now obtained a circulation of 25,000 copies each publication. Mr. Rogerson proceeded to give an account of the progress of education and literature amongst the Order, and contended that no other society in existence contributed so much to the advantage of the working classes. Speaking of the progress which the Order had made, he stated that seven years ago their numbers were not more than 90,000, whilst at the present time the society had enrolled in its books 250,000 members, many of whom were men of wealth and high standing in the country. The speaker, at considerable length, pointed out the advantages of Odd Fellowship, and contended that the members, whether rich or poor, owed a debt of gratitude to the working-men of Manchester, who first instituted the Order.

The Chairman next gave "The Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Countess of Wilton Lodge."

Mr. William Ratcliffe, C. S., rose to respond to the toast. It was, he said, an old and acknowledged principle, that "unity is strength." When first he suggested the withdrawal of the Countess of Wilton Lodge from the general Widow and Orphans' Fund, he was convinced, as he was still, that the constitution of that fund wanted material alteration; as far as he was acquainted with its constitution he was bound to say that it was founded on wrong principles. Its funds were by no means fairly distributed amongst its members, as it was well known that when parties made application for relief, their success depended upon the number of friends they had amongst the committee. In fact, it was quite a matter of chance whether they obtained relief or not; and believing it to be the duty of the Order to stop all such partial proceedings, he suggested the propriety of the Countess of Wilton Lodge establishing a fund of its own, on the principle that "those who have paid should receive." Mr. Ratcliffe entered into the details of the constitution of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, in connexion with the Countess of Wilton Lodge, and contended that they were such as would stand the test of time, and afford relief to the widows of deceased members, without subjecting them to the indelicate scrutiny which was too often instituted under the old system. Mr. Ratcliffe, in the course of his address, exhibited an extensive acquaintance with his

subject, and concluded with assuring the members that whenever they required his services, they were entirely at their disposal.

"The Officers of the Manchester District,"—The Countess of Wilton Lodge."—  
 "The Lancashire Witches,"—"The Strangers,"—The Stewards,"—"The Host," and many other toasts followed, which were duly acknowledged; and the conviviality of the meeting was kept up till a late hour.

TEMPERANCE LODGES.—EXERTIONS FOR THE INCREASE OF MEMBERS.—The following particulars have been furnished by a member of the Lodge to which they refer, and we give them in the writer's own words:—

There is an old saying, that "where there is a will there is a way," and I believe to a great extent this may be carried out in the increase of members in our Lodges. I have frequently noticed the deplorable smallness of the numbers of many of them, and also their remaining in the same stagnant state for years, without any apparent increase. It is a well known fact that there is existing a prejudice in the minds of many against Lodges meeting in public houses, and it has been no unfrequent occurrence for parties to assign this as a reason for not joining our ranks; but in order to meet the wishes of those who had scruples of this kind in Manchester, a Lodge was opened by the District nearly two years ago. For a long time, owing to a prevailing opinion that no one could become members but those who were "total abstiners," or "teetotallers," it had to labour under no small disadvantage. Its founders, however, proceeded with steady perseverance, feeling assured that their undertaking would ultimately succeed; and well have their expectations been realized, for the little barque thus launched upon the sea of public opinion, and expected by many to go down, has gallantly made its way over the tempestuous billows, and is now manned with a goodly crew of ninety-two steady and respectable members. Sickness, which is one of the many "evils which flesh is heir to," has been little felt, whilst of deaths they have had none. As an instance of the persevering efforts of its present principal officer and host, they each undertook to produce ten members in six weeks, under a forfeiture of ten shillings and sixpence. The time expired on the 3rd of February last, when the N. G. proposed no less than twelve, and also paid their money; but what was the surprise of all when "mine host" produced his list, and it was found to double his engagement. All in the Lodge were convinced of his persevering energies, and led to admire the interest he takes in its welfare. Two other individuals were also proposed by separate members, making, in the whole, thirty-four persons proposed for admission on one night! It is gratifying to observe that their average age is only twenty-five years. This extraordinary effort of individual exertion is pleasing and commendable, and shews what great objects may be achieved by perseverance. The Lodge has been eminently successful, and by due carefulness and attention, it may become numerous, prosperous, and happy.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND LITERATURE.—The reproach which at one time attached itself to the members of our Institution, with respect to their want of literary taste, though it might some years ago, perhaps, be made with justice, cannot be applied to us at the present day. We have, in another part of the Magazine, alluded to the exertions which are being made in different Districts for the formation of libraries and schools, and we may here congratulate our members on the capability which has of late been manifested amongst them for the improvement and entertainment of society in a literary point of view. We purpose, shortly, to notice some of the productions which have been latterly issued from the press by members of the Order, and which will have the effect of convincing the most sceptical that our principles are properly appreciated by those whose pursuits and attainments eminently fit them for judging of the soundness of the objects we aim at. We have had our attention called to several publications established by our brethren in Districts which have hitherto been unable to support a periodical, and we cannot but express our approbation of the *Yorkshire Miscellany*, which is edited and published by a member of the Order in Stokesley, and is got up with great care and judgment. Mr. George Tweddell is well entitled to the support of all who value sound periodical literature, his chief object being "to amuse without contaminating—to interest without seducing from the path of rectitude—to instruct the mind in every branch of useful knowledge, and at the same time to amend the heart." We trust that such an object may be fully realized, and that the energetic labours of the Editor may meet with a corresponding reward. There is a healthy and invigorating tone about the work, and many of the articles are contributed by authors who rank deservedly high in the literary

world. We sincerely wish we had many such contemporaries. It may be as well to mention that this work has no connexion with Odd Fellowship, but is purely of a literary character.

**OLDHAM.—INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOWS' BALL.**—A ball took place on Thursday evening, January 2nd, 1845, at the Town Hall, in aid of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, when upwards of 700 persons were present. The receipts were £47., and a handsome surplus will be left at the disposal of the charitable fund, on whose behalf the ball was got up. An address on the principles and objects of the Order was delivered by Mr. J. B. Rogerson, in the course of the evening, and was received with great attention and applause. The company was highly respectable in appearance, and the bright eyes of the Lancashire witches were not without their due share of influence on the male portion of the assembly. Refreshments were provided by Mr. Davis, of the Lyceum, and his arrangements gave every satisfaction. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, and the utmost harmony and good-will prevailed to the last.

**MORTALITY OF ODD FELLOWS IN MANCHESTER COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE GENERAL POPULATION.**—We copy the following statement from a pamphlet on the sanitary condition of Manchester, and other large towns, by John Leigh, Esq., M.R.C.S., &c. The work reached us at too late a period to enable us to quote from it more largely, but we shall recur to it again in our next. Mr. Leigh is professionally connected with the Order, and the production before us is highly creditable to his talents. It displays very considerable labour and research, and much useful and valuable matter is brought together, which cannot fail to be read with interest by all who are desirous of investigating the causes that operate upon the health and comfort of society:—

The average number of Odd Fellows in Manchester, from July 31st, 1841, to July 31st, 1842, was 8,409; from July 31st, 1842, to July 31st, 1843, 8,620; and from July 31st, 1843, to July 31st, 1844, 8,978.

The deaths of Odd Fellows in Manchester, from July 31st, 1841, to July 31st, 1842, were 119; from July, 1842, to July, 1843, 106; and from July, 1843, to July, 1844, 108.

Mean number of members in Manchester, in the three years, 8,669.

Mean number of deaths, per annum, 108.

Annual deaths of Odd Fellows in Manchester, per 1,000 members, 13.1.

The number of male adults in the Manchester Union, in 1841, from twenty to fifty years of age, was 41,572; the whole population, according to the census, being 192,408.

The total number of deaths in the Manchester Union, in 1839, of males, between twenty and fifty years of age, was 716; and in 1841, 674, the mean being 695; being at the annual rate of 16.7 per 1,000.

### Presentations.

On Tuesday evening, October 15, 1844, the numerous members of the Nelson Lodge, No. 7, assembled at the house of host Hughes, Hen and Chickens, Oldham street, on which occasion it was intended to present a substantial token of their esteem, to P. G. William Hays, one of their officers, (now N. G. of the Loyal Cricketers' Lodge.) The testimonial, being a handsome silver patent lever watch, with an appropriate inscription engraved thereon, a silver guard chain, and gold seal attached, and also the engraved emblem of the Order, in an elegant frame, was presented to P. G. Hays by P. G. Seddon, of the Nelson Lodge, (and G. M. of the Cricketers') who, in the course of his address, bore ample testimony to the praiseworthy conduct and valuable services rendered to the Nelson Lodge by P. G. Hays, and expressed his pleasure in conveying to him the marked approbation of his brethren. P. G. Hays, much affected, returned thanks for the honour conferred upon him by so great a mark of respect, and assured them he should endeavour to show his gratitude, by furthering, to the utmost of his ability, the interests of the Lodge, and the welfare of the Order generally. The gratifying proceedings then concluded with much applause.

—January 25, 1845, a handsome silver medal, to P. P. G. M. Peter Wilkinson, by the Rose of the Valley Lodge, Fatsley Bridge District. — July 19, 1844, a patent silver lever watch, to P. G. William Green, of the Trafalgar Lodge, Manchester District. — December 28, 1844, a silver lever watch, to P. P. G. M. and C. S. Joseph Waterhouse, by the New Mills District. — December 14, 1844, a handsome silver snuff box, to P. Prov. G. M. Henry Webster, by the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale District. — November 30, 1844, a handsome silver snuff box, to P. G. Joseph Bamford, by the Park Gate Lodge, Rotherham. — November 28, 1844, a handsome patent lever watch, value £7. 7s. 0d. to P. G. M. S. Richards, by the Saint Peter, Miners, Wynnstay, King Oswald, and Chirk Castle Lodges, Wrexham District. — October, 1844, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. John Bradley, also, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. J. Tomkins, both by the Miners Lodge, Wrexham District. — October 21, 1844, a valuable silver medal, to P. G. George Broomhead, by the Rose of England Lodge, Wakefield District. — A purse of five sovereigns, to P. P. G. M. Joseph Lowe, by the Burton-on-Trent District. — A patent lever watch, to P. G. William Nicholson, by the Benevolent Lodge, Hull District. — October 21, a valuable silver medal, to P. G. George Broomhead, by the Rose of England Lodge, Wakefield District.

## Marriages.

January 15, 1843, brother Edwin Clarke, of the Cinque Port Warden Lodge, Hastings District, to Miss Frances Crapnell. February 2, brother William George Crapnell, of the same Lodge, to Miss Maria Chessonsa. — December 14, 1844, P. G. Robert Hunter, of the Burns Lodge, Heddon-on-the-Wall, to Miss Jane Maughan. — November, P. G. Richard Browel, of the Perseverance Lodge, Leamington, to Miss Ann Browel. P. G. Joseph Taylor, of the Bytton Lodge, to Miss Francis Laws; all in the Newcastle District. — June 26, 1844, brother James Sinn, of the Clio Lodge, Glossop District, to Miss Margaret Cooper. — August 24, 1844, brother Joseph William White, of the Star of Hope Lodge, Manchester, to Miss Mary Walker. — January 1, 1845, Secretary Thomas Crawford, of the Old Broughton Lodge, Rinfurgh, to Miss Janet Allan. — February 7, 1845, brother Charles Preston, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Fazeley, to Miss Godderidge. — February 1, 1845, P. G. David Watkin, of the Wrgant Lodge, to Miss Gwendia Lewis. February 4, 1845, P. G. John Jones, of the Gomer Lodge, to Miss Jennet Evans; both in the Manchester District. — December 9, 1844, P. S. William Kay, of the Sincerity Lodge, Shaw District, to Miss Hannah Hunt. — November, 1844, brother William Dale, of the Rose of Sharon Lodge, New Mills District, to Mrs. Arnfield. — January 7, 1845, brother John Bates, of the Foundation Stone of Truth Lodge, New Mills District, to Miss Grace Waterhouse. — April 19, 1844, Secretary Charles Allen, of the Andrew Marvel Lodge, Hull District, to Miss Colbeck. — October 28, 1844, brother James Petty, of the same Lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Walter. — August 6, 1844, P. S. Miles Sirkbeck, to Mrs. Hannah Balfour. — December 26, 1844, brother Thomas Mitchell, to Miss Mary Wright. — January 1, 1845, P. G. Thomas Sharp, to Miss Hannah Schofield; all of the Industry Lodge, Halifax District. — June 6, 1844, P. G. George Cole Drake, of the Rutland Lodge, Oakham District, to Miss Alice Annington. — September 5, 1844, brother Charles Beavan, of the Perseverance Lodge, Leominster District, to Miss Mary Lewis. — November 20, brother George Thurlow, of the Heart of Honesty Lodge, Stokesley District, to Miss Mary Old. — December 19, 1844, P. G. J. Workman, to Miss Louisa Smith. — January 23, 1845, P. G. John Gabb, to Miss Ann Maria Workman. — same day, brother John Shipway, to Miss Susannah Workman; all of the Verity Lodge, Stonehouse District. — November 25, 1844, Prov. G. M. John Lloyd, of the Wrexham District, to Mrs. Sarah Davies. — August 9, 1844, P. Prov. G. M. Henry Webster, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale District, to Miss Hannah Alice Clarkson. — December 1, 1844, P. P. G. M. Joseph Gregory, Junr., of the Brougham and Vaux Lodge, Wakefield District, to Miss Hannah Brown. — May 29, 1844, brother Charles Deebank, to Miss Gilliver. — October 10, brother John Sike, to Miss Elizabeth Bayliss. — November 20, host Thomas Lane, of Kingsbury, to Miss Mitchell; all of the Widow's Protection Lodge, Coleshill, Fazeley District. — November 12, P. V. William Summers, of the Tamworth Hope Lodge, Fazeley District, to Miss Catherine Barnes. — September 8, 1844, brother Joseph Park, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Hunslet District, to Miss Elizabeth Wainwright. — December 19, 1844, brother Abraham Ackroyd, of the same Lodge, to Miss Sarah Walker. — June 17, 1844, brother John Wortley, of the Durham District, to Elizabeth Green.

## Deaths.

December 8, 1844, P. G. Thomas Lees Wardle, eldest son of P. G. M. Mark Wardle. Mr. Wardle was well known to a large circle of the members of the Order, and long had had their regard and esteem. His early departure from amongst us is felt with the hidden sincerity of long-cherished acquaintance, and with the sorrow and sadness of real, steadfast, and respected friendship. There are few men whose death is not deeply felt by some relative, and sincerely regretted by some friend; but there are none whose decease gives keener anguish to the one than is felt at the death of Mr. Wardle, or who are remembered by the other with a kinder tear than falls over his grave. — October 7, 1844, brother James Whitehead. — November 2, 1844, the wife of brother Abraham Butterworth. — November 14, the wife of brother James Jaques Yew; all of the Welcome Visit Lodge. — November 21, the wife of P. G. William Johnson: the wife of brother Joseph Pratt; both of the Sincerity Lodge. — January 2, 1845, the wife of P. P. G. M. John Meadowcroft; all in the Shaw District. — November 4, 1844, brother Robert Stacey, of the Rock of Hope Lodge, Leicester District. — September 1, 1844, brother Samuel Parkin. — February 6, 1845, the wife of brother Walker Nicholson; both of the Victoria Lodge, Goole District. — August 29, 1844, the of brother Richard Smith, of the Foundation Stone of Truth Lodge. — October 27, 1844, brother James Godfrey, of the Hand of Friendship Lodge. — November 16, 1844, brother Joseph Taylor, of the Foundation Stone of Truth Lodge. — December 21, 1844, brother Henry Rowbottom, of the Hand of Friendship Lodge; all in New Mills District. — June 16, 1844, brother Wilson, of the Philanthropic Lodge; and brother Thomas McAnley. — September 1, 1844, brother George Morrell. — November 8, 1844, brother Parkinson; all of the Andrew Marvel Lodge. — December 5, 1844, host Briggs, of the Humber Lodge. — November 4, 1844, the wife of P. S. Hoyland, of the Victory Lodge; all in the Hull District. — December 8, 1844, the wife of P. G. William Roberts, of the Russell Lodge, Birmingham District. — August 14, 1844, P. G. Richard Butler, of the Invincible Lodge, Ludlow. — November 21, 1844, the wife of Sec. John Eastham, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Blackburn District. — December 15, 1844, the wife of N. G. Stephen Knowles, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Exeter District. — October 3, P. Prov. C. S. Thompson, of the Cleveland Lodge, Stokesley District. — December 23, 1844, host Thomas Jennings, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Hunslet. — December 18, 1844, brother John Williams, of the Gower Lodge. — December 22, 1844, brother William Evans, of the Wrgant Lodge. — January 20, 1845, brother Thomas Evans, of the same Lodge; both in the Merthyr District. — December 15, 1844, the wife of P. G. C. Malaney, of the St. Peter Lodge, Wrexham District. — May 31, 1844, P. G. Joseph Williams. — December 16, P. S. John Homer; both of the Widows' Protection Lodge, Fazeley District. — Brother Charles Daft, of the Tame Lodge, Kingsbury.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]







*A. Ward G.M.*

THE  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.  
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

JULY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1845.

MEMOIR OF HENRY WHAITE, P. G. M.

HENRY WHAITE was born in Manchester, on the 20th of August, 1803. At an early age he was placed in a Manchester warehouse, where he probably might have remained for life, in accordance with a promise held out to him by his employers; but feeling a strong inclination to learn a trade, and having three brothers who practised as artists, it was deemed advisable that he should be taught a business in connexion with the fine arts. He was consequently apprenticed to the trade of a carver, gilder, and picture frame maker. At the expiration of his term of apprenticeship, he was offered, first, a permanent situation with his master, and ultimately a partnership. He declined both these offers, having determined upon commencing business on his own account. Having a strong wish to see the London system of working, and their different styles and manners, he resolved to visit the metropolis, for the purpose of improving himself, and making purchases, before he entered upon his new undertaking. After residing in London four months, he returned to Manchester, and commenced business. In twelve months afterwards he took the premises he now holds in Bridge Street, and at the same period entered into the state of matrimony. By strict perseverance and constant personal exertions he has carried on a successful trade at his present establishment for the last nineteen years.

Mr. Whaite became a member of the Order on the 15th day of January, 1828, when he joined the Nelson Lodge, in the Manchester District. Shortly after his initiation he was elected secretary, but did not fill any other important office for some years afterwards, in consequence of unpleasant circumstances occurring in the Lodge, connected with some members who were eventually expelled from the Order. Since passing the chairs he has never been out of office in either the District or the Order. For four years together he was chosen on the Board of Management for the Manchester District, and upon each occasion was appointed a Trustee for the Funeral Fund. For a portion of the same time he was also a Trustee for the District Fund. He was afterwards elected Vice President of the Funeral Fund, but was obliged to resign the office upon being elected D. G. M. of the Order.

Mr. Whaite is of temperate habits, and when the Temperance Lodge was opened in the Manchester District, he accepted the office of G. M. He also threw his clearance into the Temperance Lodge, and has endeavoured by every means in his power to increase its members, and add to its comfort and appearance. As a reward for his services, the members presented him, about twelve months ago, with a gold watch and guard.

He has represented the Manchester District at York, the Isle of Man, Wigan, and Bradford, at which latter place he was elected D. G. M. In the succeeding year he was appointed G. M. at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and also a Trustee for the floating capital of the Order.

The course which Mr. Whaite has had to pursue as G. M. of the Order, during the last year, has been one of peculiar difficulty, in consequence of the opposition manifested by those parties who were disaffected towards the views of the Executive Government. Mr. Whaite's determined mode of proceeding must naturally have created great dissatisfaction in the minds of those who were anxious to obstruct those measures which were intended for the benefit of the Order at large. Nothing, however, could have been more gratifying than the way in which Mr. Whaite's explanation of his conduct was received by the deputies at Glasgow, and the unanimous approbation which was manifested, would, no doubt, well repay him for past anxieties.

Mr. Whaite is of unassuming manners and disposition, and makes no pretensions to oratorical skill; he is, however, unremitting in his attention to his duties, and has proved himself an excellent working member of the Institution. He is strictly upright and honourable in his dealings, and is universally respected as a tradesman. He has also secured for himself the esteem of a large circle of friends, and in his domestic relations his conduct has ever been unexceptionable. Mr. Whaite's character as a member of the Order, and of society at large, and as a friend, husband, and father, is equally estimable. He is the author of his own well earned prosperity, and we sincerely hope that he may be long spared to enjoy it.

#### THE A. M. C. FOR 1845.

For the first time, the A. M. C. has, this year, been held in Scotland, at the Trades' Hall, Glasgow, where one hundred and thirty-four delegates attended to represent their different Districts. This is a much smaller number than has met together for some years past, and was owing to the alteration made by the last A. M. C., which decided that Lodges should no longer have a power of sending representatives, but that they should be appointed by Districts, according to the number of their members. This resolution was passed in opposition to the adage that "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," and experience has proved that the reduction in quantity is not likely to be productive of any disadvantage. When the distance which the majority of the Deputies had to travel is taken into account, the meeting must, under the circumstances, be considered a large one; and may be viewed as an evidence of the deep interest which the various Districts felt in the many important questions which were about to be submitted for discussion. At nine o'clock the Deputies had assembled, and, after the names had been called over, Mr. Henry Whaite, G. M., opened the business of the week with the following address:—

**WORTHY DEPUTIES**—We are again assembled together to discuss and adopt measures, which, I doubt not, will have a tendency to promote the interest and stability of our Institution; and I can, with confidence, say there never were more important alterations suggested to any A. M. C. than those which will be brought before you in the course of the week. It cannot, for one moment, be expected, that out of 255,000 persons of different classes, and from different localities, there should be an entire unanimity of disposition and sentiment—that all should agree in opinion—or that the various authorities should give entire satisfaction to all. I am happy to say, however, that the number of dissatisfied parties is very small, and far from having any serious effect upon the proper administration of the laws. You, Gentlemen, compose the highest tribunal of the Order, and when you pass resolutions, those resolutions become law; and those who will not conform to them, whether members, Lodges, or Districts, cannot be allowed to remain amongst us, or be recognised as members or portions of the Order. You will remember that at the last A. M. C., held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, you armed the G. M. and Board of Directors with full power and authority to call for such information, and make such inquiries as would enable the present meeting to be put

in a condition of ascertaining the true financial position of our Lodges more correctly. In accordance with that resolution, the G. M. and Board of Directors issued statistical forms to be filled up by the officers of the different Lodges. I regret to say, however, that certain influential members of the Order interposed, and advised the Lodges in four different Districts not to comply with the resolutions of the A. M. C. or of the Board of Directors. Thereupon the officers of the Order, acting in accordance with your previous instructions, suspended the whole of the parties and Lodges guilty of this unjustifiable resistance to legislation—this piece of extreme insubordination, until the present meeting. (Hear! hear!) The whole of the proceedings will be laid before you in the course of the week, when you will have an opportunity of giving an opinion whether any, or what, punishment, shall be inflicted upon those who could thus openly violate the laws of the Order with such daring resistance, and be enabled to shew by your present proceedings, that misconduct of this character will not be allowed to be carried on with impunity. (Hear!) Gentlemen, as your chief officer during the past year, I have endeavoured to pilot your vessel to the best of my ability, in connexion with my excellent colleagues. Throughout the whole of the proceedings we have acted with firmness, determination, and strict impartiality; being convinced that it is by such administration of the laws alone that our proud position as a Society can be maintained; and we trust that our successors, those on whom the mantle of authority may fall, will exercise the same zeal, caution, and determination. (Hear!) With the single exception I have alluded to, the Order is in a most peaceable and flourishing condition; a great increase has taken place during the past year in the number of members and of Lodges. Gentlemen, I will now conclude by expressing a hope that you will give all the matters to be brought before you that calm consideration which the subjects will really require.

We shall not enter into a detail of the whole business brought before the A. M. C., but merely notice some of the most important decisions.

Persons connected with the Order, whether suspended or otherwise, are to be allowed to give evidence in any case brought before a Lodge or District Committee.

Lodges have power to advance invalids' money as a consideration of the sick-pay for the time being; but in nowise to sell, or compromise, the whole of their claims upon the funds of the Lodge or Order.

The Committee appointed to receive applications for new Districts, decided to accede to twenty-seven applications, and twenty-one were refused, sufficient reasons not being shewn for acceding to them.

The following are the alterations for the guidance of Lodges, relative to making their expenditure in proportion to their income:—

1. That all Lodges shall have the power of fixing what amount of contributions shall be paid per week by their members.
2. That the whole of the initiation-money, and a fixed amount of the contributions of members shall go to a fund, to be called the "General Contribution Fund of the Lodge," which fund shall be appropriated *exclusively* to paying the sick and funeral donations of the members.
3. That all Lodges establish a fund, which shall be called the "Incidental Expenses Fund," and out of which all expenses incurred by the Lodges, in conducting its affairs, (*over and above the amount paid for sick and funeral donations,*) together with their proportionate share of District expenses, shall be paid; but that it be optional with Lodges as to the various means they adopt by which they collect the sum required for such expenses from their members.
4. That for the sum of fivepence per week, to be paid into the "General Contribution Fund of the Lodge," Lodges shall be allowed to pay to their members not more than ten shillings per week during sickness the first twelve months, and five shillings per week afterwards, so long as they may continue sick, together with ten pounds at the death of a member, and five pounds at the death of a member's wife.
5. That a scale of contributions, sick gifts, and funeral money, be drawn up by the G. M. and Board of Directors, and circulated with the July Quarterly Reports of the Order, such scale to be in the following proportion:—that for every halfpenny of

contribution paid by members per week, and which is appropriated to the "General Contribution Fund of the Lodge," Lodges shall be allowed to pay to their members during sickness one shilling per week, together with one pound at the death of a member, and ten shillings at the death of a member's wife.

6. That the division of the different districts into No. 1 and No. 2, be left to the G. M. and Board of Directors. No. 1 class to consist of the manufacturing districts, and No. 2 class to consist of the agricultural districts; and in the scale of payments and benefits, twenty-five per cent. be allowed to the agricultural districts, the amount of mortality and sickness which occurs to those districts being twenty-five per cent. less than the amount of mortality and sickness in the manufacturing districts in the same time, and amongst the same number of members,—and should any Lodge or District object to such an arrangement, they shall have power to appeal against the decision of the G. M. and Board of Directors to the next A. M. C., whose decision shall be final and conclusive.

7. That the above payments and expenditure come into operation on the 1st day of January, 1846, but that any Lodge be allowed to adopt the same immediately.

NOTE. To remove an erroneous impression which has been made upon the minds of many members, the G. M. and Board of Directors wish it to be understood, and *without any qualification*, that there is no intention to interfere with the Funds of Lodges, but the control and management of the same is invested in the members for the time being.

A letter from the proprietors of the *London Journal and Pioneer Newspaper* was submitted to the Deputies, containing the following propositions:—

1. That the *London Journal and Pioneer Newspaper*, be the acknowledged organ of the Manchester Unity, the recognized medium of communication between its members, and that every Host of a Lodge be recommended to take one copy weekly for the use of such Lodge.

2. That one-fourth of the selling price of all the papers sold to Hosts, Lodges, and members, through the Prov. C. S. of the different Districts, be paid into the General Funds of the Order, to be afterwards appropriated as the A. M. C. may determine, and the remaining balance to the proprietors of the *London Journal and Pioneer Newspaper*, they first agreeing to devote the paper, exclusively, to the interest of the Manchester Unity, and to render it conformable, in all respects, to General Law; the profits to be disposed of in such manner as may be appointed by each succeeding A. M. C.

3. That the Prov. C. S. of every District be considered the agent for the sale of the above-named paper, whose duty it will be to receive all orders from Lodges and members, and forward the same direct to the office, Salisbury-Square, Fleet-Street, London. The accounts for such newspapers will be forwarded to every District with the Quarterly Reports of the Order. Districts to be responsible for the payment of all newspapers that may be ordered by the Prov. C. S.

4. That an agreement, based upon these resolutions, be signed by the Board of Directors, and the proprietors of the *London Journal and Pioneer Newspaper*.

It was resolved that the above-named offer of the proprietors of the *London Journal and Pioneer Newspaper* should be accepted by the Committee; and, that the *London Journal and Pioneer Newspaper*, and also the *Isle of Man Chronicle*, be allowed to be circulated in the different Lodges and Districts throughout the Unity; that orders for the same be received by the Prov. C. S. of each District; and that such papers be strongly recommended, not only to members of the Order, but to the host of each Lodge in the Unity.

It was also resolved that any member of the Order, wishing to establish a monthly periodical, might do so on his own responsibility, but that no portion of the General Fund should be appropriated for such purpose.

The Report of the Sub-Committee appointed to examine the proceedings of the Board of Directors during the past year, was passed, with a few slight alterations, after considerable discussion. It embodied a recommendation that all those Lodges who had sent in their *Financial Returns* should be re-instated

in the Order immediately; and that the remainder be allowed until the 1st of August, 1846, to comply with the 26th resolution of the last A. M. C., where they should be re-instated; and in case they would not comply in the above time, that they remained suspended until the A. M. C. of 1846. The following resolutions also sprung from the Sub-Committee's Report. That no member be compelled to attend processions or anniversary dinners. That District Officers be empowered to give clearances to members of closed Lodges, such members being in good health at the time, and paying over to the Lodge they may join, all amounts of money they may have received at the closing of such Lodge. That any member who may actually vote against any act or measure, or can prove he takes no part therein, to cause such Lodge to be suspended or expelled, the District Officers shall be allowed, under sanction of the G. M. and Board of Directors, to grant such member a clearance. This resolution not to come into effect before the 1st of August, 1845. Lodges to have the power to compel members to keep themselves clear on the books, by paying up, at least, each half-year; and that the N. G. of every Lodge be compelled to deduct from every member's sick-pay, the amount of his contribution, thus keeping him good on the books of the Lodge. That the Funeral Oration be not allowed to be read at the grave of a deceased member, without the express consent of the minister.

The Auditor's Report is a very valuable document, and contains much interesting matter. We gather from it the following particulars. The balance of cash placed to the credit of the Trustees of the G. M. and Board of Directors in the hands of Sir Benjamin Heywood and Co., was, on the 6th of January, 1845, £5309. 4s. 5½d., being an increase over the amount deposited in 1844, of £1281. 12s. 9d. The amount owing on the 1st day of January, 1845, was £811. 4s. 0½d. less than on the 1st of day January, 1844. The nett amount of profits realized on the sale of goods, for the year 1844, is £813. 7s. 11d., being an increase of £710. 17s. 2½d., over the profits of 1843. The profits realized on the sale of the Magazine, during the year 1844, are £584. 6s. 11d. The G. M. and Board of Directors recommended a portion of the profits arising from the sale of the Magazine, to be appropriated towards establishing Libraries and Schools in connexion with the Order, and the Auditors agreed in such recommendation; but it was disapproved of by the Sub-Committee, who stated that it would be a violation of the principle held out in connexion with the Magazine, namely, — That the profits should be appropriated to the assistance of the widows and orphans of our deceased brethren; and further, the amount of the profits that could be so appropriated they considered to be quite inadequate to the requirements of such a measure. When C. S. Ratcliffe was first elected to the office he now holds, (seven years ago,) the number of Lodges were 1,200, the number of members 90,000; the former has increased 2,800, and the latter 164,000; the gross amount of profits realized from the sale of goods since he entered office, has been upwards of £17,000. The increase of Lodges during the last year is 309; and the increase of members 21,461, making a grand total of 256,979 members, good upon the books of the different Lodges on the 1st day of January, 1845.

We extract a few resolutions which may be interesting to our readers:—

That the sum of £1000 be taken from the General Fund of the Order, to be invested as a surplus fund, in the names of ten trustees.

That in consequence of the C. S. of the Order being subject to heavy expenses, having had to pay during the last twelve months upwards of £140 for assistance, his salary be augmented to £300 per annum.

That the under-named members have their Portraits taken for the Quarterly Magazine, viz:—G. M. John Dickinson; P. P. G. M. Robert Glass, Pottery and Newcastle District; P. G. John Bolton Rogerson, Manchester District; and Prov. C. S. James Roe, North London District.

That the next A. M. C. be held at Bristol, on Whit-Monday, 1846.

That the G. M. and Board of Directors be armed with full power and authority to make all necessary inquiries into the possibility of obtaining from the Legislature of the country, an Act of Parliament, or Charter of Incorporation, or other means of securing the Funds of the Order, and that they report thereon to the next A. M. C.

That an alteration be made in the Lectures as now given in the Order, but that the Signs and Pass-words as now in use be retained.

That the G. M. and Board of Directors be empowered to insert in the Reports that they are willing to receive the proposals of any member to compose a complete set of New Lectures, containing an exposition of the leading principles of the Institution, together with Instructions to Officers and Brothers on their respective duties, such Lectures to have the approval of a General Board before they are published; and that the sum of £10 be paid for each of such Lectures. Lodges already opened to receive the same at cost price. That any member of the Order be considered competent to compile such Lectures.

That the 278th Law be rescinded and the following substituted, viz:—"That any Lodge wishing to alter any existing law, or introduce a new one, shall submit the same to a committee of the District, and if agreed to, notice thereof shall be sent to the C. S. of the Order, on or before the 14th day of January, in each year, who shall cause the same to be circulated with the Cash Account of January, in each year: when the Directors find two or more propositions in conformity with each other, one only shall be inserted—such Reports to be issued on the 1st of February. In all cases where a District wishes to alter an existing law, they shall propose a new law in full, as a substitute for the one they wish to alter.

That the sum of £15 be given to the Glasgow Infirmary, and the sum of £5 to the Night Asylum, from the General Funds of the Order.

The resolutions respecting the alterations in the rate of Lodge contributions and payments, will, doubtless, awaken general attention to the subject in the minds of the members of the Institution, and we would entreat them to weigh the matter maturely before they pronounce their opinions. Though the Order may, at the present time, appear to stand proudly pre-eminent as a provident society, those who have penetrated beyond the surface have, for some time past, entertained no groundless doubts of its eventual stability. With the numerous examples around us, of the rise and fall of other similar societies, it would be absolute madness to shut our eyes upon those causes which have hastened their downfall, and not to do all in our power to shun those rocks upon which others have been wrecked. Were our sole object to increase the number of our members, we might easily achieve it by reducing our initiation money and contributions, and at the same time increasing our allowance for sickness and funerals; but we are actuated by other and higher motives. We seek to provide a certain and enduring resource for those who are stricken with disease, and to keep at our command a sufficient fund for the interment of the dead. There are in societies like ours, as in life, three stages of progression—infancy, maturity, and age, and the one must inevitably follow the other. The infancy of Odd Fellowship has passed, its maturity is approaching, and it behoves us all to take care that its age may not be left defenceless and unprotected. Our present prosperity cannot, by any possibility, be made to apply to the future, and unless we bestir ourselves in the exercise of a diligent and

economical supervision of our funds, our descent will be much more rapid than our rise; and, though we have gone up like a rocket, we shall most assuredly come down like the stick. It is a conviction that such must be the case, that has led to the late financial inquiry, and which has been productive of the alterations referred to. We entreat our members not to be led away by any factious spirit of opposition, but to carefully examine the subject in all its bearings, and we are sure that we need not then be apprehensive of the result. Those entrusted with the executive and representative powers have been actuated by no unworthy or individual motives; their course would undoubtedly have been more pleasant, if they had sailed quietly with the vessel in calm and sunshine, and abandoned it when the storm was about to burst over their heads. There were, however, better influences at work amongst them, and they resolved to spare no exertions and shrink from no responsibilities in order to avert the impending calamity. Let all unite to aid them manfully in their endeavours, and let it not be said of us, as of other provident societies, that we have knowingly held out brilliant advantages which could not by possibility be realized; but rather let us secure for ourselves the great and glorious privilege of having placed upon a firm basis, an Order, which, in ages yet to come, may reflect honour and praise upon its founders.

Another subject of great interest to the members of the Order, is the sanction which has been given by the A. M. C. to the *London Journal*, and *Isle of Man Chronicle*. It has long been a matter of astonishment with those unconnected with the Institution, that so numerous a body as ours should be unable to maintain nothing more than a quarterly Magazine, which could not, by any means, be an adequate medium for the advocacy of our principles, and the defence of our proceedings. The Magazine should be the depository of light and instructive literature, and of sound and useful essays on the various features of the Institution. It is a publication that should be taken home to the Odd Fellow's fireside, and read to his domestic circle. Its very nature and mode of publication unfit it for recording events of passing interest, or grappling with the questions of the day; and we have for a long period been fully impressed with the necessity which existed for a monthly, or weekly, organ, in connexion with the Order. It was a reproach to us that we should be almost the only class unrepresented by the newspaper press, the more especially when our facilities of circulation were so much greater than those possessed by the majority of societies. We are now fully and fairly represented—we have our weekly Newspaper, our monthly Chronicle, and our quarterly Magazine; and we entertain little doubt that each will command its due share of support. The papers now sanctioned by the Order, may be made not only of inestimable value as the defenders and expositors of our objects and principles, but in a pecuniary point of view, they may be productive of vast good to the funds of the Institution. The liberal offer of the proprietors to allow the Order a clear twenty-five per cent. of their selling price, ought to be met in a corresponding spirit by the members, and we hope that a large and decided increase of sale will at once take place in every District. We should say that it would be a glaring want of policy and attention to their own interests, if the Hosts of Lodges did not universally patronize these publications; and we would advise every member who enters a Lodge-house, to let his first inquiry be for the "London Journal," or "Isle of Man Chronicle."



## THE ATMOSPHERE OF CITIES AND TOWNS.

- We noticed in our last, a pamphlet on the sanatory condition of Manchester, and other large towns, by John Leigh, M. R. C. S., &c., and we extract from it the following interesting passages:—

There are few subjects that have engaged more of the attention of chemical philosophers than the constitution and composition of the atmosphere; but whilst their researches have tended to establish a remarkable uniformity in its composition all over the globe, yet they have hitherto failed in detecting those accidental components, and that abnormal condition of it, which, in particular localities, give it the characteristic of unhealthiness and unwholesomeness. This arises, in part, from the very small portions of air on which they have been in the habit of operating, and partly from the difficulty in recognizing, by chemical appliances, very minute quantities of gaseous matter; moreover, we are, at present, totally ignorant of any method of detecting the presence, or discriminating the nature, of any organic matters diffused in the atmosphere.

In great cities, and manufacturing towns, large quantities of matter are poured into the atmosphere continually, and either become diffused through it by gaseous admixture, or remain suspended in it; and, according to the nature of these impurities, will be the effect on the atmosphere, and by inhalation, of the health of the residing population. It will be well, perhaps, to consider first, the effects of the matter held in mechanical suspension; and that the quantity of them is often very considerable, will be evident to any one entering Manchester in a dry season, after some days' residence in the country. There is a degree of opacity, a want of transparency, a haziness and thickness in the atmosphere, a feeling of dryness in inspiration, very observable at such times, of which nearly all new comers to Manchester complain. This is owing to fine, solid particles, floating in the air, and carried into the lungs at each respiration. The reflection of the sun's light from their surfaces, produces the opacity, or haziness. They consist partly of dust raised by winds, and traffic from the streets, partly of fine particles scattered to the air by blowing-machines, &c., in cotton mills and other manufactories; but these are as nothing, compared with the clouds of fuliginous particles constantly vomited forth from our factory chimneys, polluting the air, and impairing the health, and interfering with the comforts of the entire population. This smoke is the result of the imperfect combustion of coal in our furnaces. Coal is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and when heat is first applied to it in the ordinary mode of our fire-places, a species of distillation is established, a number of gaseous compounds of carbon and hydrogen are liberated, and remain invisible, till meeting, whilst in a heated state, with a quantity of oxygen, the hydrogen of the gaseous compounds unites with the latter, having much the greater affinity for it, and the carbon becomes precipitated, constituting the bulk of the visible smoke that now makes its appearance. Were a sufficient supply of oxygen afforded, and at a sufficient temperature, the whole of the carbon would be consumed, or combined, as well as the hydrogen, and nothing visible would escape from our chimneys. The heated ascending column of air carries this black precipitated matter with it up the chimney, from the orifices of which it pours forth, and settles in dense clouds over the town, mingling with the lower atmosphere, covering every thing, blackening the leaves, and choking the pores of plants, thus destroying vegetation; and carried into the lungs of the inhabitants, producing possibly a train of evils of serious magnitude. Were this carbonaceous matter properly consumed, carbonic acid and aqueous vapour would chiefly leave the chimneys; invisible gases, that, by the laws of gaseous diffusion, already adverted to, would rush into the wide realms of space, and be productive of no injury and no annoyance.

When we see the effect of a dense smoky atmosphere on plants, can we doubt that it exerts a powerful influence on the human system? The leaves are the lungs of plants; and, when their respiration is destroyed by a coating of this black irritant matter, the diminution of oxygen, and assimilation of carbon is checked, and they wither and perish.

That a positively injurious effect on health is produced by the constant inhalation of a smoky atmosphere, I am strongly of opinion; the respiratory organs being mechanically affected, and suffering considerable irritation. In those towns where much smoke is constantly loading the atmosphere, the bronchial glands are very frequently found, after death of the residents, perfectly black, and charged with carbonaceous matter, from the inhalation of fuliginous particles.

## ELSTOW, ITS MAID OF HONOUR, AND ITS PILGRIM.

BY JAMES WYATT.

READER, have you ever been to Elstow—the Elstow that is situated in the county of Bedford? If not—go now. Are you of a romantic temperament? then go, and be inspired by its ruins, ivy, lovers' walks, and stiles, that give you an excuse every five minutes to shew your politeness to your lady companion. Are you an architect, in theory or practice? Then visit the splendid old church, so full of architectural beauties, aye, and of peculiarities too, for the bell-tower and the nave have parted company, and live at a respectful distance from each other. Are you an admirer of that splendid romance "Pilgrim's Progress?" Of course you are, whatever you may be—then go, and visit the spot where honest John Bunyan was born!

The place has many things connected with it to warrant its being tacked on the garment of history, but in this paper we shall confine ourselves to the two subjects named at the head of it, and a notice, *en passant*, of just one more. In treating of places of this kind, it is always expected that a good pedigree should be given, from the landing of Julius Cæsar downwards; but, as we have neither time to spell out the eye-distracting engrossments in the state paper offices, nor the mouldy crumbling records in the tower, we shall content ourselves with that which has been brought to light and authenticated. To begin then. The village stands about two miles south-west of the town of Bedford, in the hundred of Redbornstoke, and upon the high road to Luton. At the entrance to the village, where the road is crossed by the Cardington and Ampthill road, stands a noble tree, and "thereby hangs a tale." Tradition states it to have formerly been a stake, driven through the body of a self-murderer, who was buried here, according to the ancient custom, and that it took root whilst in that situation and flourished. During the high political excitement in the times of the Revolution, it was the resting-place of royalty; and indeed long previous to this, when Henry III. marched to Bedford with his peers, and Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to compel the usurper De Brent to surrender the castle, his Majesty honoured the Lady Abbess of Elstow with a visit.

The abbey was founded in the reign of William the Conqueror for Benedictine nuns, by Judith, his niece, who was married to Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon; and was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, St. Mary, and St. Helen. "Its revenues," says Tanner, "when dissolved, were estimated at £284. 12s. 11½d., clear yearly value." The site was granted in 1553 to Sir Humphrey Radcliffe, Knight, (second son of the Earl of Sussex,) who resided in the abbey house.

The picturesque ruins adjoining the church, generally mistaken for the abbey, are the remains of a mansion erected in the reign of Charles I., by Sir Thomas Hillersdon, whose helmet and tabard still remain in the church, suspended over the pew of the Hillersdon family. The site of the abbey house is a short distance beyond, on the opposite side of the road, and is now the property of W. H. Whitbread, Esq. The only remains of the convent, are the church, and a small building at the south-west corner of it, supposed to be the vestibule. In the church many parts of the original structure can be traced, which contain portions of the earliest and most beautiful style of Gothic architecture. In the nave some of the columns are large and octangular, with the foliage round the capitals; the arches are pointed, and have plain deep mouldings. The north door-way is a fine specimen of Norman architecture; some of the columns are square and very massy, and most of the arches circular. The west door-way has been very elegant; the pillars on each side are slender, having capitals richly ornamented with foliage, now much mutilated. In the south aisle of the chancel is the tomb of Elizabeth Harvey, the last Lady Abbess of Elstow, with her effigy in brass; but as there are blank spaces left on the brass rim for the date of her death, it is doubted whether she was buried there; more particularly as she survived the dissolution of the abbey. There are other tombs of this kind on the opposite side of the chancel, but the brasses have been stripped off.

Paris and Dugdale state that King John, in 1216, gave the barony and castle of Bedford to his favourite Faukes de Brent, who rebuilt and fortified the latter; for which purpose he pulled down the Collegiate Church of St. Paul, in Bedford, for materials. Immediately upon hearing of this sacrilege, the Abbess of Elstow took the sword from the hand of the image of St. Paul, which stood in the convent, and vowed never to

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replace it until justice had overtaken the offender. She lived to see the miscreant captured by king Henry, and banished.

It appears by the Parliamentary Rolls, that in the year 1327, the Lady Abbess preferred a petition to Parliament, claiming the third penny in the town of Bedford, under a grant of Malcolm, King of Scotland. The Bedford people were tolerably priest-ridden and submissive, but were nevertheless indisposed to concede so much to the Lady Abbess; the burgesses of the town, therefore, affirmed and proved to Parliament in reply, that Malcolm never had the lordship of that town, consequently the application was dismissed.

In the parish register of the church of St. Mary, in Bedford, there are entries of the burial of three of the Elstow nuns:—"Dame Ann Preston, Dame Elizabeth Fox, and Dame Elizabeth Napier," who died in 1557 and 8.

Tradition says that Cromwell held his long Parliament in Elstow; of this circumstance there is no direct record, although it is possible that such might have been the fact, as he was in the immediate neighbourhood for some days previous to the battle of Naseby Field. If such were the case, the Parliament must have sat either in the church, or else under the "great tree," for the people did not appear to have much notion of building large rooms in that parish. Having thus far got through the historical, we shall proceed with that portion of our paper wherein a certain amount of romance is mingled.

The favourite "maiden of honour" of Queen Elizabeth was the fair Mary Radcliffe, a native of Elstow. She was the eldest of four daughters of Sir Humphrey Radcliffe, (who was the second son of Robert, Earl of Sussex, and Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, Duke of Buckingham.) The family of Harvey had been possessed of an estate and splendid residence here for a considerable period. About the middle of the reign of Henry VIII., the representative of the family was Edmund Harvey, (whose sister was Abbess of Elstow) and he married a Wentworth, by whom he had one child, a daughter. Upon one occasion he attended a royal tournament, given by Henry, and took his lady and daughter, the young Isabella. Among others who entered the lists was Sir Humphrey Radcliffe, son of the Earl of Sussex; and so nobly did he acquit himself, that he received the compliments and favours, not only from the monarch and his queen, who presided, but also from all his beautiful countrywomen who were present. Many of them presented him with wreaths, laurels, and flowers; others bestowed more costly presents. Upon his reaching that part where Edmund Harvey and his friends were assembled, his eyes rested on the fair Isabella; the glance was magical; the rich favours that had been bestowed upon him previously were valueless, compared with the beautiful smile of approbation that mantled her cheeks almost hidden from view by the clustering curls of jet. The maiden felt the intensity of the gallant knight's gaze, and, as he bowed gracefully before her, she tore from her bosom the knot of white ribbon (the virgin favour,) and blushing presented it to him, as a token of admiration of his prowess. This simple virgin-knot was received by Sir Humphrey with infinitely more enthusiasm than were the whole of the gifts besides. He would have lingered much longer with this little party, but the heralds sounded the trumpets for a fresh tilt. Having again received the congratulations of the group, he fastened the little white knot on his breast, waved his hand to Isabella, and galloped to the end of the lists.

On the following day the jousts were continued, and in more brilliant style than before. Many a stout lance was shivered on the corselet of an antagonist knight, and many a towering crest was lowered to the dust. Among the most distinguished and unconquered, was a knight equipped in a plain suit of steel armour, who, throughout the day, had his vizor closed. He attracted universal notice by his elegant seat, and skill in guiding his steed; and not less so by the ingenious and successful mode in which he used his lance in the encounter. He was engaged in the last tilt, which he ran successfully, having completely overthrown Philip de Lisle, a French knight, of great reputation in arms, and shattered his helmet. Many, and curious, were the speculations among the court ladies, as to whom the strange knight was; the black steed was strange, and the arms on the shield, borne by the esquire, a man ppr. bound with chains arg. on a field vert. were unknown, and the device of the sunflower, turning its head to the sun, surmounting the motto—"As constant,"—was equally inexplicable to all the inquisitors. Nay, we were wrong in asserting that *all* were in ignorance. There was one person present whose searching glance detected a little knot of white ribbon on the helmet of the knight; and whose throbbing heart told its owner, that she was no stranger

to the favour, or to the knight who bore it. As the combatants left the tilt-yard, they severally made obeisance to such of their friends as they recognised; the unknown, however, took no notice of any of the illustrious spectators, but passed along, erect in his saddle, until he reached that part where Isabella and her father were sitting; when he reined in his horse for a moment, lowered his lance, bowed till his plumes reached his horse's mane, and then rode away. The maiden was confused, nor was her confusion lessened on perceiving the disdainful looks given by the ladies surrounding her; and mortifying enough were the observations made by them in their attempts to cry down the strange knight who could pay courtesy to a country-looking girl in preference to high born dames like themselves. Although they had the moment before lavished the highest encomiums on his elegant bearing, he was now pronounced by them as an ill-born person, who maintained this incognito in order that he might enter the lists with his superiors; indeed he might be the brother of the country girl herself, but at any rate there was nothing noble about him. These, and similar unkind remarks, stung Isabella to the quick, and if she had not previously entertained any sympathy for the knight, this would have been sufficient to have generated such a sentiment; and as she silently left the tournament with her father, she felt bitterly annoyed that she should have been the cause of the knight being so greatly depreciated in the eyes of the lofty personages alluded to. Upon retiring to rest, she recalled the events of the day, and much did she marvel at the disguise of Sir Humphrey; for that it was he, there could be no doubt. On the following morning her father was dilating upon the anticipated splendour of an approaching pageantry, to which she paid but little attention, and craved leave to absent herself from it on the ground of fatigue. Her father, however, was so anxious for her to witness it, that at length she reluctantly consented, and they proceeded to Kensington.

The king had announced his intention of visiting Hampton, and accordingly the most magnificent preparations were made. As he passed through the suburbs, the roads were so crowded with spectators, that it was with difficulty the advanced-guard could clear the way. He was most loyally greeted from the balconies, which were gaily hung with coloured cloths and silks. In one of these, Edmund Harvey, with his wife and daughter, were stationed; and as the former eagerly directed the attention of the two ladies to different nobles of the state in the procession, the ears of Isabella were closed to the remarks of her father, and her eyes eagerly scanned the forms of the different knights as they rode past, in search of one for whom she now, in spite of herself, was most deeply interested. Often and often did she imagine she saw his purple plumes amid the mass that crowded along; but as often was she disappointed. At length a body of knights, with their lances borne aloft, made their appearance, headed by the Earl of Sussex, accompanied by his son. Although the face of the latter was nearly shaded by the full plumes of his helmet, Isabella found no difficulty in recognizing him; the noble steed foaming with impatience at the bit he was champing, was too well known by her to be mistaken. Eagerly did she lean over the balcony, in the hope to catch his eye, and grateful did she feel for the temporary halt which was occasioned by the pressure of the crowd. The young knight was too deeply engaged in thought to take notice of the gay and smiling occupants of the windows and balconies, little imagining that she on whom his thoughts dwelt would be present. As they proceeded a few steps further, however, he was roused from his reverie by his horse starting and plunging, which was occasioned by a glove falling from one of the balconies. Gallantry prompted him to dismount and pick up the glove to return it; upon looking up, his eyes met those of Isabella, and as he returned her glove, (for it was hers) on the point of his lance, and she bowed her thanks, he felt more than half convinced that she was not totally insensible of his profound respect for her. He fell back from the procession as it moved along, and guided his horse through a narrow lane, where he remained until the pageantry had entirely passed. His object in doing this was to prevent the Earl from seeing him notice Isabella; well knowing his haughty disposition towards the dignity of his order, and his inflexible ambition to ally his son to the heiress of a noble house. Having emerged from his retreating place, the young knight again came beneath the balcony, and after bowing in a courtly manner, addressed the father of Isabella, who was just preparing to leave the balcony. Upon their descending to the street, the knight dismounted, and accompanied them into the city, leading his horse, and entertaining them by the way with his elegant conversation. When they reached their resting place, Harvey pressed

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the knight to join them at their meal, which he joyously acceded to. So well had he succeeded in gaining the confidence and regard of his new friend, that, ere they parted, the knight confessed his love, and received Harvey's permission to woo Isabella, on condition that she herself expressed no objection. Suffice it to say, on the morrow the knight accompanied them on their journey homewards; and, fearing the displeasure of his father, the Earl, at the step he had taken, he represented himself as a soldier of the Earl's retinue, and under this guise did he receive the hand of the fair Isabella, a few days afterwards, at the Abbey of Elstow. Not until after the death of the parents of Isabella, did she know of the rank of her husband; nor did he reveal this secret to her until he had received the earl's pardon for the step he had taken. By this time Sir Humphrey had two sons and four daughters, the eldest of whom was Mary, who became the maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth. Immediately upon the accession of Elizabeth, she gave Radcliffe an appointment, and took his daughter as her "Maiden of Honour, and Gentelwoman of the Privy Chamber," which post she filled honourably, virtuously, and faithfully, for forty years.

In the year 1566, on the 13th day of August, Sir Humphrey Radcliffe died at Elstow, and was buried there in the conventual church, by the side of dame Isabella, his affectionate and faithful wife. His son erected a tablet to their memory, which still remains in the church over the communion table.

Mary Radcliffe suffered less than any person perhaps about the court from the caprices of her royal mistress. Being possessed of great penetration and judgment, together with a high sense of virtue and unshaken fidelity, she could not fail to hold the esteem of Elizabeth. Although beautiful in person, she was inaccessible to the flatteries of the gallants by whom the queen was surrounded, and many a smart repartee has been received by the courtiers when trying to turn the head and heart of Mary Radcliffe. "Upon one occasion," says Sir Nicholas Lestrangle in an anecdote communicated by Lady Hobart, "Mistress Radcliffe, an old courtier in Queen Elizabeth's time, told a lord, whose conversation and discourse she did not like, that his wit was like a custard, nothing good in it but the soppe, and when that was eaten, you might throw away the rest." (*M.S. Harl.* 6395.) However, Mistress Radcliffe throughout the long period of her state service, bore a character unblemished. She looked upon herself as a new year's gift, having been presented to the queen on that day, 1561, by her father, and accepted by her Majesty; and never afterwards failed to present her royal mistress and friend with a gift of some kind on that day. Nicholas says "Mistress Mary Radcliffe was one of the Queen's Maydens of Honour, as early as New Year's Day 1561-2; and she was still living to offer a gift to her Royal Mistress on New Year's Day 1599, 1600; so she is with justice termed an 'old courtier of the Queen.'"

It might with truth be added, that as Mary Radcliffe lived universally honoured, so did she die universally revered and regretted; a pattern of excellence to all who may follow.

Our next notice of Elstow is with regard to its pilgrim, John Bunyan, who has done more to secure a fame for it than all beside. We will not attempt to give a full account of the life of this extraordinary man, as all the materials have been so frequently worked up with copious dissertations by his numerous biographers, some rightly, some wrongly—some carefully, others carelessly, and one very absurdly; but we shall merely give a brief notice, by way of recalling to the minds of our readers some of the chief points in his singular career. He was born at this village in 1628, in a small cottage by the roadside. The aspect of the cottage has been much altered, inasmuch as, upon one occasion, a new front was put to it, and upon another occasion a new roof was added; so that in fact at the present time, only a small portion of the original fabric remains. It appears from a private letter, lately put into our hands, that the original cottage was standing in 1809. The writer, after alluding to Bunyan, says to his friend, a minister in Bedfordshire,—“Since I saw you, I look'd at the house in which Shakespeare was born, but I assure you not with half the veneration with which I survey'd the humble cottage at Elstow.”

To use Bunyan's own words, he was “of a low and inconsiderate generation;” his “father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land.” He was bred to the trade of a tinker, like his father, and worked as a journeyman at Bedford. He learned to read and write, but soon lost almost all that he had learned, by getting amongst vile companions, by whom he was early initiated into

all sorts of vice and ungodliness; and the only indication of his having a capacity above the village rabble was afforded by his being a ring-leader of the boisterous and reckless swearers and sabbath-breakers. So it has been said by some of his biographers, but it is very clear, upon reflection, that Bunyan never was so dissolute as he has been represented. That he was somewhat lax in his conduct, nobody will deny; but the real fact is, when he became endued with a sense of religion (perhaps mainly through having married a very virtuous and pious young woman) he used to break forth in a rhapsodical manner upon his former habits, and launch out in very severe self-accusations; and his biographers took them in too literal a sense. At the age of seventeen he entered Cromwell's army (1645) and was drawn out with others to go to the siege of Leicester; but when he was just ready to set off, one of the company expressed a desire to go in his stead; Bunyan consented, the volunteer took his place, went to the siege, and was shot as he stood centinel. About two years after this, he became very devout, and paid great deference to the clergy, and married the daughter of a godly man. He became acquainted, about this time with John Gifford, who was the pastor of the Bedford Old Meeting House, but who had formerly been a wretchedly dissolute major in King Charles's army, and narrowly escaped execution as a rebel. Bunyan attended the meeting, and at the age of twenty-five, (1653) was admitted a member. In 1657 an indictment was preferred against him by the clergy, for preaching at Eaton Socon, and in November, 1660, he was apprehended and thrust into Bedford prison, on the banks of the river Ouse. At the sessions he was tried, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and desired to go to *Chawck* for the future. Refusing to abandon his principles, he was detained in prison for twelve years, where he supported his family by tagging laces. Upon one occasion, after John had been in prison for several years, a Quaker came to see him, and convert him from his extreme opinions, adding,—“Friend John, the Lord hath sent me to thee, and I have been in half the prisons of England before I could find thee;” to which Bunyan quaintly replied,—“It is very plain the Lord never sent you, for he knows I have been in this prison for the last seven years, and you would have found me immediately.” It appears that Bunyan's views, and those of the Quakers, were always somewhat at variance. John and the Quakers had, previously to this time, been engaged in a theological controversy, which was commenced by his composing a treatise against the heresies which they were then pouring forth so profusely. The title of the treatise is odd enough:—“Profitable directions to stand fast in the doctrine of Jesus, the Son of Mary, against those blustering storms of the Devil's temptations, which do at this day, like so many scorpions, break loose from the bottomless pit, to bite and torment those that have not tasted the virtue of Jesus, by the revelation of the spirit of God.” The reply to this is inserted among “the Memorable Works of a Son of Thunder and Consolation, namely, that True Prophet and Faithful Servant of God and Sufferer for the Testimony of Jesus, Edward Burroughs. Published and Printed for the good and benefit of Generations to come, in the year 1672.” In John's answer to this he maintained that the opinions held at that day by the Quakers, were the same that the Ranters had held long ago, (which he had warned the people against aforetime) “only the Ranters had made them threadbare at an alehouse, and the Quakers had set a new gloss upon them again by an outward legal holiness, or righteousness.” The controversy was carried on with much warmth, but it does not appear that either party made converts of the other, only the “Son of Thunder” had the last word. After leaving the gaol, he preached at Hitchin, Reading, and other places; and it was in consequence of riding on horseback to the latterplace, in a heavy rain, that he took cold; fever immediately followed, and he died in ten days after, at the house of Mr. Struddock, a grocer, on Snow Hill, on the 12th of August, 1668, in the sixty-first year of his age, and was buried at Bunhill Fields. A relic of Bunyan's still remains in the vestry of the Old Meeting House at Bedford; it is a high straight-back armed chair, which he was much in the habit of using; this has, of course, rendered it an object of veneration. There are also in Bedford, in the possession of Mrs. Hillyard, widow of the late Rev. Samuel Hillyard, (minister of the before-named meeting) two other undoubted relics of Bunyan; his broth-bowl, and the original will, whereby he bequeathed his property. This document is rather in the form of a deed of gift, and was prepared previous to his arrest. Dr. Southey, and others, have alluded to it at great length, and a fac simile of it has been published.

About a century and a half passes over, and *then* Bunyan's “devoted admirers” take into consideration the propriety of erecting a suitable monument to his memory.

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A Gothic design has been prepared; we hardly know whether that is the most consistent design that could be made. If an epitaph should be required, the ejaculation of Dr. Maginn may be inscribed; it is almost as laconic as that on Ben Jonson's tombstone, and almost as racy; although there was as little sentiment and romance in Maginn as in any man. The Doctor had been attending the late Mr. Frazer's funeral, and at the conclusion of the service, he asked the gravedigger where John Bunyan's tomb was. The gravedigger took him to the spot. Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, and seemed unconscious of any one's presence—the bright sunshine pouted around him—at length he seemed moved, and turning away, exclaimed in deep and solemn tones,—"Sleep on, thou prince of dreamers!"\*

To return again to the subject of relics, we crave leave to add that we admire and reverence such things, provided they be of great and good men, and events; particularly if of men who have risen from the masses and outstripped their fellows in intellect, or virtue; and for this reason we have experienced much pleasure in seeing John's chair and broth-bowl. But there is another relic which is far more valuable—his own copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs, which was his close companion and bosom friend, during his long imprisonment. After a long absence this book has again found its way to Bedford;—that town where, in the hours of deep affliction and foreboding, mainly through the instrumentality of the Bible and this book, his drooping spirits were sustained—a glorious light broke in upon his dark pilgrimage—and his heart was inspired with resolution and hope, as ardent, and as pure, as ever pervaded the bosom of a martyr.

That honest John loved and revered his book there can be little doubt; that for his sake alone posterity will revere it, there can be less doubt; and enviable must the feelings of that society be, who possess so estimable a relic.

The work is in three volumes, folio, and is the same which Dr. Southey thus notices in his *Life of Bunyan*. "There is no book, except the Bible, which he is known to have perused so intently, as the 'Acts and Monuments of John Fox, the Martyrologist,' one of the best of men. Bunyan's own copy of the work is in existence, and valued, of course, as such a relic, of such a man, ought to be. In each volume he has written his name beneath the title page in a large and stout print-hand, a fac-simile of which we have obtained; and under some of the wood-cuts he has inserted a few rhymes, which are undoubtedly his composition."

This is no doubtful relic, but its authenticity is unquestionable; it is as well known among bibliographers as is a Caxton; and has, for many years past, been eagerly sought after by collectors of valuable books. It was in one family about a century. In the year 1780 it came into the possession of Mr. Wontner, of London, from whom it descended to Mrs. Parnell, his daughter, who gave Dr. Southey permission to transcribe the verses and autographs written in the volumes by Bunyan's own hand. It was recently sold at Mr. Evans', in Pall Mall, and was purchased by Mr. Upcott for a gentleman, from whose hands it came to Mr. James Bohn. It was then purchased of the latter by Mr. White, of Bedford, a great admirer of Bunyan, at the price of forty guineas, solely for the purpose of being deposited in the town where, in its earlier days, it was so well appreciated by its then venerable owner. A subscription was raised, the book became public property, and is now deposited in the Bedford County Library, where all visitors may see and read the quaint verses and notes written in the margins by this "Spenser of the people."† We subjoin a fac-simile of the autograph on one of the title pages.

JOHN: BUNYAN

During Bunyan's ministry at Bedford he resided in a house at that part of the town now called St. Cuthbert Street. The house afterwards became the property of the late George Livius, Esq., who devised it to the trustees of the poor of the Moravian congre-

\* Chambers.

† D'Israeli.

gation at Bedford, at the death of his wife. This lady died in 1837, and the house was then transferred to the trustees. It was much delapidated, and therefore pulled down shortly afterwards. This was the house Bunyan devised by his will, or deed of gift.

The Bible that was used by Bunyan in his pulpit was disposed of some years back to the late Mr. Whitbread, for a very considerable sum; and is now in the possession of the family at Southill.

The work upon which the fame of Bunyan chiefly rests is the extraordinary allegory, *Pilgrim's Progress*, which was written during his imprisonment, and was, it is supposed, published before his release. Probably no book in the English language has gone through so many editions, and met with so wide a sale. It has been translated into French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and other languages; and in all human probability, will be a readable and profitable book, so long as books and libraries exist. He wrote several other prose works, the *Holy War*, the *Heavenly Footman*, and a *Series of Visions*, &c.

*Pilgrim's Progress* was written in two parts, and at Bunyan's death some person added a third, which is frequently bound up with the modern editions. It appears that during his life time there were some literary sharks who wished to deprive John of his fair fame—some announced that the idea of the work had been borrowed; and others, that he never wrote it at all; whilst certain parties claimed the merit of composing it themselves. These dishonest pirates were, however, put to the blush by John himself; for, in the first edition of the *Holy War*, he affixed some characteristic rhymes as an advertisement to the reader, a portion of which we subjoin.

Some say the Pilgrim's Progress is not mine,  
Insinuating as if I would shine  
In name and fame by the worth of another,  
Like some made rich by robbing of their brother.

It came from mine own heart, so to my head,  
And thence into my fingers trickled;  
Then to my pen, from whence immediately  
On paper I did dribble it daintily.

----- Witness all good men,  
For none in all the world, without a lye,  
Can say that "this is mine," excepting I.

Witness my name; if anagramm'd to thee,  
The letters make *Nu-hony-in-a-B*.

JOHN BUNYAN.

John turned his hand to rhyme occasionally, and although his Pegasus was very rough shod, and limped occasionally, yet his verses contain some very brilliant ideas, most vigorously conveyed in his quaint phrases. The subjects he chose for his sonnets, and short poems, would certainly appear somewhat unpoetical to many of our moderns—to wit, *Meditations upon an Egg; Upon over much Niceness; Meditations upon a Candle; Of the Mole in the Ground; Upon the Frog; Upon the whipping of a Top; Upon the sight of a Pound of Candles falling to the Ground; Upon a Penny Loaf; On the Cackling of a Hen*, &c. &c. In the meditations upon a candle there are some beautiful, as well as ingenious, comparisons; there is "many a diamond in a rough jacket" in this and other of the poems. We look upon it that a great many of the modern versifiers would be glad to have always at command as good stuff as John has worked up in these lines

#### ON THE CACKLING OF A HEN.

The Hen so soon as she an egg doth lay,  
(Spreads the fame of her doing what she may)  
About the yard a cackling she doth go,  
To tell what 'twas she at her nest did do.  
Just thus it is with some professing men,  
If they do ought that's good; they like our hen,  
Cannot but cackle on 't where'er they go,  
And what their right hand doth, their left must know.

Before we have done with Elstow we must just notice the "one more" character peculiar to it—the village oracle, Master Bentam. He is not a particularly sentimental person, either in mind or occupation, but he is a very busy one, or rather has been, for he is old and somewhat feeble now. If you want for anything, he is the man to furnish you with it, or advise you how to proceed in getting it. He is an original, unquestion-



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ably; and something of a genius too, for he manufactures shoes of all sizes, from off half a dozen lasts; and he is equally handy in trimming the upper dominions of the villagers; but his sign board over the front door, will best explain his occupation, therefore, we give a verbatim copy:—

Here lives a man, who dont refuse,  
To make and mend, both Boots and Shoes,  
His Leather's good, his work is just,  
His profit small, and cannot Trust.  
N. B. Shave and Cut Hair.

It will be seen by this that he has a notion of being a poet too; but sometimes his Pegasus will break down before he has carried abroad all his choice ideas; and the old man is therefore obliged to dismount, and descend to humble prose, as in this particular instance; but we rather like the choice *nota bene* after all, though it be in prose. We ought perhaps, to please some, to enlarge more upon our old friend, but we feel some delicacy in so doing whilst he lives to tell his own tale. It is enough that we point out his "whereabouts," and leave our readers to pick up his stray jokes and eccentricities; death has not yet made him entirely public property, and it is our earnest wish that he may forbear to do so for many long years yet to come.

We will for a moment again return to the beauties of the locality. One of the most picturesque scenes about the village of Elstow, is the ruin beside the Church, when viewed from the high road. Upon a nearer approach, the poet would find ample food for his romantic mind, particularly about sunset—

"When evening mellows all the glowing scene,  
And the dew descends in drops of balm:  
When the sweet landscape, placid and serene  
Inspires the bosom with a pensive clam;"

or if visited by moonlight, his soul would revel in the wild scene before him as the nightingale swells her mellow note—the bat flits round the old detached church tower—and the rank weed, and the luxuriant ivy, are alike waved by the fanning zephyr. The hour, the scene, and the association, combine to raise the soul above "mortal mould," and for a time, in the height of his enthusiasm, he appears to hold converse with ministering spirits of a higher and better world. At such a time as this, when the holy hour "is quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration," how smoothly the distracting scenes of base traffic, the selfishness of false designing men, and the acrimony of political discord, pass from the recollection; and memory refuses to conjure up to the mind's eye, anything but heavenly serenity and perfection.

*Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.*

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## THE SNOWDROP IN THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

It was a darksome alley,  
Where light but seldom shone,  
Save when at noon a sunray touch'd  
The little sill of stone

Beneath the poor man's window,  
Whose weary life was bound  
To waste at one dull ceaseless task,  
The passing seasons round.

Spring's dewy breath of perfume,  
And Summer's wealth of flowers,  
Of the changing hues of Autumn's leaves,  
Ne'er blest his lonely hours.

He knew too well when winter  
Came howling forth again,  
He knew it by his fireless grate,  
The snow and plashing rain.

THE SNOWDROP IN THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW. 353

He shrank from the frost winds' biting,  
Yet still his task he plied,  
Want chain'd him ever to the loom  
By the little window's side.

But when the days grew longer,  
He stole one happy hour,  
To rear, within a broken vase,  
A pale and slender flower.

How tenderly he moved it  
To catch the passing ray,  
And smiled to see its folded leaves  
Grow greener every day.

His faded eyes grew brighter,  
To see the Snowdrop bloom;  
To him it seem'd a star of light,  
Within that darksome room.

And as he gently moved it,  
To catch the light again,  
Oh! who can tell what memories  
Were busy in his brain!

Perchance his home of childhood  
In a sylvan valley lay,  
And he heard the voice of the running streams,  
And the green leaves' rustling play.

Perchance a long departed,  
But cherished dream of yore,  
Rose up through the mist of want and toil,  
To bless his heart once more.

A voice of music whisper'd  
Sweet words into his ear,  
And he lived again that moonlight hour,  
Gone by for many a year.

Or o'er some well beloved  
He had seen the Snowdrop bloom,  
And ever he rear'd that flower to keep  
The memory of their tomb!

Or but the love of nature  
Within his bosom stirr'd—  
The same sweet call that is answer'd by  
The blossom and the bird!

The free unfetter'd worship,  
Paid by the yearning soul,  
That seems to feel its wings expand  
To reach a brighter goal.

An aspiration showing  
Earth binds us not her slave,  
But we claim a brighter being,  
A life beyond the grave!

Thus the poor man's heart grew purer,  
As he plied his task alone,  
And watch'd the bending Snowdrop  
Upon the window stone!

# ODD FELLOWSHIP IN FRANCE.

OPENING OF A LODGE AT ROUEN, IN NORMANDY, AND REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNEY THERE.

BY THOMAS LANCASTER, P. PROV. G. M.

[Concluded from April Number.]

AFTER a good night's rest I awoke in excellent spirits, determined to enjoy fully the novel situation in which I found myself, and feeling much amused by reflecting upon the curious annoyances to which my ignorance of the manners of the country had exposed me, and for which I felt that I was more to blame than those from whom I had met with them, I breakfasted, and afterwards went with an English gentleman, who was staying at the house, to take a bird's eye view of the city, leaving mine host, his lady, and all the family, deeply engaged in the various preparations for the day's business.

Rouen is a very large and ancient city, but exceedingly dirty; and although it stands upon a hill, it is yet surrounded by still higher ones. It is rich in historical recollections, and among other monuments is one, in the *Place de Pucelle*, to the memory of the Maid of Orleans, which stands as a lasting disgrace to the English name, celebrating, as it does, the burning, in that spot, of Joan of Arc, by order of the then English Regent, the Duke of Bedford. There are three splendid cathedrals, one called the cathedral of Rouen, another of St. Jacque, and the other, which is the most magnificent, the cathedral of St. Ouen; the latter excels, in architectural beauty, all that I have ever seen or heard of, not excepting Notre Dame of Paris, Westminster, or York Cathedrals. Space will not allow me to describe all its various beauties—all is perfect, from the magnificent gateway entrance, to each of the separate paintings, and there are hundreds of them in the various chapels contained in the interior. The general appearance of the building, when viewed from the Chapel of our Lady, in the transept, at the end facing the principal entrance, is most imposing. Two rows of massive pillars, from one end to the other, divide it into three divisions; these columns are, I believe, fifty-two in number, and are of immense size; from the capital, at the top of each, rises an arch in each direction, so that the entire roof is formed of one continuous succession of pure Norman, or pointed arches, most elaborately ornamented, and is justly considered by the inhabitants of Rouen as one of the finest specimens of purely Norman architecture in the world. In the old Cathedral de Rouen, are some very interesting statues and relics of antiquity, and among them is said to be the embalmed heart of Richard I. of England, or *Cœur de Lion*, which we are told was recently discovered in an urn, while opening an old grave immediately under the monument erected to the memory of the three Cardinals of Amboise, which monument is a fine piece of sculpture. The heart is not shewn, but there is a colossal statue of the lion-hearted monarch, which is said to have been found in the same mausoleum. There are likewise the tombs of the great Lord Talbot, immortalized by Shakspeare in his play of King Henry the VI., and that of the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France in the same reign. I was shown the tomb of a great Catholic bishop, who is said, in a fit of anger, to have killed his cook with a ladle, for spoiling his dinner, and who died in remorse for the act, desiring in his will that he might neither be buried in the church, nor out of it; which wish was complied with by his tomb being placed in the solid substance of the wall of St. Ouen. There are likewise many other remarkable tombs, and most elaborately-finished pieces of statuary, which, although indelibly fixed in my memory, would occupy far too great a space, were I to attempt a description of them.

On returning to the hotel from my visit to these three cathedrals, I found all were anxiously waiting for the opening of the Star of Normandy Lodge. The house was full of company, and the Secretaries, Messrs. Shipman, Junr., and Jordan, were busily employed in entering in the proposition book, the names of those who had been proposed for initiation; and the worthy surgeon, Mr. Walton, was examining them as to their health, &c. After these preliminary affairs were completed, I managed, according to instructions I had received from various Lodges and Districts, to receive the money, and give the password, &c., so as to procure the aid of four brothers to form the number required to open the Lodge, which was done in due form, and with the aid of P. P. G. M. Parkes, I proceeded to initiate thirty-one members into the mysteries of Odd Fellowship,

some of them for the second time, as from the impossibility of paying their contribution to their Lodge, many of the English members, resident at Rouen, had been compelled to forfeit, for a long time, their claim as brothers, but were now, by leave of the Lodges they had belonged to, again initiated. This fact alone must convince any one of the great service the new Lodge will be to the cause of Odd Fellowship, by preventing the loss of many a worthy and excellent member of the Order. Nearly half as many more were proposed that day, who have since been initiated, and many more beside; and ere these pages can be read, the Star of Normandy Lodge will, no doubt, be a numerous and well-conducted branch of the excellent tree of Odd Fellowship.\* The fortunate residence of Mr. Parkes at Rouen, enabled me to install an efficient and experienced N. G. for the Lodge; and the other two principal offices were filled by Messrs. Jordan and Shipman, whose experience in the Order will, I feel certain, do honour to the choice made that day. Every minor office was likewise filled in a proper and legal way, and before I finally left them, I took care that every officer was in possession, from memory, of such of his charge as would be required for the initiation of members during the time that the authorities of France might think fit to detain their books and charges.

I will here mention one fact respecting the brethren at Rouen, which speaks volumes both for their zeal in the cause of the Order, as well as their kindness towards me; I feel that it ought not to be concealed, though the relation of it by me may savour somewhat of egotism, but I feel that it redounds more to their praise than my own. After the usual business had concluded, I was requested, upon some feigned business, to leave the Lodge, and go down stairs, and upon my return I found, to my great surprise, but I must add, gratification, that a voluntary subscription had been opened, and a very handsome sum subscribed, to present me with a mark of their respect and esteem; and I subsequently received a very handsome silver snuff box and medal, with the proceeds thereof. This was the first present it had fallen to my lot to receive during my career in Odd Fellowship; and should this fall into the hands of any of my kind friends at Rouen, I beg again to assure them that I shall cherish it while life shall last, among my most valued possessions.

The dinner that followed the conclusion of our business was a first-rate affair, but of that I need not speak here, as it has already appeared in the public papers; I will only say, that as a demonstration of their excellent feeling towards the cause of the Order, it was highly satisfactory to me, and must have been equally so to those who had laboured long and hard for the foundation of the new Lodge.

The railroad from Harvre to Paris will, when complete, pass through, or rather under, the city of Rouen; the tunnels employ hundreds of men day and night, in advancing them to completion. I went down one of the shafts to see the tunnel, and although the miners and excavators are well paid for their labour, yet I fancy few would envy their dangerous and unpleasant employment. Accidents are very numerous there, and not long before my arrival, a member of our Order met his death in one of the tunnels. In all connected with railway, or machinery work, there seemed full employment and much activity at Rouen, and the most skillful and best paid artisans were English.

While I staid at Rouen, I saw a review of some French regiments upon the *Champ de Mai*, or Camp of Mars; they looked showy, and well disciplined, but the physical proportion of the men, and the minutiae of their equipment are vastly inferior to our own infantry; they are nevertheless good soldiers, and look well. The surplus pay of a foot soldier in France is not more than one penny per day, but being drawn from nearly all ranks, their friends, I was informed, assist them. In the *Palais de Justice* at Rouen, I saw a trial of a prisoner for some capital offence. The ceiling of this noble hall is composed of solid oak carvings, and is very fine as well as very ancient. Not far from this there is a fine gateway, centuries old, of solid stone, very finely carved, and representing the death of one of the Apostles. This street is called *rue de gros cloche*, (street of the great clock,) from an immensely large and superannuated clock suspended there. Across the river Seine there is a very handsome suspension bridge, of modern erection; the price to cross which is the fifth of one halfpenny. In crossing over this bridge, I had given the man an old battered sous piece, and passed on, but was called back to receive my change in the form of four cents, a coin of the smallest value, but

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\* The number of members now exceeds one hundred.

neat and far more valuable in appearance than the one I gave him. The French coins are as different as possible to our own, and some of the value of three halfpence are like the tops of buttons our boys play with, there being not the vestige of an impression upon them. There is a great want of gold coin, I never saw one while there; but the change for notes is given in the heavy five francs pieces, the weight of which alone will let you know when you have money in your pocket.

The beard is now cultivated with great care by Frenchmen of nearly all ranks, and to me at first it appeared strange to see the shopkeeper behind his counter, weighing tea, or measuring out cloth, with a beard, whisker, and moustache, as we see them in our old pictures. The most striking peculiarity among the Norman people is the strange sort of caps worn by the women, which fit close to the head and face, and the crown rising like a pyramid a full yard above the head; at the summit is a frill, and frequent a ribbon and smart brooch; this head-dress is beautifully white, and the whole effect is novel and rather pleasing. Bonnets are quite out of the question there; and the wooden *sabots*, or shoes, cut out of one piece, like a boat, are worn by nearly all classes, except the very highest. Around Rouen are many towns and villages rich in historic recollection, and the view of the city from the hill of St. Margaret is very fine. In short, I would recommend any of my friends travelling upon the continent to visit Rouen, and they will find much both to interest and amuse them, and above all, they should not forget the new Lodge in *Boulevard St. Hilaire*, No. 23.

Not being properly conversant with the language, brought me into many dilemmas, annoying though amusing, as it must do any one similarly circumstanced; for instance, my friend Shipman, although a resident at Rouen for some time, and in the daily habit of conversing in French, yet could not properly understand it; he volunteered one morning to go with me to post a letter I had written to the minister of the Interior about the Lodge books, and as he was supposed to be the best Frenchman, he went to the office to pre-pay the letter, whilst I remained behind with a mutual friend; finding him a long time gone, we went to see where he was, and found him gazing vacantly at the boats upon the wharf, and walking, evidently in trouble, upon the side of the Seine. "Hollo, Shipman!" was the exclamation. "What are you doing here? What are you looking for?" "Why," said Mr. Shipman, "I am looking for some boat to put the letter in; which do you think it can be?" "Put the letter into a boat," said our friend; what the deuce do you want to do that for?" "What for!" said Mr. Shipman, "how should I know, the clerk told me to do so." Somewhat doubting the accuracy of Mr. Shipman's instructions, we all repaired to the post office, and thus we found the matter stood. When he presented the letter, he inquired the postage, as we meant to pre-pay it; it appeared, however, that no charge is made in France for any letter addressed to a minister, therefore, the clerk refused the money, and said, "*Donnez la boîte, Monsieur*," (put it in the box, sir.) Mr. Shipman could not exactly understand that, but as the word *boîte* sounds much like boat; he said in English "Boat, Sir, pointing over the box to the water. "*Oui, Monsieur*," said the clerk; and off walked my good friend Shipman, to find the proper boat in which to put the letter he held in his hand, as he walked on the wharf side, where we found him.

After staying near a week at Rouen, I left it by the railroad for Paris, the terminus of which stands close by the old stone bridge at Rouen; thinking to see the country best in an open carriage, I went by the third class carriage, but speedily found my mistake, for either from the lightness of the soil, or the difference in the fuel, I could scarcely keep my eyes open five minutes together, from the clouds of dust that flew around. This line is near one hundred miles long, and will be in connexion with the one they are building from Havre. There are, I think, seven tunnels upon it, some of them very long ones, and five times the rail crosses the river Seine; in many places it goes for miles through the most romantic situations, and in others it keeps along the banks of the river. One peculiarity which struck me was the vast number of stations, and the time our train stayed at each of them. Here I was again alone, nor do I believe there was an individual in my part of the train who could speak a word of English, unless it was to call me *Monsieur ros bif*, or, *Monsieur bif steak*, which they often did. I am at a loss for words to describe the pleasant feeling that came over me at one of the stations called *pont de l'arch*, or the bridge of arches, when I heard an old Auvergnon peasant playing in the station yard, that real old English tune, familiar to us all, "*My father's old sow*," upon an old deal fiddle. Contrary to the practice of our English railroads,

in France the passengers nearly all smoke upon their journey, and the station clerks give you a light with all the politeness imaginable. We had a very full train of third-class passengers ere we arrived at Paris, which we did in about four hours, and I found myself, for the first time, in the capital of *le grand Nation*, busily engaged in endeavouring to find my way to the *Rue Fausbourg St. Honore*, where I had been recommended to stay at Drake's English Hotel.

After an ineffectual attempt to find my way, I was obliged to employ a *garçon* to guide me, which he did, to many places I need not then have gone to, in order to enhance the price. I arrived at Drake's about six o'clock, and partook of an excellent dinner at the *table d'hôte*, and afterwards went to a masked ball, in the *Rue de Valentino*, and was much amused by the spirit with which the assumed characters were supported by the motley throng, and by the excellent dancing I witnessed, among which, of course, was the *Polka*. My first night in Paris was not a quiet one, for either the excitement, or the spring bed upon which I lay, caused me to awake in the night with the impression upon my mind that some one was in my room with the intention of robbing me; whether or not there was any cause for this feeling I know not, but my eyes and ears were greatly mistaken if there was not. I aroused up a black man who acted as boots at the hotel, and we searched the room with a light, but could find no one; still, however, there were two doors from which any one might have escaped, although the respectable character of the house almost forbade the suspicion.

I remained nearly a week in Paris, which is an exceedingly fine city, unequalled, I believe, for its public buildings and exhibitions, and for the facility of admission to them; they are all gratuitous, and in the majority of cases, open to the public; and where they are not quite free, the passport of a visitor, with a politeness upon the part of the authorities we might well copy in London, never fails to procure admission to any public buildings. Taken as a whole, I think Paris vastly inferior to London, either for the grandeur of its shops, the paving, draining, or lighting of its streets, or many other matters of personal comfort, or convenience; but I am compelled to admit, that in very many points, it is as far superior to London, as it is inferior to it in those parts to which I have alluded. This is probably explained by the great difference in the national character; our lively Gallic neighbours love display and show in all their doings—the Englishman loves quiet and comfort. Thus, the public buildings, the shows and exhibitions of Paris, far exceed our own; but the French are utterly deficient in all that domestic feeling, and that love of home, and home comforts, which make the fireside of an Englishman so dear to him. The French tradesman and artisan delights in his leisure hours to lounge in the *Café*, or the *Champ d'Elysees*, where, attired in his cheap but smart-looking clothes, he luxuriates in his cigar, his *eau de vie*, or *vin l'ordinaire*; and delights to contemplate and descant upon the splendour of *le grand capitol aux Paris*, in as different a style as possible from those of his own class in England: still they are in one point our superior in personal conduct, you rarely see a Frenchman intoxicated. At the time I was there, Paris, with all its boasted police, was exceedingly unsafe, for robbery and murder took place nearly every night in the public streets; for the *gens de armes* do not patrol the streets as they do in England, but remain quietly at the guard house until they are fetched to quell any disturbance that may have taken place; and woe to the man who fetches them when there is no occasion for their services, he is sure to be imprisoned for his pains.

The *Morgue*, or dead house, at Paris, is one of the most peculiar sights of the city. In this place, all who meet a violent death, are placed for the purpose of identification; the bodies are stripped quite naked and washed clean, over and upon them runs a continual stream of cold water, and over their head are suspended the clothes, &c., in which they were found, and there being no coroner's inquest in France, the bodies, unless claimed in a certain time, are buried at the public expense, and no more is thought about them. I saw several while I was there.

The palace of the *Tuilleries*, the *Lowre Gallery*, 1300 feet long, filled with the most beautiful paintings and sculpture that the world perhaps can produce in one collection—*Pere le Chaise*, a large and splendid cemetery, containing the tombs of thousands of illustrious dead, Abelard and Heloise among the number—the monument in the *Place de Bastille*, to the memory of those who fell in the destruction of the Bastille, and whose names are inscribed in gold upon the column—the immense elephant there—the column of Napoleon, in the *Place du Vendome*, and which bears upon it, in fine sculpture, the whole of Napoleon's victories—the noble triumphant

arch, said to be the finest in the world—the Palace of the *Luxembourg* and its galleries—the *Jardin des Plantes* and its thousands of curiosities—the *Hôtel Dieu*, or God's Hospital—the *Hôpital des Invalides*, where the coffin, sword, and hat of Napoleon, are shown to the visitor—*Notre Dame*, with its tremendous bell and tower, (the bell weighs 1300 cwt., and is called *le petite Louise*,)—the *Palais de Justice*—the *Parthenon*—the *Hôtel de Ville*, in the *Place de Greve*, where the guillotine stood in the days of the revolution, and where the gutter ran with the best blood of France—*l'Ecole de Médecin*—*le Chambre des Deputes*—the fine old *Palais Royale*—the ancient gates of Paris, *Porte St. Martin* and *St. Dennis*—the splendid new church of *la Madeleine*, just completed, in a style of magnificence and richness of ornament I have never seen equalled—all, in turn, and numbers of others, equally interesting to lovers of curiosities, or historical recollections, claim the notice of the visitors to this city. To attempt a description would be equally vain and out of place in this work; and besides, Paris and the Parisians are well known to the people of England by means of the many works published respecting them. There is no place in London, certainly, equal to many of those I have mentioned; nor have we a square or street equal to the *Place de Concord*, with its tessellated pavements, fine groups of statuary, Egyptian obelisk from the pyramids, and its two noble fountains, which are alone worth the trouble of a journey to see. They are formed of colossal groups of bronze figures of Tritons and mermaids, each holding a strange fish, which, apparently in the agony of strangulation, sends up a powerful jet of water towards the centre, where it is caught in a kind of ewer, supported upon the heads of another mythological group, and again rises in various gradations to a great height, and falls at last equally over the vase into the basin at the foot, like a thin glass curtain all around it. Standing between these fountains, you see in each directions, a fine, broad, straight avenue, each exhibiting at the termination one of the finest buildings, or monuments, in Paris. On the one hand, the gardens and palace of the Tuilleries—on the opposite, the *Arc de Triomphe*, or triumphal arch, and *Champs d'Elysees*; on the other, the fine structure of the *Madeleine Church*, with its numerous columns around it, and a fine statue between each two; and opposite to this is the French House of Commons, or *Chambre des Deputes*. When standing on the banks of the Seine, the *coup-d'œil* is truly splendid, and can never be forgotten by the spectator, particularly at night, when it is one perfect blaze of light from thousands of lamps, each reflected in the fountains.

I left Paris with some regret, but business would not allow of a longer stay; but before I departed I visited some of the theatres, and was much gratified at *Franconis* and the *Opera comique*. I came back by the railway to Rouen, and spent one more day with my friends there, during which time I received the testimonial I have alluded to, which was manufactured expressly for the occasion; and after completing all my arrangements I left that place about ten o'clock on the Sunday evening. I need not say I parted from the brethren at Rouen with much regret, and it will be long ere I forget their kindness to me; for from the time of my arrival, until the time when the diligence left the office yard, their behaviour was kind, generous, and sincere; and I parted from them with feelings of the deepest gratitude, and convinced that their kindnesses have laid upon me obligations which I shall not be able to return.

The night was exceedingly cold, and the snow fell fast. I was perched up in the banquette, or seat on the top of the roof behind the driver; the cold, the clattering of the horses, and the endless chattering of the driver of the diligence, together with my uncomfortable position, prevented me from going to sleep; but I made myself as happy as circumstances would admit of, cheering myself with the reflection that each mile brought me nearer home. The only place we passed, that I know, was the celebrated Harfleur, and the town of Baalbeck, where I was nearly forced to return to Paris by an officious *gens-de-armes* discovering my passport to be not quite in form, which was occasioned by the vast trouble they gave me at Paris about this annoying document, which at last I could not get quite properly signed by the *prefect de police*. I, however, by this time knew how to treat him; but still I felt great trepidation, till I heard *bon, bon, Monsieur, en route s'eller*, when I thought I had had a fortunate escape.

We rattled over the drawbridge at Harvre de Grace as the clock struck seven in the morning, and I went to Creed's hotel, in the rue de St. Jacques, as the steam boat did not leave until the afternoon. Harvre, like Dieppe, is a dull, dirty place, devoid of ought to interest the traveller, except the market place, pier, and ramparts; from the latter the sea view is very interesting. I dined at the hotel, and was not sorry when the time

arrived for going on board the Calpe steamer, for the voyage home; but I had to submit to a little more extortion, in the shape of fee, before I could get my passport signed for departure.

Of the voyage home I know but little, as after having watched the Havre lights till they faded away, I went into the cabin, and slept soundly till we entered the harbour at Southampton. The mate of the Calpe, Mr. Smith, was a member of the Order, and showed me all the kindness in his power; but fortunately I did not need much of his kindness, as I escaped in both passages the attack of sea sickness; I was, however, glad upon my arrival at Southampton to avail myself of his advice in obtaining an excellent breakfast. Having to wait the good pleasure of the officer of the custom house before I could regain my bag, &c., I availed myself of the opportunity of seeing this fast improving town, and shortly found Prov. G. M. Hayes, and some other members of that prosperous District. I had not long to stay with them, as I left by the train at one o'clock, and arrived safe at the Nine Elm Station, Vauxhall. The only other adventure I met with was the loss of my carpet bag, which, after going safely so many miles, was given away upon the journey to some other traveller, who, however, honourably returned it, and I received it back in a few days; and thus concluded the longest and most interesting journey of the many it has been my good fortune to take in the cause of Odd Fellowship.

*Lord Portman Lodge, North London District.*

### TO MY CHILD IN HEAVEN.

GENTLE spirit, pure and free,  
Dwelling 'mid heaven's harmony,  
Clothed with beams of dazzling light,  
Won for thee by Jesus' might;  
From thy dwelling place on high,  
Look on me.  
While I thus with anguish sigh,  
Love, for thee,  
Oh, what bliss was mine,  
When thy hand carried me—  
Oh, what bliss seem'd thine,  
When thy father bless'd thee!  
Thy voice was buoyant as the spring,  
When first she spreads her dewy wing—  
Thine eye was as the early dew,  
When first the summer rose we view.  
The voice has ceased, and closed the wing,  
And winter's follow'd on the spring;  
The dew is dried, the rose is fled,  
And thou my child art cold and dead!  
I miss thy happy childish smiles  
At morning clear,—  
I mourn thy gleesome baby wiles,  
When evening's here.  
But thou, my child, art blest,  
And where the weary rest,  
And the wicked cease—  
Where the heavy laden come,  
Wearied to their heav'nly home,  
Home of joy and peace;  
Where tears shall be forgot,  
And woe remembered not.  
Maria, may I meet thee there,  
In that holy happy sphere,  
Where thou art a cherub bright,  
Dwelling 'mid the realms of light.

*Victoria Lodge, Warsaw.*

J. S.



## WHAT IS AN ODD FELLOW?

A SKETCH.

We are born to do benefits. And what better or properer  
Can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what  
A precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers,  
Commanding one another's fortunes.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

"MR. ANDERSON, my dear!" said the spouse of a gentleman of that name, laying down a newspaper, over which she had been glancing, one morning just after breakfast, "I see here the description of an anniversary of a Lodge of Odd Fellows. Pray, my dear, can you tell me what an Odd Fellow is? Do you know that I've been very curious about this subject for some time!"

"That's not at all singular, my love!" replied Mr. Anderson, "curiosity, my dear, is a woman's failing, if that quality can be called a *failing* in a woman, which was never yet known to fail. However, I am not sure that I can satisfy you, for I hardly know myself."

"Mr. Anderson!" rejoined his lady, drawing herself up disdainfully, "I asked you a civil question, and if you could not answer it, it showed your ignorance; and I hope you'll allow that ignorance is a greater failing even than curiosity; or, at all events, that ignorance is a failing which curiosity soon removes."

"Why, my dear," returned Mr. Anderson, "I am clearly of a contrary opinion with you there; for I humbly conceive that in nine instances out of ten, curiosity is impertinence, and impertinence is the most convincing proof of ignorance. But, as you said, you asked me a civil question, and perhaps I was wrong to indulge in comment upon it."

"To be sure you were!" replied the lady, bridling up, "the men are always wrong."

"That, my dear," answered Mr. Anderson, slightly smiling, "is doubtlessly ordered so by Nature, that they may have, at least, an opportunity of emulating the virtues of women, *who are always right*. I dare say, my dear, it's the consequent effect of this principle that produces so much opposition between you and me at times."

As this speech was delivered in Mr. Anderson's blandest tone and manner, the slight irony which pervaded it, if meant, escaped the notice of his spouse, who, suffering a gracious smile to mantle over her countenance, answered, "Ay, that's something like now, Mr. A.; then you do allow that the men only imitate the virtues of the women, just in the same way (if I may be allowed to make use of the simile) as a monkey imitates the actions of a man?"

"Exactly so, my love!" returned Mr. Anderson, "exactly so! as you say, it is but an imitation, and a very awkward one too. I perfectly agree with you, my dear, in thinking that for any man to imitate the actions of his wife, would certainly make him look more like a monkey than a man." And Mr. Anderson once more smiled blandly.

"Really, my love," exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, "your company is quite agreeable this morning, and so, now do tell me, for I am convinced you know, and know well, what an Odd Fellow is."

"My dear!" answered Mr. Anderson, as far as I know I will inform you; but you must bear in mind that my information is limited. An Odd Fellow, then, is one of an immense body of men, who, feeling and knowing the advantages of co-operation, have wisely united themselves for the obvious purpose of mutual assistance and support. They are governed by laws strictly enforced, and in no instance departed from—these laws, are, as I have been informed, framed upon such just and equitable principles, that even the wish to break through them is seldom or never evinced; and it cannot be doubted that inculcating, as they do, the universal diffusion of peace and social agreement, they must have a sanatory influence over their private morals, and consequently tend by the growth of the principles which emanate from them, to render them estimable in their own little private sphere, and honourable and useful in their public life, let the station in life of the party be what it will."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the lady, "you surprise me indeed. You know, my dear, one never hears of any thing out of the way, but one forms in one's own mind some sort of an idea of it—and what do you think mine was?"

"The idea was brilliant, if mistaken, I have no doubt,"—demurely answered Mr. Anderson, at the same time slightly bowing to his lady. "Pray, may I ask what it was?"

"Oh yes! to be sure! I had a notion that they were Roman Catholic priests, or in other words, monks."

"And what, for heaven's sake," queried Mr. Anderson, in evident amazement, "could have put such a ridiculous idea into your head,—or, I should perhaps say," he added, perceiving a slight indication of recurring wrath on the brow of his better half, "what could have rendered your brain parturient with so unique and incomprehensible a conception?"

"Why, my dear," returned the instantly mollified Mrs. A., "I'll tell you how it happened. It was the name that set me to thinking; and when I do think, you know, my dear, I generally go pretty deep into a matter."

"The principles of reasoning, my dear, in the female mind," interrupted Mr. Anderson, though in a very quiet and mild way, for indeed he was slightly apprehensive that his "*cara sposa*" might some time or another stumble upon the latent irony which he was a little too apt to play off upon her,—"The principles of reasoning in the female mind, are often indeed so profound and unfathomable, that were Euclid himself to live over again, I think it highly questionable if he could solve them into their elements, without at any rate adopting the line of demonstration termed the *reductio ad absurdum*. But you were going to explain, my love?"

"Oh yes, my dear; I was going to explain how I took them to be monks. You know, my dear, they are called Odd Fellows;—and you know too that monks are vowed to celibacy;—very well!—now, any man that's vowed to celibacy must be a single man, and every single man an odd man, and consequently every monk must be an odd man. But a number of odd men living together in fellowship, must be Odd Fellows; and therefore, I hope you'll allow that monks are Odd Fellows. Very well. Now, my dear, all this allowed, there is but one conclusion more to come at, and that is, that if all monks are Odd Fellows, of course, all Odd Fellows must be monks."

"Capital! capital," shouted Mr. Anderson, "most logically argued! I must confess you have surprised me, Mrs. A.; I never conceived from your general method of argument, that I had such a treasure of unexplored wisdom in you. If Ptolemy had had the good fortune to have possessed you for a wife, he would never have asked the Greek geometer for 'a shorter path to science.' You would have levelled all before you, I warrant you."

"Really, my dear," returned his good lady, simpering, "you quite overpower me with your compliments. But I must confess that there was one thing that puzzled me—that was, their attending our church."

"True, my dear, very true! There certainly was a slight anomaly there; but it is the province of an acute and sound reasoner to reconcile contradictions; and no-one, who knows you, my dear, would, for one moment doubt, but that you would be perfectly *au fait* at any thing in the shape of a contradiction. But you have asked me what an Odd Fellow is, and if you will allow me, I will take you this evening, where, being an eye witness, you shall yourself judge of what material one Odd Fellow is, at least, composed."

To this proposition Mrs. Anderson readily assented, and the carriage was ordered to be at the door at six precisely, about which time, true to his promise, he handed her into it, enveloped in velvet and furs, and for some time they proceeded in silence.

This state of things was not, however, likely to last long with Mrs. Anderson, and accordingly after an, for her, unusual taciturnity, she commenced with, "You are very silent, Mr. A., pray what are you thinking of now?"

"I was thinking," replied that gentleman, "that Fortune is truly represented blind. I wonder, in the course of our short passage through these crowded streets, how many poor wretched beings we have passed, footsore and weary, who would almost give the world for a sound pair of shoes to protect them from the wet which gushes with every step, perhaps ankle high, saturating the miserable relics of stockings which they wear; while we, who possess those comforts, and have not even the necessity to walk at all, can have our carriage to roll on in, and splash the hungry beggar as we pass."

"'Tis too true!" replied Mrs. Anderson, sighing, "but"—She was interrupted by the sudden stopping of the carriage. "Bless my soul!" she exclaimed, "we have soon come to our journey's end."

"We have not yet come to our journey's end," answered her husband, as he handed her from the carriage; "but it is necessary we should walk the rest of the way; for the

sight of a carriage in the street to which I am going to lead you, would entirely destroy the object of our visit. Let me beg of you now to be silent."

Mrs. Anderson promised compliance, and they accordingly threaded their way through several lanes and narrow streets, till at last they turned into an alley, still more unpromising in its appearance than any they had even yet passed through. They had not proceeded far, when Mr. Anderson stopped, looked round, as if trying to discover in the murky gloom which pervaded the atmosphere around, whether they were watched, and then suddenly entered a dark and yawning passage, along which he groped his way, till he had turned an angle, and then once more stopped.

"We have arrived at our destination!" he whispered. "Do you see that ray of light which proceeds from that window a little further on? Go! look through it! and receive a lesson which should make human pride ashamed."

Mrs. Anderson did as she was bid, and her humanity received a severe shock from the unexemplified misery of the scene before her. The room into which she looked was scarcely twelve feet square, and was entirely divested of furniture, with the exception of a few wooden stools of the commonest and most homely description.

There was no vestige of a bed; but a bundle of straw in one corner told plainly that still the room was used for a sleeping apartment. There was no fire in the grate, and a candle of the thinnest description, placed in what appeared to be a piece of hardened clay, on one of the stools, threw its rays feebly across the apartment, as if, in humanity, trying to hide the wretchedness of the place from its still more wretched inhabitants.

A young woman, pale, squalid, and unhealthy, though bearing the marks of having possessed some personal attractions, sat by the fireplace, as if trying to extract warmth from the senseless grate, though cold, (cold as the heart of the wealthy man to his suffering brother) and labouring to still the wailing of an infant, apparently but a few months old. The other occupants of the room were a decently dressed, and respectable looking young man, and two children, the elder of whom could not have reached the age of six years, and they were as dirty, as ragged, and as wretched in appearance as the woman.

"Who are these unfortunate people?" asked Mrs. Anderson in a whisper, but with a tremulousness of tone which did not escape her husband, and which gratified him exceedingly.

"The husband of the woman," answered Mr. Anderson in the same guarded tone, "died about twelve months ago, leaving his widow and his helpless family, all, alas! not then born, to the mercy of the world, and you may see yourself what mercy the world has shewn them."

"God help them!" almost involuntarily responded Mrs. Anderson.

"He will! He has!" answered her husband fervently, though still cautiously confining the sound of his voice, "He has sent us here to help them."

"And the young man?" whispered Mrs. Anderson.

"He was a friend of the deceased husband, and, as you may perceive, is now endeavouring to instruct his children."

"And he is, I presume, an Odd Fellow?"

"Hush!" whispered Mr. Anderson, "be silent! or they will hear us."

At this juncture, the young man left off his task, and exclaimed, patting the elder boy on the head,—"Well done, Billy! you are a capital boy to night. Do you know, I was feeling in my waistcoat pocket this afternoon, which has a hole in it, and my finger slipping down into the lining, I discovered a penny there, so as I came along, I bought you a little book, and there it is."

"I don't want a book!" answered the child a little sullenly, "I want—"

"Billy!" said the mother, in a sepulchral hoarseness of voice, which made Mrs. Anderson's flesh creep, and the child stopped immediately.

"Not want a book, Billy?" said the young man, "Havn't I often told you, that if you can only learn your book, you never need want."

"But I have learnt my book, and I do want," said the boy, looking at his mother as though half afraid.

"What do you want, Billy?" asked the young man soothingly.

"Some bread!" said Billy bursting into tears, "and Sammy, he wants some too;" and here Mrs. Anderson observed that the woman rocked herself, and the infant which she had hushed to sleep, backwards and forwards, and that tears, the bitter scalding tears of a heart writhing in its own anguish, rolled down her emaciated countenance.

"How is this?" asked the young man tremulously, and looking first at the children and then at the woman,—"Is this true?" But the woman rocked herself as before, and returned no answer.

"Poor Sammy!" said the young man, patting the younger boy on the head, "have you had no bread, then, since dinner?"

"They have had nothing to-day!" said the mother in the same unearthly tone, and giving way to a torrent of tears; "I could not tell you, but my heart was well nigh bursting, when I saw how patiently they bore your labouring to teach them, when I knew that one crust of bread was more to them than all the learning in the world."

"Good God!" exclaimed the young man, "I was not aware; but what is the use of my saying that, I cannot help you, I cannot assist you! What I said was the truth, I spent my last penny to-night. To-morrow I shall receive a little; but my wife knows of every penny. But surely the sovereign which the gentleman gave me for you, a fortnight ago, is not all gone yet?"

"I deceived you there, too!" answered the woman hoarsely; "by some means the landlord heard of it; and as he never offered to molest me when I had no money, it was but just he should be paid when I had. Eighteen shillings was his due, and we have eked out the other two shillings till last night. It is truth! I am starving to death, with my children around me, and I cannot tell a lie."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed the young man, at length awaking from the stupor of amazement into which this intelligence had thrown him; "there seems indeed no help for it!"

"There is! there is!" said, or rather screamed, Mrs. Anderson, bursting into the room, followed by her husband, her fine face flooded with tears, and every look testifying that her feelings were excited to the highest pitch. "Here!" she said, laying a purse and a card on the stool, "provide whatever is necessary for yourself and hungry babes—call on me to-morrow, and I will see that you are provided for in an honest and creditable way. That card is my direction. Young man, Mr. Anderson shall take care that your humane attention to this poor widow and her orphan children does not go unrewarded. No thanks! we require none!" and, thus saying, the benevolent lady took her husband by the arm, and abruptly left the place, apparently anxious to escape the outpouring of gratitude which she knew would follow; but the mingled prayers and blessings of the unfortunate people she had so opportunely relieved, sounded in her ears as she hastened down the alley, and fell upon her spirit, more grateful and more soothing, than all the luxury and ostentation which wealth could have bestowed.

We need scarcely tell our readers that Mr. Anderson was highly delighted at the line of conduct his wife had adopted. He pressed her hand to his lips, as they threaded one of the narrow passages before mentioned, and whispered in her ear, "I always loved you, Charlotte, but now I venerate!"

"Nay nay," answered Mrs. Anderson, laughing, "continue to love me; it will be time enough to venerate when I am grown old and venerable. But, by the bye; there is one thing I was going to mention. How comes it that the Society of Odd Fellows neglect the widow and orphans of their body?"

"He was not one of their body—the husband of the woman was not an Odd Fellow. But you wrong them even there. She has obtained relief from the Order; but it was impossible for them to do much. Having widows and orphans of their own to relieve, it would be as unjust to neglect them for others, as it would be absurd to suppose that a father would neglect his own children to support the family of a person who had no claim upon him."

"And this poor young fellow," asked Mrs. Anderson, "contentedly spent his evening, and the few pence he could spare from his hard earnings, to instruct the children of his deceased friend?—and are these the principles of Odd Fellowship?"

"If you may judge the principles by the practice—they are," answered Mr. Anderson, "and I fancy, that, after all, that is the surest criterion to go by."

"Then I shouldn't care, my dear," replied the lady, "if you became an Odd Fellow yourself."

"That, my dear," answered Mr. Anderson smiling, "is past praying for now—I have been an Odd Fellow some time."

"And you never told me," said the lady, bridling up a little, "what an Odd Fellow was before."

"I have not told you, now, my dear," answered Mr. Anderson. "I have shown you what an Odd Fellow is. Does the sample please you?"

"So well, my dear," returned Mrs. A., stepping into, and throwing herself back in her carriage, "that I should like to be one myself, Mr. A.; do you think you can get me made an Odd Fellow? You know, my dear, when I set my mind upon anything, I generally——"

How Mr. Anderson contrived to evade this difficulty, it is not our province to determine; but as we never, by any chance, heard of the initiation of the lady, we presume he found himself adequate to the task—it was a difficult one we own;—but what is impossible to an Odd Fellow?

### TO A LADY.

WHEN, on a bright and starry night,  
The moon doth pour her silvery light  
On hill and dale, and tow'r and tree,  
Fair maid, I ask, as it doth rise,  
If thou dost answer to my sighs  
Within thy heart—and think of me?

Thy lovely form and face so fair,  
The auburn tresses of thine hair,  
Wake in my soul sweet thoughts of thee;  
When beams the sun with cheering rays,  
Fair maid, I ask, if thou dost gaze  
On its bright orb—and think of me?

Should fate decree that I should roam  
From kindred, country, friends, and home,  
Away, far, far from love and thee,  
Wilt thou, fair maid, as heretofore,  
Prove constant, faithful, evermore,  
At home, abroad—and think of me?

Though forms of elegance and grace  
May oft appear before my face,  
Yet none can banish thoughts of thee;  
For since our minds in union meet,  
And hearts with one sensation beat,  
I trust thou'lt ever think of me.

While roving fast through every cloud,  
The wild careering wind is loud,  
And on the mid-watch I shall be,  
As waves roll on and tempests rise,  
And dreary darkness veils the skies,  
Wilt thou, in pity—think of me?

If, in the gloomy shades of night,  
My eyes were doom'd to close their light,  
That oft with rapture gazed on thee;  
E'en then, as life fast ebbs away,  
My last, my latest breath shall say,  
Fair maid, adieu—remember me!

J. W.

*Rhosyn Glan Ffrwd Lodge, Pontypool District.*

# PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOMB OF BYRON'S MARY.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

I have a passion for the name of *Mary*.—BYRON.

It was Autumn when I visited Nottingham, that emporium of lace and looms. There are few manufacturing towns that unite such poetic associations with such beautiful surrounding scenery, and even travelling on the railroad of the new era, I could not banish from my mind the romance of the olden days, and the sylvan glories of Robin Hood and his "merrie men" in the green glades of Sherwood—there they sat, fresh from the chase, under the spreading boughs, the broad antlered stag laid at their feet, and leaning lightly on the gallant outlaw's shoulder—in kirtle of watchet and boddice of Kendal green, laced and fringed with golden cord and dainty embroidered work, stood the maiden Marian, her fair locks lifted by the breeze, and her blue eyes glancing with triumph—a whistle, shrill and piercing, awoke the echoes of the forest, and up sprang the sturdy hunters with bended bows—the whistle sounded again, and my dream was dissolved at the railway station!

Even in the very heart of the town the name of the Howitts has cast "divinest spells"—here the pure and high-minded authoress of the *Seven Temptations*, and a hundred other most beautiful and touching poems, those heart songs of the affections, which unite a child-like freshness and simplicity with the truest pathos and the sublimest thoughts, lived, and was honoured by all who looked upon her—here, too, were traced some of those immortal rustic scenes, those pastoral dreams, those greenwood sketches that have such a vivid reality about them, that when the icicles hang at your window, you have only to turn to the sylvan page, and you are at once in the heart of the sunny glade, and hear the rustling of the green acorns as the breeze comes refreshing your brow, and making merry music in the leafy wilderness above,—

Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
Come hither, come hither,"

is the burthen, and you are once again a gladsome boy, deep in the hazel copse, or gathering wood strawberries on that slope where the sun glints through the boughs, and the song of the trout stream is heard as it ripples over the shallows!—such witchcraft dwelling in the poet page!—here, too, the memory of Henry Kirke White breathes like his own rosemary,

"A sweet decaying smell,"

and a mournful sigh thrills through our hearts for genius like his departing so soon and so sadly! Near Nottingham, also, is the birthplace of Spencer Hall, the Sherwood Forester, who, living, hears his fame, and who, we trust, will yet add fresh leaves to the green circlet of his laurel crown—here Robert Millhouse, (who died ere yet his songs, earnest and truthful and heart-touching as they were, had reached the temple of enduring fame) and other poets have felt and embodied those bright aspirations and dreams of poesy, which the surrounding scenery could not fail to awaken in hearts that thrill as readily to the divine touch of nature, as the air-harp answers to the passing winds of heaven.

It was a bright, clear, frosty day, when my steps were directed towards Colwick church, where sleeps the Mary of Byron's idolatry—the lady of the dream. The road lay through many woodland paths and bowery lanes; and already the sere leaves rolled and rustled beneath the passing tread. It was a glorious scene around. The jewel branches of Aladdin's enchanted garden flashed not with brighter tints than those thick woods displayed, as the wind swept through their tossing boughs, and, amid the dark verdure of the evergreens, called forth a thousand hues of crimson, orange, and purple; the very hedges were gorgeous in colour, for as yet the grey and russet tints prevailed not, and all looked too lovely for decay—a bold sweep of hilly country swelled around, tinged ever and anon with golden green, as the sunbeams chased the quivering shadow of the meadow gale; and there was a low tinkling sound of unseen waters, as the freshening runlets passed singing on their way! Gentle Sophia! was not our forest walk bright as a poet's dream of Arcady? We passed through an iron gate, into the domain of Colwick Hall, and a short walk brought us in front of the house. Some

beautiful children were playing with a splendid dog upon the lawn, adding a life-like charm to the scene—a kind of terrace, supported by pillars, ran in front of the hall, and here romance might picture Mary lingering in the moonlight hours, to muse upon the past, and perchance feeling a mournful triumph in the thought that her name was linked to a sorrow rendered by love and fame immortal. A smaller gate, almost hidden by trees in a green nook of the woodland path, close to the hall, admitted us into the churchyard. Softly verdant was the turf above the quiet graves in that rustic cemetery—unprofaned were they by idle passers by, and shut up in such a holy solitude, amid the green stillness of nature, that the heart of the weary might long to rest beneath the untrodden grass, for here indeed was the calm slumber of the last repose; the song of the birds, and the floating melody of the Sabbath hymn, were the only sounds perchance that ever mingled with the requiem of the free winds; and the low rustling of the shadowing trees around! The church itself was an unpretending structure, consisting of but a single aisle of the simplest order of ecclesiastical architecture; its interior arrangements are plain, and consist chiefly of an undecorated pulpit, and scarcely more than a dozen pews. Proceeding up the aisle, and passing by the pulpit, you come upon the treasures of the temple, two ancient tombs of white marble, one of which supports the recumbent effigies of a knight and his lady; he is in armour, and she in the close ruff and antique coif that shrouded the beauties of departed centuries. The other tomb is emblazoned with a coat of arms and heraldic shields, which are in excellent preservation; above were suspended tablets, recording the virtues and names of many of the departed belonging to the families of Chaworth and Musters; and in a small space, enclosed by gothic iron work, sleeps Mary Ann Chaworth Musters—the destiny of Byron! A sapphire and amber light streamed through a painted window, and touched with sunset glory the grey and white marble of her tomb. She herself had designed and painted the glass with many bright images of saints, and now its glorious hues cast a halo upon her grave; the brightest radiance lingered around the virgin mother in the centre compartment, and the rich tints of her crown of light and purple vestments lit up the golden letters that recorded the name of her who slept so calmly in that quiet temple of the Most High. Oh! mystery of death! how the wild tempest of the passions becomes hushed beneath the unseen hand. Silent, and cold as the surrounding marble, she sleeps, whose lightest word awoke the lava fountain in the heart of Byron, and cast a shadow on a mind which else had been divine! Not many miles apart, each in a simple village church, their graves gazed upon by few but village hinds, and the chance pilgrims that, like me, linger to moralize upon “the flower that is cut down before noon,” their quiet dust moulders in obscurity—the fiery spirit and the destiny that ruled it, alike silent and alone! How stern the moral of those village graves! Once their united names were talismans that thrilled the passions of a world. Oh, vanity of earth, how do we find thee here!

The humble congregation, few in number, had arrived, and I entered an unoccupied pew. The son of “Mary,” Mr. Musters, officiated. His entrance appeared to me rather brusque; the excitement of my feelings, perhaps, led me to consider any quickened movement as profaning the quietude of that shrine of peace. He hung his hat upon a peg at the side of the pulpit, and robed and disrobed himself beside the marble tombs, laying the vestment on the heraldic one. All this disturbed my poetic reverie—it was a descent to the commonalities of life—perhaps his temperament was in no degree visionary, or poetical. He read the service impressively. An organ accompanied the psalms, and, as the sacred music floated through the edifice, I gazed upon *her tomb*, still lit with purple glory, as if the silent dust within could still thrill an echo to that gush of Sabbath melody! The service was concluded—the clergyman and the few parishioners quickly dispersed—and with lingering steps I turned away. I paused amid the green graves to cast a parting look upon the church, whose grey walls were thickly covered with ivy, fresh and luxuriant, and the long festoons of leaves were stirred by the rising breath of the coming winds of evening, as they showered their clustering garlands over porch and window; but the sexton awaited me with the keys at the iron gate, wondering, no doubt, at the stranger's delay. I ventured to solicit from him a few leaves of the ivy, which he readily granted, and said, if I came next Sunday, in the morning, he would suffer me to pass the iron railing that enclosed Mrs. Musters' grave. “Many used to come,” he said; “but very few now seem to have any curiosity—the disturbance is forgotten almost.” He alluded to the time when Mr. Musters' grounds

re invaded by the Nottingham rioters, the alarm of which accelerated the death of Mrs. Musters. In his mind there was no link of affinity between Byron and the memory of Mary. His thoughts were with the *real*, mine with the *ideal*, and so we parted, never again to meet; for relentless causes set aside my second visit, and the green graves of ivied walls of Colwick church will never more be looked upon by me.

### THE HOUR OF REVELRY.

BY W. G. J. BARKER.

• WHEN foaming goblets quickly pass  
Around the glittering board,  
Whilst plenteous as the mountain stream  
The ruby wine is pour'd  
In the hour of revelry ;

Though every eye be beaming bright,  
And each lip smileth bland,  
Yet are there ever aching hearts  
Found 'mid a feasting band,  
In the hour of revelry.

Beneath a gold embro'der'd vest,  
A death wound may be hidden,  
And envied ones, when not observ'd,  
Oft heave a sigh unbidden,  
In the midst of revelry.

In vain ecstatic strains of mirth  
Ring through the lighted hall;  
For he who bears a hopeless grief  
Inwardly curses all  
The splendour and revelry.

In vain around the lofty brow  
Are rosy garlands twin'd,  
If aught of secret sorrow lurk  
Within the pensive mind,  
• In the hour of revelry ;

For amid the banquet and the glee  
That others reckless share,  
There steals upon the troubled soul  
A deeper shade of care,  
And irksome grows revelry.

Thoughts which beholders cannot scan,  
Distract the tortured brain;  
The red wine turns to bitterness,  
And harshly sounds each strain  
Of surrounding revelry.

The heart may pine in hopeless woe,  
Whilst the world deems it glad;  
And they who wear the gayest smiles  
Be of all men most sad  
In the hour of revelry.



## ESSAY UPON A BROOMSTICK.

FROM so barren a subject as a broomstick, how many interesting and even important reflections may present themselves to an observant and considerate mind. The object before us, which now conveys to the careless observer, nothing but ideas of uselessness and contempt, may naturally be descanted upon in two different points of view. First, with regard to itself, as the handle of a useful domestic implement, that is to say, as a broom-*stick*; and secondly, in relation to its former companion, the broom-*head*.

First, then, this broom-*stick* is the offspring of an aged oak, which "reared its broad arms against the thunderstroke," and under whose umbrageous covering, centuries upon centuries ago, were celebrated the mystic rites of the Druids, and whose parasitical dependant, the mistletoe, formed the revered object of adoration to thousands of awe-struck and admiring worshippers. Often did its branches quiver in the blast, upon the wings of which these dark and benighted beings fancied they beheld the hovering shades of their departed friends; and often did the monarch of the forest tremble to its inmost fibres with the long pealing and enthusiastic shout, which rose from the stentorian voices of the assembled multitude. Generations upon generations of men have played their parts upon the theatre of life, and each in its turn has been gathered to the dust whence it sprung, while unyielding and unfailing, the mighty tree has withstood the united attacks of time and elemental war. What mighty changes have taken place! how many great and flourishing empires have risen, triumphed and sunk into oblivion, since this oak first waved to every gale of heaven, a slender and pliant sapling! Such is the insignificance of that ambitious and incomprehensible being—man! He toils hard to raise himself a few steps higher than his fellow-worm, and conscious that "here he has no abiding city," he labours to produce some memorial, which, when his frame has again dissolved into the elements of which it is composed, may serve to uphold a little longer his name and memory upon earth. Alas! how few are wise or fortunate enough to erect for themselves the *ere monumentum perennius* of virtue and patriotism, which will endure while all regard for worth remains, and outlive all "works of wood or stone," which the power or ingenuity of man can produce.

All sublunary things must, however, pass away. The oak yields at length to the woodman's axe—its vast and noble trunk, with the shady forest of arms and branches above, lies low and prostrate in the dust—its firm-grained and almost impenetrable substance is now transported to the yard of the shipwright, whence it issues a majestic vessel of war. It bears within its sides a crew of as dauntless spirits as ever set winds and waves at defiance—they ride upon the stormy deep "conquering and to conquer;" they are as much "hearts of oak" themselves as the vessel that bears them, and there is not one of them that would not give his heart's best blood before the "British Jack" should strike to the flag of any nation under heaven!

Such is the destiny of the parent trunk! To what a fate is its offspring doomed! The favourite child of its old age—the topmost branch of all—to be degraded into a mere broomstick! Who would have thought that the towering and graceful shoot, which, but a few hours gone by, seemed tending its upward path to hide itself among the clouds, would so soon be "fallen from its high estate," and doomed to so grovelling, so disgusting, an office! It is, indeed, a piteous, an unexpected falling off. But how often do we witness the same reverses among men! How often does the young and hopeful child of a virtuous and worthy parent, whom we see flourishing a goodly and healthful plant under the shadow of his father's care, when, robbed by death of that friendly voice which warned him from the snares of the destroyer, and taught him the way he should go, waver at the first temptation which he meets alone, till, by degrees rendered more venturesome and callous, he boldly launches upon the boisterous ocean of vice and intemperance, and sinks from one degree of baseness to another, till all sense of shame and decency being lost, he ends the life which opened with promises so fair, shunned and detested by every virtuous and upright man. Thus ends the eventful history of the broom-*stick*. It remains for us briefly to notice the equally striking reverses of fortune which have befallen the well-tried partner of its degradation, the broom-*head*.

Some few short months ago, that unseemly bundle of short and stubble twigs was blooming on the skirts of an extensive moor, joying amidst its kindred heather, whose fragrant blossoms shed their odour around, and far as the eye could range, opened their pale beauties to the summer sun. Thousands of industrious bees drew the precious

treasure from their honeyed cups, while the whirring *mur* fowl sheltered amidst the tangled roots. Dark was the day, and ill-omened the hour, when a tribe of tawny wanderers pitched their tents upon the heath, and converted the flowery shrub into this identical broom-*hegd*!

And does not the sad lot of the beauteous heather, remind us of any similar melancholy change among the inhabitants of the animate and rational world? We need not look far for an object equally deserving of our sympathy. See you that lost, that wretched fair one, clothed in the tawdry trappings of sin, and flushed with intemperance? Turn not away with disgust or contempt—that girl was once her father's pride, her mother's joy—the morning of her life saw her embosomed in affection, surrounded by a number of gay and virtuous beings, beauteous and happy as herself—lightly did the winged moment pass, while thoughtless, but innocent mirth, dilated each fond heart with joy, and clad each blooming cheek with never-ceasing gladness. Under the mask of friendship and love; did the fell destroyer first intrude into this paradise of innocence and delight! By long and studied villainy did he acquire a power over his victim, till, laying aside the cloak of hypocrisy which had shrouded his infernal design, he robbed that lovely, that blooming flower, of its beauty and its worth, and left it a sport and a prey to the world, to pine and to perish in sin.

Such is the horrid fate of many a beauteous innocent; and such the inhuman means by which they are robbed of their virtue, and reduced to the lowest depths of misery and despair.

"Is there in human form that bears a heart,  
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,  
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
Betray sweet 'woman's' unsuspecting youth?  
Curse on his perjurd arts, dissembling smooth!  
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?  
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child;  
Then paints the ruin'd maid and their distraction wild?"

That such wretches, that such villains *do exist*, to the disgrace of human nature, and to the destruction of many an unsuspecting female, the crowds of forlorn beings that meet us at every step, and raise the blush of shame upon virtue's cheek, too truly prove. Oh! then, ye lovely innocents, shun the wiles of the destroyer, banish from your society every monster who has wronged the innocence, or taken foul and unmanly advantage of the frailty of a sister; repress with spirited and virtuous indignation the faintest semblance of insulting freedom—so may your innocence prove the happy means of rescuing others from temptation, and raise you in the scale of perfection, nearer and nearer to the purity of that Being, who sees, and who will surely reward your virtue.

And can I leave you, sons of my country, to run the heedless way of folly, without offering one warning word to you, and snatching my country's future stay and fairest hope from the besetting perils that surround them? Be assured, ye youths of cheering promise, that the sad and untimely reverse which you mourn in the towering branch's doom, must inevitably befall yourselves, unless you unite with the sprightly recklessness of early life, a portion, at least, of the prudence of more matured age.

"Ev'n thou who mourn'st the sapling's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date;  
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight  
Shall be thy doom!"

Learn, then, betimes, to check that dangerous exuberance of spirits which so often hurries the youthful votary of pleasure into excesses which countless days of pain, and nights of sorrow, will scarcely suffice to expiate. When the siren pleasure displays the most seducing aspect, and with her most alluring voice invites to the free indulgence of every passion, oh! let not your better judgment be perverted by the specious sophistry of the base and designing; pause while reason still retains the helm, and reflect upon the inevitable sorrow and shame that must, of necessity, follow the unbounded indulgence of sensual and vicious habits. However exalted your rank, however bright your talents, however gifted you may be by nature or fortune, however "quick to learn and wise to know," if thoughtless folly, if vice and intemperance sully your reputation, or stain

your fair name, you can never expect but, that like the sapling, you will be degraded from your station among men; and unless the frequent tear of sorrow, the deep-felt groan of repentance, and the sincere sigh of contrition, evince your return to the paths of wisdom and virtue, you will be doomed to merited and lasting disgrace, and end your days overwhelmed with contempt and derision.

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### ON A WITHERED FLOWER.

The two following poems, we are informed, are the compositions of a girl fourteen years of age, who has been blind seven years. They were sent to us by her father, John Hetherington, F. P. G. M., Nelson Lodge, Kendal.

BEFORE I pluck'd this little flower,  
It bloom'd within a fairy bower;  
And as the breeze went murmuring by,  
It trembled, droop'd, beneath my eye.  
I took it from its grassy nest,  
And said it on my heart should rest—  
No breeze should shake its slender form,  
For I would shield it from the storm.

I look'd again, but all was gone,  
No traces of its beauty—none;  
It now had wither'd, droop'd, and died,  
In all its beauty and its pride!  
So, like this flower, we all must go,  
The great, the mighty, must fall low;  
Some in their pride and beauty's bloom,  
Must sink into the silent tomb—  
Whilst some, worn out by date of years,  
By midnight watching, and by tears,  
At last lay down their weary life,  
And fly this world of sin and strife.

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### THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

THERE is a gem more dear to me,  
Than all the pearls within the sea;  
More dear than all the coral strands,  
Or the rich gems of eastern lands;  
More dear than wealth or power to me,—  
It is the tear of sympathy!

When misery and sickness come  
To visit me in my lone home,  
How sweet it is to have a friend,  
Who, comfort to my soul will lend,  
Who, tiring not, will sit by me,  
And shed one tear of sympathy!

MARY JANE HETHERINGTON.

Kendal.

## MY FIRST BEAR HUNT.

SPEED! Malise, speed! such cause of haste  
 Thine active sinews never braced,  
 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
 Burst down like torrent from its crest,  
 With short and springy footsteps pass  
 The trembling bog and false morass.  
 For danger, death, and warrior deed  
 Are in thy course. Speed! Malise, speed!

THE beautiful tints that nature so lavishly bestows upon her offspring in the latter autumn, had given place to the more sombre colouring of early winter. The deep clustering leaves of the maple, the pale delicate leaf of the beech, the full umbrageous foliage of the horse chestnut—all had dropped away, nipped by the gusty, searching winds, that almost invariably usher in a Canadian winter. Around nothing was to be seen but the bare, rugged rocks, and barren earth, with the tall unsightly stems of the monarchs of the forest, which a few weeks previous were gracefully bending to the breeze, adding beauty to the landscape, and affording a delightful shade and retreat from the attacks of the myriads of gnats and buzzing insects, that at this particular season of the year are most active in their gyrations and gambols, and most troublesome to human and animal life.

The transition from this state of things to that of nature's rougher mood, was, in a great measure, a welcome one. A hard frost had held its sway for the space of seven or eight weeks, only varied in its intensity by occasional heavy falls of snow that robbed our mother earth in a deep unbroken covering of spotless white, spangled over with gems of the purest water, that sparkled in the morning sun in a manner so brilliant and dazzling, that the sight would become overpowered by gazing, and temporary, if not prolonged, blindness, be the result of a too protracted exposure to the refraction of its rays. The snow, alighting on the widely-spreading branches of the trees, and melting in the noon day sun, was intercepted in its downward course by the succeeding frost, and converted into icicles of every conceivable shape and form, presenting to the traveller, through this densely wooded country, scenes of the most grotesque character, yet, when taken as a whole, and the eye suffered to range over the expansive landscape, he would feel that a sense of grand, though stern, sublimity was graven on his mind, possibly never to be eradicated.

It is at such times as these that the worthy Canadian, shutting all ideas of business out of his head, alive only to anticipated pleasure, encases himself in a multitude of furs, and springing into his gaudily painted sleigh, or cariole, with its accompaniment of jingling bells, dashes away in company of a party of friends and neighbours, to visit some far famed locality, to drive a few miles up the river, and pic-nic at a rural inn on its banks, or drop in at some merry-making at a log house, twenty miles distant, whose owner is known far and wide for his hospitality, good cheer, and the breadth of his jokes and good humour.

The return of the party, under the glare of a northern winter night, is a scene no "southron" can form an adequate idea of. The beautiful clear night, scarcely deriving an additional ray of light from the moon—the stillness of every thing around, broken only by the clatter of the numerous small bells that stud the harness, or the snatches of "song and revelry" that ever and anon burst forth, with now and then an upset, and one of the party buried up to his waist in snow, from having gone off the track, and another with his sleigh turned upside down, earnestly calling for his own liberation from beneath it. This, together with a certain lightness of spirits that usually accompanies a rarified atmosphere, tend to make them as happy as they can well be; equally disposed to laugh at others as to be laughed at, as serious accidents from sleighing seldom occur, a mouthful of snow, or a scratched face, being the ordinary penalty for the day's pleasure.

Man can, at all times, and in all weathers, contrive to extract a share of enjoyment sufficient to compensate him for the troubles of life if his mind be properly formed, and he takes contentment as his rule of action. If the weather be warm, how many sources of enjoyment are open to him? On the contrary, if frost and wind preside over the seasons, can he not drive, shoot, skate, sit by the cheerful blaze listening to

the prattle of his little ones, or share the cheerful game and glass with select and well-tried friends? Widely different the fate of the wild inhabitant of the forest! The question is one of dire necessity with him. How shall he satisfy the cravings of hunger, sharpened by those keen and biting blasts—that lengthened frost—that heavy snow—which have driven him from his lair with his ferocity increased in a tenfold ratio? He is in the position of the frogs in the fable, “what is sport to man is death to him.” Instinct warns him of the danger of approaching the dwellings of men, yet, with the thorn of hunger pricking him at every step, he sallies forth to satisfy himself on the first living thing that falls in his way. Terrible indeed are the attacks of the wolf, or bear, under these circumstances; and courageous must the human being, or animal, be, who wards them off and obtains the mastery in the doubtful strife; few can stand their onset, or escape the keenness of their pursuit, so maddened are they under the lengthened privation of hunger. Man himself is not safe from their attacks, and occasionally falls a victim in the contest for superiority.

During the war of independence, that resulted in the emancipation of the American colonies, a number of military forts (usually called block houses) were erected in some of the best positions in Upper Canada, to act as points of connexion in the movements of the British troops, and to watch over and guard against any surprise from the native red Indians, who, though occasionally acting in concert with our troops, were never to be depended upon. The best paymaster, the highest bidder, could command their services, and, provided they received the reward, it mattered little whose scalp they took. Their hand once raised against the white man, knew not when to stay its execution; the worst passions of human nature were systematically let loose, and the untutored savage exulted in the field of blood that lay before and around him. One of these forts, inhabited by a few soldiers and their families, was surrounded on three sides by an immense forest, that penetrated far into the interior; on the front was an extensive plain of blue rock, covered with snow, and intersected by deep fissures, or gullies, capable of burying a horse and rider, at other places only a few feet across. Skirting the wood, bears and wolves were often seen in pursuit of the game that was less fleet, or less strong, than themselves; often they might be seen engaged in deadly conflict. Here also the sportsman might try his skill with his rifle, and deal death with an unsparing hand to whatever came within reach; occasionally scenes arose vying in excitement with any of the “wild sports of the west,” and calling forth all the sportsman’s nerve and tact to ensure success in his battle with the shaggy brute.

On one occasion, a number of boys, indulging in the athletic exercises and adventurous spirit peculiar to their period of life, had strayed away into the woods, and had spent the greater portion of the day in threading their intricacies in pursuit of the pretty striped squirrel that abounds all over North America. Returning home as dusk began to fall, they reached a point of the wood, almost opposite to the fort, and were running and jumping, and careering across the plain, in the full tide of youthful spirits, when suddenly one of their number uttering an exclamation of surprise, pointed out the form of a large white bear, crossing the plain in an oblique direction from the other extremity of the wood so as in a manner to intercept them in their intended route. Here was a predicament they had not bargained for;—what was to be done? To go back, would not avail them—to go forward was to meet the advancing foe, and place themselves at his mercy. However, something must be done, and with the natural impetuosity of youth, they quickly made a forward movement, running at the top of their speed, and trusting that they should get under cover of the fort before Bruin spied them. In this, however, they were disappointed; he quickly noticed the flying host, and, as if “on mischief bent,” turned his course more in towards the fort, so as completely to cut them off, and, increasing his pace to a clumsy trot, filled their young hearts with dread for the result. Now they were away as fast as legs could carry them, emulation self-merged in fear, their only thought how to escape the hug of their rough antagonist. Both parties running from angles to a given point, soon lessened the distance between them; the boys it is true, were nearer the fort—but the bear was nearer to them—they could fancy his heavy paw on their shoulders—his sonorous breath on their faces. The danger became more and more imminent, when, oh, sad fortune! one of their number could sustain his flight no longer—his heart failed him—his strength ebbed fast, and seeing his companions making ahead of him, he sank to the ground exhausted, incapable of another effort to avert the danger that now pressed so close upon him. Meantime

other actors appeared upon the scene. The sentry on duty had observed the occurrence from the beginning, and giving the alarm, a small party, hastily furnishing themselves with whatever offensive weapon that came most handy, issued forth to check the dire purposes of the bear, and rescue their little friend from his embrace. Advancing at a smart pace, they reserved their fire until within about twenty or thirty yards of the bear, who, apparently as intent on chasing the boys as they were on escaping him, had not noticed the more formidable opponents until the sharp clear ring of a rifle, sending an ounce bullet whizzing by his head, warned him of more pressing matters. Surprised at the unexpected attack, he stopped in his onward course, and turned to survey the daring souls who thus interposed between him and the fate that seemed to await his victim.

Poor boy! collapsed in the agony of fear, he lay rolled up, his chest heaving as though under the influence of a strong night-mare, his gasping breath and pallid cheek evincing the keen sense he had entertained of the danger that his last consciousness surveyed. Bang—bang! again went the rifle, and with better aim. Bruin was this time hit, and we could see the red life fluid oozing from a wound in the neck, as regardless of pain he determined to brave the leaden shower, and bring the combat to an issue. He turned short on the party whose interference had so materially changed his purposes and plans. Self-preservation is wisely said to be a fundamental law in nature; the sudden onslaught of Bruin caused two or three of the most inexperienced hands to shew symptoms of flight, first discharging their pieces innocuously over or beside him, they stumbled over each other in their anxiety to get out of the way, in a manner productive of much amusement to the cooler heads of the party, who, little relishing the idea of a retreat with so remorseless an enemy in their rear, maintained their standing, and, with admirable nerve, took aim within a couple of paces, and succeeded in hitting him in a mortal part, one ball taking effect in the eye. Staggering, smarting, and blinded with pain and agony, he dropped on his haunches, and uttered a succession of the most terrific growls, making the adjoining woods echo again and again with the reverberations of his voice. Hastily, yet carefully, were preparations made to renew the attack, as uncertain whether he was only stunned or mortally hit, they poured in another volley, every ball telling upon him, and causing an accession to the rough music of his voice. It was more even than a bear's nature to stand this without another effort, so rising on his legs, he fairly turned round, and made as though he would seek the safety and solitude of his native woods. It was now too late, nature's red tide was flowing too freely at every step to give him a chance of life, should he even reach their friendly shelter; besides active enemies were pressing round him—escape was impossible. Sinking under his many wounds, he fell to the earth, his short sharp growl and diminished tone, presaging plainly, that he had been struck in a mortal part, and that life was fast ebbing to a close. Vain was that mute appeal for mercy from the eye, as he received a last blow from a fishing spear, and lay a quivering mass on that earth which, a few hours before, he had crossed in defiance of his present captors.

Exulting in the success of their exploit, the party now turned their steps towards the fort, carrying, shoulder high, the carcass of their slain opponent, with the fainting boy, now returned to consciousness, astride upon it. Arrived there, cheers and congratulations were freely given by the parents and friends of the young fry, rescued from impending danger. The day was spent as a general holiday, nuts and jokes were cracked, and ardent spirits in full request to cheer the spirits of the young and spirited, as well as the old and spiritless; while many a tale of deeds of daring was told of the early part of the American war, that roused all the enthusiasm of the younger British blood, and filled their heads with visions of battle fields, ambuscades, reeking scalps, and red Indians. The midnight moon was on her descent, blending her yellow light with the grey twilight of morning, ere the revellers retired to peaceful rest, to awake to the monotony of their usual life. So ended my first Bear Hunt.

JAMES PENNOCK.

*Earl of Pomfret Lodge, Northampton District.*

## THE BRIDE.

FAREWELL, my mother! . On my bridal day,  
 The day that bears me far from thee away  
 From thy parental roof, where I have shared  
 From infancy thy kindness unimpair'd,  
 I breathe my parting prayer, my sad adieu,  
 For lengthen'd absence yet I never knew.  
 My words will now give sorrow more severe,  
 Than ever sounded in thy partial ear;  
 I leave these scenes where first I friendship knew,  
 And taught by thee my young ideas grew;  
 Where my young judgment was matured to see  
 The grateful debt which now I owe to thee.  
 Oh! say, my mother, have I e'er repaid  
 That fond affection I have seen portrayed,  
 When oft my childish frolics would beguile  
 From thee a mother's pleasureable smile;  
 Or art thou fully satisfied to prove  
 The certain knowledge of a daughter's love?  
 If thus I can a recompense bestow,  
 How free, how largely, shall the tribute flow;  
 Nor shall my future hope, if e'er so fair,  
 Chase from my memory thy maternal care;  
 Revolving years shall serve but to renew  
 Thy precepts tender and affection true.  
 Be happy, then, my mother, nor repine  
 When absent from me as thy days decline;  
 I leave the quiet of thy loved abode,  
 For one as dear, as peaceful, and as good;  
 Still on thy comfort will my peace depend,  
 Although united to as dear a friend.

THOMAS L. BAMBROFFE, N. G.

*Sir Oswald Mosley Lodge, Manchester District.*

## A VOYAGE TO MONTREAL.\*

BY EDWARD CLEGG, P. G.

Liverpool, 1843.

MAY 2. . Myself, my wife, and infant son, sailed at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, from the above port, in the ship *Britannia*, William Coulthart, commander, for Quebec. We had a most beautiful wind in our favour, and the sea was as smooth as a looking glass. There were ten children and twenty-nine adults, as passengers, and all in good health and spirits.

3. The wind has changed during the night, and is now right ahead; still calm, and all in good health. This afternoon, about four o'clock, one of the passengers came on deck, and said that there were two men concealed in the hold. Eventually it turned out there were four of them, as desperate-looking characters as need wish be seen, and as recklessly wicked in their language. The captain is put very much out of the way, and says he will land them at Kinsale, in Ireland.

\* We give this account almost verbatim from the MS. journal of the writer, who is a past officer of the Nelson Lodge, Manchester District, and now located at Montreal, where he is actively exerting himself in the cause of Odd Fellowship. We have no doubt of the accuracy of Mr. Clegg's "Log," and "tarry-at-home-travellers" may glean from it a tolerably good idea of what a sea-voyage is.—EDITOR.

4. Very calm during the night, but a little more swell, the vessel heaving more than it has hitherto done. Some of the passengers are beginning to be sea-sick. This morning, about twelve o'clock, it was announced that we had another man more than our complement on board; all hands turned up on the deck, and the names were called over. It was found to be true. The captain seized the man, and ordered four men to tie him up and flog him; however he changed his mind, and, taking up his glass, swept the horizon for a vessel, saw one, and immediately altered our course towards her, and hoisted a flag (the Union Jack) at our stern. The vessel saw it, and came up to us. She was a small Welsh sloop, from Haverfordwest; four of the men were sent on board, with some salt beef and bread, the other mustered thirty shillings, and agreed to work besides.

5. The wind still against us; we see Wales, and when we tack the other way we see Ireland. We are not making any way at all—at the rate we are going, we shall remain in the channel a month.

6. Wind still the same—weather warm, and very fine; a very heavy swell towards night; the passengers are all beginning to be sea-sick, excepting one, self, and children.

7. Sunday. Wind rather more favourable; had prayers and singing; several vessels in sight; sickness beginning to abate.

8. Wind still against us, and a little rain. A squall came on towards night, some of the passengers very ill; mixed up some ground ginger and brandy, and gave it to them, it gave great relief to several.

9. A perfect calm, scarcely a ripple on the water; a shoal of porpoises playing round the bows of the vessel; the first mate, Mr. Thompson, tried to harpoon one, but could not succeed; had a violin and a flute on deck at night, singing, dancing, &c.

10. Wind rather in our favour, but very high; very squally all night. This morning the captain served out bread, flour, rice, and potatoes, to the passengers. The women very busy in the afternoon making cakes, &c., and most of us had pudding for dinner.

11. Wind kept up in our favour all night, very wet and squally; the vessel rolls more than she has before, we can scarcely manage to walk.

12. Wind against us, driving us, during the night, a great way to the north; a great many stormy petrels in sight at the stern of the vessel, which the sailors say is a very bad sign.

13. A dreadful squall during the night, upsetting everything in our berths, and bringing on sea-sickness, most of us thinking we had got over it. Up to this time I have not been sea-sick, nor have any of the children.

14. Wind in our favour, the ship going at the rate of ten knots and a half per hour; all well, except one, who is ill of the rheumatism. A large vessel hove in sight, and passed us quite close, but could not speak her. Threw over board a bottle containing a paper with the name of the vessel, number of passengers and crew, latitude and longitude, namely, 48, 1, 18, 30, captain's name, and my own; also, my mother's address, to whom I wished it to be sent when found, and the seal of the Order of Odd Fellows on the paper, and upon the cork of the bottle. Bread, rice, flour, and potatoes, served out by the captain.

15. Wind still in our favour, but very little of it. An immense shoal of porpoises playing round the vessel, and about noon the sea seemed almost alive with a large shoal of bottle-nosed whales. The sick passenger has lost the use of his legs and hands, and is groaning the whole night with pain.

16. Wind changed during the night to S.W., which is right against us; the passengers asked to assist in hoisting the sails and bracing the ship; our united strength makes us useful, though I cannot say much in favour of our skill.

17. Wind still against us, wet and squally; a great many strange birds in sight, the sailors say they are noddies.

18. Wind still against us; if it continue we shall be driven down to the western isles by to-morrow morning; spoke a Spanish vessel bound for Berbice.

19. Wind a point in our favour. We have been driven 300 miles out of our course. The sick passenger getting worse, and some of the passengers' provisions getting short.

20. Very cold and wet, furling and unfurling the sails the whole of the day; several small whales seen playing about the vessel.



21. Still wet, but the wind in our favour. We have made 208 miles in the last twenty-four hours; the sick passenger a little better, but his wife taken ill.

22. Wind still good; weather fair, but very cold; a large shark seen slowly swimming round the vessel; a heavy gale comes on towards night, all the sails taken in, but the main topsail, which was close reefed.

23. The wind against us, and a very heavy swell, which causes us to pitch so much that we are scarcely able to get on deck, walking is out of the question.

24. Wind still against us, weather wet and foggy; a very large whale seen, the captain says it must be eighty feet long.

25. Awakened this morning, about half-past four, by some of the sailors bursting open my room door, and stealing my keg of brandy. Went on deck and roused the captain; he refused to give me assistance in the matter. At half-past seven, when they were called to let a reef out of the mizen topsail, two of them quarrelled, and fought on the yard. Three of them confined, and put in irons in the sail room; nearly the whole of the crew drunk, only four able to go into the tops, and the whole almost in a state of mutiny; they compel the captain to release the prisoners.

26. Wind blowing very fresh, but not much in our favour; the crew ill from the effects of the brandy. A great deal of discontent among the passengers at the captain's conduct.

27. Weather very warm, scarcely any wind, the sea quite smooth; a large shark, about eighteen feet long, swimming about the ship; and a great number of small fish, about six or seven inches long, the sailors call them old wives.

28. Weather still warm; we have been driven a long way to the south, the captain says we are not far from the western isles.

29. Weather still warm, but a little more wind. The captain shot an albatross.

30. Wind very fresh during the night; begin to find out that my next door neighbours are not the best people in the world.

31. Got a wind at last in our favour, but very wet; the vessel rolls so that we cannot walk without having hold of something; the cans, pans, and boxes, that are loose, rolling about in all directions.

June 1. Wind still pretty much in our favour, but very rough, the ship rolling about in a most awful manner. Very cold; the fire which is on deck washed out several times, and between decks quite wet and slabby; altogether one of the most unpleasant days I ever passed. Wet and cold—nothing warm to get, or anything even warming, and a cold, damp berth, to turn into!

2. Wind still strong, but not much in our favour; very cold, but dry. Spoke a ship from London to New York, the "Sovereign," with 300 passengers, thirty-three days out; she is not near so large a ship as ours, and rolls very much, and the sea is so rough that when only half a mile from us, she is frequently out of sight altogether.

3. Wind moderate, but very cold; saw a small iceberg, and a large piece of a wreck floated past us.

4. A very heavy squall during the night; made our Whit Sunday's dinner of a piece of cold boiled bacon, and some hard biscuits, and drank some stinking water to it. In the afternoon a sudden squall split our fore topsail right across, and what makes it more provoking, a wind has sprung up in our favour.

5. Wind still in our favour; the main cross trees broken clean off during the night, the jib halliards (ropes) broken, and the foresail a large hole in it.

6. Wind still in our favour, going at the rate of twelve miles per hour for the last thirty hours; lost one of our main top gallant studding sails. This morning we cannot keep ourselves warm at all.

7. Wind gone down; still cold; an iceberg, as large as a very large vessel, passed us; immense flocks of birds flying near us, about the size of a small duck, the sailors say they are widgeons.

8. Wind pretty fair, very wet and cold. The body of a man floating past the ship, and several pieces of wood that seemed as if they had been part of some vessel. The captain sold fine biscuit, treacle, pickles, salt beef and pork, rice, sugar, tea, &c., to the passengers that wanted it, the biscuit allowed by the ship not being such as many could eat, sweet, but very coarse and hard; so hard that it will not soften to eat unless soaked several hours, and then boiled.

9. Wind fair, very foggy, and cold; many fishing vessels in sight.

10. On the banks of Newfoundland; the wind dropped about noon to a perfect calm. This afternoon all were alive making lings to fish with; the ropes stolen from off all the boxes; the rope round my crate of pots stolen by my partner, a Scotchman, and brought to me, which caused a hearty laugh afterwards, to tie to our line, which, with about seventy yards of an old deep sea line lent me by the captain, made one about one hundred and fifty yards long; baited at first with fat pork, and caught a fine cod, about thirty pounds weight. There were a great many caught, some were very large, and were obliged to be struck with grains, or harpoons; also several large halibut. The cod fish were different to any I ever saw before, they were spotted all over like a leopard, and when drawn fresh out of the water, they really looked beautiful, the colours were so very bright; when caught, the sailors hung them on a hook, and cut them open for bait whilst yet alive, and they moaned most piteously. We found great quantities of small silver sand eels, and small crabs in them. I measured one, and it was five feet ten inches and a half long; a man's head would go into its mouth. They were all divided amongst the crew and passengers, and were a very great treat. We began to eat directly they were caught. I helped to draw one in with a piece of another in my mouth, which we had cut into slices and fried—it was delicious.

11. Wind sprang up again, and more rain, and fog so thick that we cannot see sixty yards from the ship; a man at the bow blowing a horn every minute, and one at each side. Very cold. All quite busy, good Sunday as it is, in cleaning and preparing their fish; everybody feasting, and all quite well, and in good spirits, notwithstanding it is so piercing cold and wet. Snuff all done—awful to look forward to, for the tobacco has been exhausted on board for the last three weeks, so that I cannot make any.

12. Wind good, but very foggy, cold and wet. A great many fishing vessels around us; a large American frigate in sight. A fine large cod caught this morning.

13. A perfect calm, the sails flapping against the masts; a fog so thick we are scarcely able to see from one end of the vessel to the other.

14. Wind in our favour, and very strong; been going all night at the rate of nine miles per hour. One of the passengers caught a small dolphin yesterday.

15. Wind still in our favour; several whales seen to-day, and three white fish, about the size of a very large porpoise; but we do not know the name of them, for no one on board ever saw any like them before.

16. Wind still in our favour; saw a vessel to-day that left Liverpool the same day that we did. One of the passengers found out to-day that his box had been broken open, and ten half sovereigns stolen out, and a satin scarf.

17. Very wet and cold, with sleet. Wind still good and favourable. Captain says that we were 500 miles out of our course at one time.

18. Saw land about seven o'clock this morning, very mountainous, and a great deal of snow on the mountains. The sun came out about eleven o'clock, and for about two hours we had fine summer weather; it was indeed a treat after the severe cold. The fog came on again, and we had once more the cold raw winter around us; and when, towards night, it cleared away for a short time, we had lost sight of the land again, (Newfoundland) and had nothing around us but the trackless waste of waters.

19. Saw the Island of Breton early this morning, and some rocks, called the Magdalen Islands; they rise (we are now in the gulph of St. Lawrence) perpendicularly out of the water, and have the appearance, at a distance, of so many brick kilns; they are also called Bird Islands, from the immense numbers of a bird, called gannet; that frequent them. We were becalmed opposite to them for several hours. There were two men on them killing the birds, and several boats there collecting eggs; the islands, strictly speaking, are covered with them, and appeared, through the glass, one moving mass of birds. They do not seem at all alarmed at what is going on around them; nor do the foolish things stir, although they see their neighbours knocked on the head. There are twenty-seven sail in sight, mostly all outward bound; one passed close to us, with every sail set, and gave us three cheers, as a sort of welcome to America, though we have not yet seen the main land; we are close to it, and expect to see it in the morning.

20. Wind fair, and had a fine breeze all night; made one hundred and twelve miles in ten hours. Passed the island of Anticosta about eight o'clock this morning; several whales in sight, one a very large one; spoke the Elizabeth Jane, of Whitby, laden with timber. Fight between the steward and carpenter—the first mate stood by

to see fair play; followed by one between the black cook, and one of the sailors. The jolly boat ordered out to take the man on shore who stowed himself away, but the women are going to try to beg him off. The boat ordered back.

21. A perfect calm, the sun very hot, the water like a glass; we are in the same place as we were yesterday morning.

22. Still calm, no wind, but are five miles further down than we were, being driven back by the current. This afternoon, about three o'clock, as the first mate and I were talking on the forecastle, we noticed a vessel about four miles to windward, driven all at once nearly on her beam ends. We had at that time every sail set that the vessel could carry; we were a complete cloud of canvass, the captain was gone to bed, the mate jumped down, ordered all hands up, and every sail to be taken in. The captain heard the noise, and came on deck, looked up, saw what was the matter, and in a few minutes we were under bare poles. The sun shining beautifully, and the water still smooth as molten lead; but the scene was soon to change. First came a gentle ripple on the waters, then a curl, which in its turn was soon followed by the angry-crested mountain waves. All this change, from imaginary perfect security, to the most imminent danger, took place in about half an hour. There was another ship, about three miles to leeward, which, of course, would not see the squall so soon as us. It was a strange sight to see the vessel to windward with her yards down to the water's edge in the midst of a fierce storm, and us under bare poles, expecting it coming over, and all quite gloomy around us, while the ship to leeward was in smooth water, the sun shining upon her, and all her sails set. A few minutes, and she also took in her sails; the gale lasted until midnight.

23. This morning brought us once more calm weather; the storm died away fortunately without doing us any damage. The two vessels are in sight, and do not appear to have suffered much. The black cook is once more to appear, but in a different character to the last. A passenger had persuaded him that one of the young women was in love with him, and wished to see him that night; he accordingly came about eleven o'clock; the girl shrieked out, and a few of us who were in the secret, made as much noise as possible, got lights and created as much uproar and confusion as anybody could wish to see or hear, it had nearly ended in a general fight, however, and I and the Scotchman were blamed for it. The cook escaped in the confusion with our assistance; if he had been caught he would have been flogged, and we did not wish to carry the joke that length.

24. Wind still calm. We have only made nine miles since Tuesday. I threw a line over the side to day, and caught a fine mackerel, but my hook was not strong enough to hold him; he broke away, leaving part of his jaw fast to it. We can see the land quite plain, it is very hilly, and seems entirely covered with wood, down to the very water's edge; wind springing up towards night.

25. Had a famous wind in our favour all night, made above one hundred miles up the gulph, in ten hours; can see the houses at Fox Town and Fox Ville, and the fishing boats, and the fires on the shore for drying fish; for they are only fishing stations, notwithstanding their fine names. This morning the wind was so strong that the main jack, a rope about the thickness of your arm, broke, and hit the second mate on the side of the head, causing blood to fly from his ears and nose. Night wind still good.

26. Wind against us again; merely tacking to keep our ground, which we can scarcely do. The island of Anticosta in sight. There is a light house upon it, and two stations belonging to the North West Fur Company, but no inhabitants; and even the Fur Company are only there in the summer months. In winter it is enclosed in the ice, and covered with snow, producing nothing at any time but wolves, bears, foxes, squirrels, &c., and its waters only seals, cod, halibut, and mackerel.

27. Still calm; the light house in sight all night; we are not three miles from where we were yesterday; five vessels close to us striving to get up to Quebec.

28. Still calm, no wind at all, and losing ground from the current of the St. Lawrence, the light house close to us yet. All in good health and spirits; went up to the main top gallants. The captain gave me a bottle of rum on the sly. Found four quarts of porter that I thought was drunk, gave that to my wife, and enjoyed myself with the rum.

29. No wind; the light house still in sight, begin to think we shall stay here; the provisions of the rest of the passengers are all done, and the ship's nearly so. I have sufficient left for three weeks yet; I have kept one poor fellow nearly a month, but he acts as my servant. Six o'clock, the wind has risen in our favour at last; adieu to the light house and Anticosta.

30. Wind still good. We are fairly in the mouth of the St. Lawrence; opened a case of ox tail soup for dinner, and thought I never tasted anything so good; drank the last of my rum, and finished with a pipe filled with green tea.

July 1. Wind still good, and in our favour; the land on each side of us. It is here about thirty miles wide, as we tack; we have some very pleasant views; see hundreds of white porpoises rolling round us; beginning to look out for the pilot.

2. Wind dropped; but we move a little; a great many settlements in sight; the land has a pleasing appearance in the clearings, but every where else there is nothing to be seen but trees and rocks. The rest of the passengers are living entirely on the coarse ship biscuits and water; they boil the biscuits in a cloth in water, for they are all crumbs, and then take and cut them in slices, and fry them in pork fat, which they get from the cook. The fat is what is skimmed from the top of the water the salt pork is boiled in for the sailors' use.

3. Very little wind. The captain says he was once detained here three weeks, which is very consoling. We have nothing to complain of if we look round us, for we have plenty of provisions yet, and my wife and son often dine and take tea with the captain; I play at draughts every night with him or the mate. Four o'clock. A large pilot boat in sight. Seven o'clock. The other vessels have got the pilots, for they are before us.

4. Wind gradually rising since eight o'clock this morning; weather getting very hot, the pitch running out of the seams on deck; the men are continually throwing water to keep them cool. A general overhauling of the whole ship, washing, scrubbing, and brushing; all the dirty cloths ordered to be washed, which, as we have no soap, will be rather awkward.

5. Wind good, but dare not take advantage of it, having no pilot on board. We dare not go much farther without incurring a very heavy fine; also liable to be fired at from Grose Island.

6. Pilot on board this morning; brought lots of tobacco—everybody smoking; wind good, but light; every yard of canvass in the whole ship up. Pilot, French; he wants one shilling a stick for tobacco, and we must have it at any rate.

7. Came to anchor at the quarantine ground; the doctor is to come on board to see if there be any sick; it is a small island in the centre of the river; there is a little church with tin roof and spire; a great number of small white houses among the trees, used as hospitals for the sick. There is also a great number of small islands all round us, all covered with trees more or less, some fifty, some with only one tree; everything around speaks of a foreign land; no English spoken, yet it looks to us a perfect paradise, after being so long at sea.

The ship *Liverpool*, which sailed two days after us, and in which I intended to come out, dropped her anchor four hours after us. She had three hundred and forty passengers on board, the small pox had broken out among them, they had buried ten at sea; I saw them take three boat loads of sick on shore. The doctor has been on board of us, mustered all hands, passed us, and said we were the most healthy ship that had come out this season.

8. We sailed with a fair wind last night, every sail set, and are now in sight of Quebec. We passed the falls of Montmorency this morning; all in good spirits at the prospect of going on shore, and getting soft bread.

I have been on shore, and made an arrangement to go up to Montreal in the morning in a steamer, distance about one hundred and eighty miles.

11. Landed this morning at Montreal, and have got into good quarters. It is dreadful hot. We roll about as we walk, the ground being steady, and we being accustomed to the rolling of the ship.

### THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

SWEET gem of the garden! fair child of the vale!  
 Were it not that thy perfume is borne on the gale,  
 Thy gentle attractions might blossom unseen,  
 For thou lovest to lurk 'neath thy canopy green,  
 Like a bashful recluse, all thy graces to hide,  
 Whilst thy sisters around thee are flaunting with pride.

But little thou reckest how others may charm,  
 No envy disturbs thee—no jealous alarm;  
 Thy merit consists not in gaudy display,  
 Thy sensitive form shuns the glare of the day;  
 But drawn from thy humble, yet graceful, recess,  
 Thou winnest all hearts with a magic address.  
 Lo! a cluster of fairy bells comes then to light,  
 In innocence clad with a vesture of white;  
 How like tender infants they cling to their stem,  
 Though fragile the tie, all sufficient for them—  
 Whilst sustaining its charge like a parent, observe.  
 How the tendril hangs o'er them in delicate curve!  
 Sweet picture of meekness, of love, and of grace!  
 The proud ones of earth here a moral may trace,  
 That beauty ne'er wears so enticing a mien,  
 As when coyly retiring she shuns to be seen;  
 Through her virtues alone lets her charms be revealed,  
 As the perfume first tells where the Lily's concealed.

MEDICUS.

*Wellington Lodge, Manchester.*

## CHURCHYARDS.

BY GEORGE HURST.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the earth has closed over the mortal remains of one, whose life had been devoted to the acquisition of wealth; his career, its termination, and the fleeting advantages derived from all his anxieties and exertions, are subjects which men of the world may fairly deem worthy of a little consideration. The grandeur, importance, and various luxuries purchaseable with riches, rarely, for any lengthened period, fall to the lot of those who have earned affluence. By the time they have realized the object of their ambition, if that be ever attained, they have arrived to that advanced age, when a very moderate competency would supply everything they are capable of enjoying. These are facts that everybody will admit, although few can appreciate their full force and truthfulness, for the imagination, in prospective, gives to wealth, so much of lustre, so much of the means of obtaining happiness, that scarcely any adoration is so fervent and sincere as that which is offered up to the golden calf. Mammon continues an object of idolatry, even with persons whose reputation for piety would induce us to believe that they were weaned from earthly considerations, and they divide their affections between human advantages and immortal aspirations. Perhaps, the pleasure derivable from the pursuit of wealth, far exceeds any gratification afforded by its dissipation; for the primary charm of life is excitement, and the mercantile man, intent upon the acquisition of property, experiencing all the various vicissitudes of profit and loss, continues in a condition of excitation, similar in kind, though milder in degree, to that which is felt in its utmost intensity by those who devote themselves to habits of gaming. People who seek happiness by the dissipation of riches, meet invariably with *ennui*, bitterness, and disappointment—the object of their search constantly recedes from them, as water from the lips of Tantalus; while the man to whom the pursuit of wealth is a passion, when his endeavours to acquire are crowned with success, the accumulation of his own creation is a continual source of exultation and happiness.

“Ye who wonder that the miser should be sparing,  
 Know not what visions spring from each cheese paring.”

Mr. Floyd, the honoured object of our consideration, was a devoted worshipper at the shrine of Plutus, but he was no miser; for although he was anxious to acquire, yet he was liberal in his expenditure. A favourite maxim with him was, “that merit

consisted rather in making, than in saving, money." After his marriage, he remained some months with his father-in-law, without finding a situation that pleased him in which to commence business. During this time he contrived to ingratiate himself very much with Mr. Canaster, by making himself very useful in the tobacco business, with the details of which he soon became thoroughly acquainted; and the books, which had been previously kept in an imperfect and slovenly manner, he brought into that beautiful order which displays, in mercantile eyes, the highest result of human talent and intellectual acquirement.

Mr. Canaster was of a convivial turn. In this there was an agreement between him and his son-in-law—they became inseparable companions, and were accustomed regularly to spend their evenings at some free and easy, or in some other manner equally respectable. Poor Mrs. Floyd being left continually by herself, used at times to feel rather lonely, but she never complained, for she was a most kind-hearted creature, and considered that anything done by her father and husband was in the regular course of events, and could not be wrong. On their return home, she always received them gladly, and with a smile upon her countenance. After living in this agreeable manner for a little more than five months, their nuptials were rendered still further happy by the birth of a son, which circumstance caused Mr. Floyd to be still more anxious for settling himself in business. He found premises vacant that he thought might answer for the purpose—he took Mr. Canaster over to them. The next consideration was how the necessary funds could be raised. Mr. Canaster was inclined to be liberal, but only in the same proportions as Mr. Floyd's own relations; therefore Mr. Floyd wrote a most dutiful letter, which he said was intended for his own honoured parent, setting forth the importance of a considerable amount being advanced. After reading this letter to Mr. Canaster, he stated he had consigned it to the post; but whether it was merely written for the inspection of his father-in-law, without any intention of committing it to the post, or otherwise, is, at this distance of time, impossible to determine. One morning, however, a few days after the letter had been written, Mr. Floyd came into the warehouse, seemingly in a perfect paroxysm of grief, a shopman was looking on with much astonishment, but considering Mr. Floyd's sorrows no affair of his, remained perfectly quiet, evincing not the slightest disposition to interfere, upon which Mr. Floyd called him, and said,—“Go and tell Mr. Canaster that I have received a letter, and—am crying.” The young man did as he was desired, and Mr. Canaster soon made his appearance. Mr. Floyd was pacing the room hurriedly, tearing his hair, and beating his head with apparent violence. The effect was striking, yet it is believed that neither his hair nor head sustained any serious injury. “Mr. Canaster,” he blubbered out, “you are my only friend,” at the same time holding out a letter which the other took, and read as follows:—

“My dear brother,

“Your letter arrived too late for your purpose, as our poor father departed this life the day before we received it; but to save you any further trouble, I think it right to inform you, that for the last two years of his life he had given up house-keeping, and resided with me, having made over to me, in return for my kindness, the whole of his personal effects. The estates, I, of course, inherit as his eldest son. You will perceive by this that you have no interest in his affairs, therefore, your wearing mourning will be altogether a matter of feeling with yourself; as for attending his funeral, I think it hardly worth while putting yourself to that expense.

“I am,

“Your affectionate brother,

“W. FLOYD.”

Mr. Canaster seemed astounded at reading this singular production; the unfeeling manner in which it was written excited his utmost indignation. He appeared for some time very much puzzled, then, after carefully rubbing his spectacles, he read it again, to make sure that he was not deceived by some optical illusion; and looking inquiringly at Mr. Floyd, he said,—“Why, this letter looks very much as if it had been written in your own hand writing, a little disguised.”

“Mr. Floyd replied, “I thought you would observe that. That unfeeling brother and I were brought up from infancy together, went to the same school, and were taught writing by the same writing master; we always wrote very much alike, excepting that he could not write quite so good a hand as myself.” With that he seized the letter, and

tearing it into a thousand pieces, continued,—“Thus I'll tear myself from all my relations—yes, from this moment I have done with them all—on myself alone shall I place reliance, and I doubt not the day will come when they will be glad to look up to me for favour and assistance, but they shall receive instead, that scorn and contempt which their present conduct merits.”

Mr. Floyd, on account of his brother's conduct, seems to have entered into a sweeping condemnation of the whole of his relations. It might have been that he considered his brother the representative of his family, and to whose sentiments the rest of his kindred would have reciprocated. Mr. Floyd then assumed a countenance and manner of scornful defiance, began to strike the “empty air” with violence, and, throwing his legs about, declared he would kick them all to the final destination of very wicked people. Mr. Canaster was very much affected, and did not altogether like the thoughts of their separation, his son-in-law having become to him an almost indispensable person, not only by his usefulness in business, but also by being so agreeable and convivial a companion. In accordance with this state of feeling, the old gentleman said,—“Well, my boy, whatever your own relatives may be, only be a good husband to my poor girl, and in me you shall always have a firm friend. My business is not a very bad concern—with your energies it may become better; and instead of hunting about to commence a new affair, you shall become a partner with myself.” This was just the object Mr. Floyd had been aiming to obtain; he therefore entered into the matter at once, overwhelming poor Mr. Canaster with high-wrought declarations of gratitude.

Mr. Floyd having become a partner, began to push the business with the greatest energy. Regularity and neatness prevailed in the whole establishment, of which he took upon himself the entire management. In purchasing, no man could be more judicious—in effecting sales with “good men,” he was extremely persevering, and accordingly successful; but he was inflexible in not having any accomplices with doubtful, or “long-winded people.” The manufacturing department occupied much of his attention, and here, if those who originate inventions or improvements, deserve the praises, admiration, and gratitude of mankind, he did so in a pre-eminent degree. But it not unfrequently happens that many an important discovery in art or science, is introduced, becomes generally adopted, and its usefulness acknowledged, without its origin being traced up to its author, who remains unappreciated, unnoticed, even as it is said happened to the real inventor of the spinning jenny. This happened also to Mr. Floyd—great and valuable were his improvements in manufacturing tobacco, the object of which was to effect a considerable saving in the material employed. It is acknowledged that the highest credit is due to persons whose improved arrangements effect extensive diminution in the means by which results are obtained. For example, such as by ingenious contrivances distribute heat for domestic purposes, or the propulsion of machinery with a smaller consumption of fuel, than had been previously employed. Then how much ought a man like the hero of these pages to have been valued, who, after deep study, and a continuation of experiments, was at length enabled to produce his article for the market, with such a consumption only of the foreign leaf as was absolutely necessary to preserve appearances. It is believed that the greater part of his improvements were subsequently adopted by the trade quietly, having passed from one to another as business secrets, such as apprentices are bound not to disclose. These improvements might have been made public, and the inventor's name appeared before the world as a benefactor of his species, but for the fiscal arrangements of his country.

In the manufacturing department he employed several men and one woman, and no cat could watch a mouse more closely than he did those people. After his great improvements had been brought into operation, he thought the raw material disappeared rather too rapidly, from which he inferred that his work-people had some secrets more than he himself understood, and he set about discovering what these might be. He commenced by showing an increased confidence in all about him, and then, meeting with a very old clock with an immense case, he purchased it, and had it placed in a corner of the factory, for the purpose, as he said, of letting his people know the proper time for leaving their labour. The clock was sent to be repaired, and the case remained in its proper corner for some weeks empty. One day, just before leaving for dinner, each of the men secreted in some part of his clothes, a small portion of tobacco, or tobacco leaf. The poor woman vainly tried to dissuade them from this dishonesty. Just as they were about to leave, an appearance arose suddenly before them, by which they were more

terrified than they would have been at the principal of evil personified, although they had beheld him in aspect more horrible than he was ever pictured in poetic description. It was Mr. Floyd himself emerging from the clock-case. "You are a pretty set of wretches" said he, "I think, after all my kindness, after the unlimited confidence I have reposed in you, to rob and plunder me in this manner." It was remarkable that Mr. Floyd, although only the junior partner, seldom spoke as if any other person was concerned in the business besides himself, and on business matters he usually spoke in the singular number; it was generally, "my shop—my business—my goods—my manufacture." Yet, in justice to him, it must be confessed with regard to debts owing by the concern, or any thing else equally unpleasant in the contemplation, he invariably spoke of "our responsibilities."

The men being so completely caught in their felonious practices, attempted no defence, but earnestly implored for mercy. Mr. Floyd harangued them with his usual eloquence, on the enormity of their offence, on his own kindness, and on their black ingratitude, not that they had anything for which to be grateful, as not the value of a farthing had any of them ever received at his hands, but it was hardly enough earned. He then threatened, but at last as if moved by their contrition, softened down to partial forgiveness, and concluded by saying, "What am I to do? If I abstain from prosecuting, can I conscientiously send you adrift to rob and impose upon other *unsuspecting* people? No! this must not be, nor is it just that you should go altogether unpunished—impunity would only be an encouragement to commit other enormities. You shall remain in my employ—not one of you shall leave—and I'll take care you don't rob me again. But, mind, as I do not prosecute, you shall each of you come to your work an hour earlier in the morning, remain an hour later at night, and I shall reduce the wages of each, two shillings a week! So now be off, and come back again without loitering."

The woman, who was a very likeable, dark-eyed, person, lingered behind after the men had left; she was the wife of one of them. She seemed somewhat confused, and after a little hesitation, said,—“Sir, you surely cannot intend that I should be subjected to these hard regulations.”

“No, Nancy, no!” said her master, in rather a tender tone; “I have no fault to find with you—no fault whatever, Nancy.”

“But,” said she, “My poor husband! I think you might excuse him for my sake.”

“Nancy,” said he, in a more severe manner, “I have a duty to perform to society.”

“A duty!” she replied, rather contemptuously; “he’s my husband, and if I had taken the morsel of tobacco, I do not think there would have been much wrong between you and me.”

Mr. Floyd began to appear very much affected, begged her to leave him, and said these untoward circumstances weighed heavily upon his spirits, and he was in no condition to continue the conversation.

There appears here something mysterious. That she had some claim upon him might be inferred from her remarks; what it was we are unable to define, so, as faithful biographers, we merely state the circumstances, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions.

Mr. Floyd considered that he had settled the matter with regard to the robbery in a most satisfactory manner. If he had prosecuted the delinquents, he should have had a great deal of trouble, lost a great deal of time, and have sustained considerable expense; whereas, the merciful plan he had adopted, enhanced his own profits, which was securing to virtue its just reward.

The business went on swimmingly, but Mr. Canaster was no longer the master of his own establishment. Up to the time of taking a partner, he had always prided himself upon conducting his business in an honest and respectable manner, manufacturing and vending a genuine article. His feelings upon the subject were expressed by this couplet, which was printed upon his wrapping papers:—

“Some may put cash in their pockets much faster,  
But who sells such bacca as Billy Canaster.”

This was, in some degree, occasioned by a rich rival tobacconist, named Farr, having as a motto on his shop papers:—

“The best Virginian tobacco by Farr.”



Poor Canaster, being now a person of no weight or influence in the concern, was far from being comfortable. The new style of conducting business but ill accorded with his old fashioned notions, and he had lost all confidence—even in smoking their own tobacco. Mr. Floyd also began to consider him a dead weight, and most judiciously set about inducing him to retire altogether. With this view Mr. Floyd frequently spoke of the honourable and happy position of a man, who, by honest industry, had earned a competency, and retiring from active life, becoming esteemed and venerated, as a bright example to be emulated by the rising generation. So beautifully in this manner was the *otium cum dignitate* of a retired tradesman pictured, that at last poor old Canaster was persuaded to retire, and leave his son-in-law solely in the business.

How frequently that which is beautiful in description fails in the reality. The magnificent meandering stream of the auctioneer, turns out to be nothing more than a muddy ditch; and who would recognise in the simple peasant girl; a realization of the poetic description of the rustic bright eyed maiden, whose Arcadian simplicity and loveliness presents to the imagination an ideal of the sweetest of Eve's daughters. No, if we would enjoy imaginative picturings, let us not search for their common place and sad reality.

Poor Billy Canaster expected much from the sweets of retirement. He fixed upon a detached cottage for his residence, a few miles from town, at the back part of which, the lover of the picturesque was presented with a view over a few dirty fields, described in an advertisement as a prospect over a fine highly cultivated pastoral district; and a paltry slip, containing a few of the commonest shrubs and flowers, was designated as a garden and pleasure ground, ornamented with the choicest plants and horticultural productions. The poor fellow had worked himself into a belief in the delights of pruning his own trees, watching the floral and fructiferous developments of his plants, and Adamizing his own vegetables—but, alas! he had no taste for these. Accustomed, from his earliest infancy, to the noise and bustle of the metropolis, in a few days he became dull—wretchedly, miserably dull. His daughter had kindly allowed her little boy to be the companion of his solitude, her nuptials having been subsequently blessed with lovely twin feminine infants; but he had not arrived at his second childhood, and the prattling of his grandson, dearly as he was attached to the child, did not compensate for the pleasant friends, companions, and trading connexions, whose society he had so long enjoyed; neither did he experience the respect and consideration from the inhabitants of the neighbourhood that he had expected. He was removed from his own connexions, and the people among whom he lived neither thought nor cared about him, and 'with the dirty and vagabond boys, and other low people, his reputation, as a retired tradesman, only obtained for him the nick-name, which probably the motto on his shop papers supplied, of old Bacco Billy. It is true, that constantly on Sundays, his tedium was relieved by a large importation of his old friends and acquaintances, with their friends and acquaintances, coming to eat and drink the best his house afforded, by way of recreating themselves after their week of occupation. In order to relieve the monotony of his situation, he used to walk out constantly, and call at all the public houses in his progress, and imbibe plentifully the various kinds of adulteration for which they were famous; beginning with the compound, technically called purl, before breakfast, and continuing with "half pints" and drams until the dinner hour, at which time he used to feel astonished at the failing of his appetite. In the evening he regularly finished up at the Green Man. After living in this exemplary manner for some months, he paid a visit to his daughter and son-in-law, at his former habitation. On his arrival opposite the old shop, he found everything changed. The front had been newly ornamented, the windows had been painted and modernized, and the whole exterior of the fabric was altered. The situation was the same, but beyond that, nothing reminded him of the establishment commenced by his forefathers in the year 1700, the ancient appearance of which he had preserved for many years with reverential regard. At seeing the changes that had been made, his heart failed him, and he walked backwards and forwards for some time, and called upon several of his old neighbours, before he could summon sufficient resolution to enter the premises. After going in, he became more reconciled, as internally the house seemed much in the same state as formerly, Mr. Floyd considering that if the exterior of premises be sufficiently attractive to induce customers to enter, failing then to make the most of them is from negligence, or want of capacity. Mr. Canaster remained at his son-in-law's for several days, seldom speaking, and never

a smile playing upon his countenance; he seemed entirely to have lost his accustomed cheerfulness and vivacity. Mrs. Floyd endeavoured to make him notice her two little girls, by dancing them before him, desiring them to kiss grandpapa, and by various other manoeuvres that ladies so thoroughly understand for compelling people to admire their little prodigies; but, to say the least of it, she was chagrined and offended that her papa barely seemed to bestow a look or thought upon the two "most beautiful children in the world." The only things that particularly occupied his attention were a few pieces of old furniture, an old peg or two, and some of the ancient fixtures; after carefully examining any one of which, both by sight and touch, he might be heard muttering, "It was my father's!" or, "It was my grandfather's!"

Mr. Floyd began to think he should have some trouble in getting rid of him, but one morning the old gentleman got up rather earlier than usual,—went over every part of the premises; not a cupboard, hole, or corner, escaped his notice: he then went out of the house without speaking a word to anybody, and got upon a coach that took him to breakfast at his own residence. After breakfast he went to the Green Man, seated himself in the little back parlour, and remained there until the evening, without once uttering a syllable, excepting in giving orders for the various potations he continually required. His peculiarly melancholy state of mind was noticed by "Mary, the maid of the inn," who endeavoured to rouse him by various little attentions.

Mary really pitied him, as she would any one that she thought was sorrowing. She was a woman that, within a somewhat masculine exterior, had a heart so tender that she would have pawned her last apron to have alleviated another's sufferings—she was constituted for the sympathies—she would laugh joyously with people who were merry, and her tears would flow freely at the sight of misfortune; but she had also strength and spirits that admirably qualified her for her situation, and when a man was disorderly, she seldom hesitated taking him by the shoulders, and turning him into the street.

After several attempts to rouse himself, Mr. Canaster made a desperately imbecile attempt at appearing joyous, and gave her a kiss, and he did feel, in some degree, comforted, as he fancied there was one person in the world, who wished to see him happy. He was very grateful for her attentions, by which he was induced, from this period, to pass the greater portion of his time at the Green Man. But his habit of drinking seemed on the increase, particularly the frequency of taking drams. The landlord and landlady, of course, paid great attention and respect to so good a customer, and Mary did so from the natural kindness of her disposition; she also would frequently attempt to dissuade him from his unfortunate propensity of drinking, but it was of no avail, the habit was formed, and seemed to be his only resource. No act of kindness from Mary passed unnoticed, and he frequently rewarded her with presents, so handsome, that his relatives, had they been aware of the circumstance, would have considered his conduct in the highest degree preposterous. At times, when the gaieties of his early life recurred to his mind, he would make towards her some weak attempts at a rakish kind of flirtation, which she would playfully repel, by pretending to be alarmed lest somebody might be coming. It is believed that occasionally he entertained thoughts of offering her marriage, but there was no permanency in these juvenile inclinations. After lying in this manner about two or three years, his legs began to swell, and he exhibited strong symptoms of a man whose constitution was fairly giving way. One day, being unusually depressed in spirits, he went to some of his accustomed haunts, and drank dram after dram, with a seemingly desperate determination of driving away melancholy, or of destroying himself in the attempt, but still he remained wretched; about his usual dinner hour, he partook of a very highly-seasoned kidney, after which he went to his favourite house, the Green Man. In the course of the afternoon, he more than once complained of his brandy and water not being sufficiently strong, and had the quantity of spirit doubled; but in spite of all he remained singularly depressed. Mary tried to cheer him, and dressed herself in a smart new gown he had given her, hoping to divert him, and to let him see how well his present became her. He brightened up for the moment, looked at her with something of parental kindness, slipped a five pound note into her hand, and said,—“Bless you, my girl! May God Almighty bless you!”

“Oh, dear! Mr. Canaster,” said Mary, “I can’t think of taking it. You have been so very good to me that I feel quite ashamed, lest I should be imposing upon your kindness.”

"Mary," said he, "don't say a word about it; I shan't see you much longer; I shan't want it myself, and as for those I leave behind me, they are well provided for."

He was clearly impressed with the notion that his end was fast approaching. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and the tender-hearted Mary was unable to reply. He remained until a late hour, all the while striving vainly to rouse himself by continued potations. When he arose to go, being unable to walk, the landlord supported him home, and his housekeeper carefully put him to bed, but without thinking anything was particularly amiss, as she had frequently seen him brought home in a similar condition. On the following morning the housekeeper knocked at his door, and called him at his usual time of rising; as she received no answer, and fancied that he might be ill, she went into the room; on undrawing the curtains she was horrified by finding that her poor master was no longer a living being.

After he had lain a week, his body was consigned to the earth with all the usual proprieties. The funeral was succeeded by that most important of all ceremonies—reading the will. Mr. Floyd was much gratified at finding that the old gentleman had left considerably more property than he was supposed to have possessed, which was wholly bequeathed to his son-in-law, with the exception of a legacy to his housekeeper, and a hundred pounds and suitable mourning to Mary Brocket, at the Green Man. This, of course, occasioned some remarks not very favourable to the deceased tobacconist, and some very kind allusions to the "artful hussey;" but the bequests were promptly discharged.

In a few weeks the property was all transferred to the new owners. His cottage found a fresh occupant, and no trace seemed remaining of the retired tradesman, excepting in the grateful recollections of Mary, and in the regrets of the landlord, at seeing his chair vacant at the Green Man.

*Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.*

[To be concluded in our next.]

### THE AYRSHIRE MAID.

CAN I forget that golden day,  
When first I saw thy form of grace,  
And gazed upon the smiling ray,  
That dwelt, like sunshine, on thy face?  
Oh, no! thy memory with me dwells,  
As light that gilds the clouds of care,  
And many a fond remembrance tells  
Of thee and muse-enchanted Ayr.

The trees were clad in brightest green,  
The sunny waters danced along;  
No shadow frown'd upon the scene,  
But all was clear, and glad, and young.  
It was the hopeful month of May,  
And every branch held blossoms fair;  
Spring-loveliness around us lay,  
But nought more sweet than thee had Ayr.

Music's most silvery tones were heard,  
When thou did'st breathe the poet's line,  
And honied o'er seem'd every word  
That pass'd those virgin lips of thine;  
A magic mingled with the rhyme,  
Which gain'd from thee a beauty rare,  
For as some spirit of the clime  
Wert thou to me in verdant Ayr.

Farewell! we ne'er may meet again,  
 Young dweller in a far-off land;  
 Yet, when thou roam'st thy native plain,  
 Think thou of him who press'd thy hand,  
 And, as he met thy dewy eyes,  
 Breathed for thy future bliss a prayer:—  
 Oh! oft within my heart will rise,  
 Fond thoughts of thee and beauteous Ayr.

RHO.

## FACTS FOR THE MILLION.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.—BURNS.

IN entering upon this subject, I am actuated by no desire to kindle in the breasts of the productive classes, feelings of rancour or discontent, but rather to frame a few comparisons between the relative positions of the rich and poor, with a view of deducing from the context, certain conclusions, which, probably, may be deemed worthy the consideration of those who desire to make provision against the ills which the immortal bard assures us "flesh is heir to."

In a former article, (published in the *Odd Fellows' Magazine* for July, 1844,) I endeavoured to shew that in days of Gothic darkness, our forefathers were regarded with as little favour as "the ox who treadeth out the corn," being esteemed in an exact ratio with their amount of physical endurance; it therefore only remains for me to limit the observations I have to make, in connexion with this article, to the enlightened nineteenth century.

As it is my intention to be as brief as possible, I will at once proceed to the charge by propounding the following question:—Do the wealthy, collectively, sympathize with their less fortunate brethren? To arrive at a just conclusion, it is necessary we should take a cursory glance at the exertions, from time to time made by the aristocracy, to improve the condition of the poor, and from the nature and extent of those exertions, endeavour to adduce an answer to the inquiry.

The first step of any importance, to which allusion may, with propriety, be made, as bearing on the point at issue, is the establishment of banks for savings. Now, I am not one of those who reject a benefit on the ground of its entailing neither trouble or expense on the donor; nevertheless, in analyzing the merits of the case under consideration, I cannot gloss over the fact, that those banks are self-supporting institutions, and although the advantages derivable from the facilities they offer for the safe investment of surplus cash, are extensively felt and appreciated, it is equally true the wealthy reap a proportionate benefit in the diminution of poor rates, consequent on the provident habits which those institutions give rise to, and foster in, the breasts of the working bees of the social hive.

Whatever merit attaches to the first step, is completely cancelled by the passing of the so called poor law amendment act, and the erection, under its provisions, of those painted sepulchres, which, in a barbarous age, would have been aptly designated Inquisitorial Dungeons, but to which a reformed legislature applied the less obnoxious term of "Union Houses." The avowed object of remodelling the poor laws was to render such establishments obnoxious to the idle and dissolute, and to spur dormant energies into life and activity; but reflection and experience prove that the *real* object was to throw off the burthen of supporting the poor out of funds actually contributed for their relief, but which are made to flow into other sources. It would be no difficult task to enter into an exposition of the cruel operation of this act, or to work out in figures the expense of the machinery by which it is set in motion; it is, however, quite unnecessary for my purpose, I will, therefore, dismiss this painful portion of my inquiry, and place under consideration the third effort of modern philanthropy, namely, the formation of places of nightly refuge for the destitute, affording relief only to such as our workhouse Cerberuses had refused admission to. What did it effect for those, who, in struggling

to maintain a roof over their devoted heads, had parted with almost all their earthly possessions—who lay extended on pallets of fetid straw, with the worm of hunger gnawing at their vitals? What benefit did it confer on the dying mother? Did it re-animate the dead infant in her arms? Did it moisten her lips with generous wine? Did it restore to the delirious father those sons who were consigned to the tainted atmosphere of a prison for the venial offence of obtaining forcible possession of the elements of life? Alas, no! The unobtrusive poor were disregarded. Those who retained so much of their stubborn nature as to desire to conceal their utter destitution from public scrutiny, were not the parties contemplated in that scheme; on the contrary, to qualify them for relief, they must have cast themselves upon the world, to be buffeted about like a wreck on the waters—they must have thrown aside all shame, have put on a brazen exterior, and, in the livery of poverty, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, presented themselves, bankrupt in spirit and body, at the door of the nightly refuge, or additional bastille, (with a reference to Kensington gravel pits,) as their last legal settlement.\*

The artificial state of society in which our aristocracy exists, precludes the probability of their forming a just estimate of the amount of misery endured by those whose lot has been cast in a plebeian mould. Undoubtedly there are amongst the great and wealthy, those who delight in privately succouring the afflicted, and whose benevolence diffuses a halo of bliss around them; but, alas! how few in number, compared with those, who, actuated by a desire of appearing in the eyes of the world in the character of good Samaritans, relax the grasping hand of avarice upon the express condition of their names appearing emblazoned on the respective donation boards of our public charitable institutions. Those who have studied the character of Howard, of whom Edmund Burke remarks,—“He was a man who outstretched his Saviour arms from pole to pole, and felt akin to all the human race,” will at once distinguish the vast difference between the puny efforts of our gold-letter philanthropists, and the exertions of the man who sacrificed his life in the cause of universal humanity.

If any doubt exist in the minds of my readers that the working classes (the source from whence flows a continuous stream of luxury into the mansions of little-minded *great men*;) have not the sympathy of those who reap the fruits of labour, their scepticism will probably be shaken upon reference to the fact that one-tenth of our population is under the painful necessity of accepting parochial relief; and in the month of August, 1843, no less than 16,764 *lunatic* paupers, were chargeable to the various parishes in England and Wales, the majority of whom, it may fairly be presumed, would have continued in possession of those mental faculties with which the supreme Disposer of events endowed them, had not the iron grasp of poverty been allowed to crush their energies. There is one circumstance, which, at the first blush, appears to oppose this conclusion, namely, that the sum of £9,000,000, is annually expended in intoxicating liquors; the pleasures of drinking, however, are not confined to the artisan, and there is this distinction to be drawn between the intoxicating cup of the poor, and that of the rich man—the former, rendered desperate by a multiplicity of adverse circumstances, seeks oblivion in ardent spirits, and it may be presumed that madness, the offspring of acute mental anguish, follows in the track of poverty, and urges its victim to inebriety—but the latter drains the goblet from the love he bears its contents. There is another class of consumers who have fallen under the censure of temperance advocates in unmeasured terms, who indulge in alcoholic beverages, not under the maddening influence of despair, or to stimulate unworthy passions, but merely with a view of sweetening the hours of cessation from labour; and although it is to be regretted that “the evening’s amusement” will not always “bear the morning’s reflection,” the vice of intoxication may truly be said to be rapidly declining, for I find that in 1831, 31,853 persons were taken before the magistrates for drunkenness, out of a population of 1,515,585, and only 10,890, in 1843, out of an increased population of 2,068,107.

Without multiplying arguments in favour of the position I have assumed, I will resume the subject by observing that there does not exist, to any extent, nor ever will, in the breasts of those who roll through the highways in splendid equipages, and who

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\* During the last two or three winters the gravel pits of Kensington were resorted to by hundreds of unfortunate wretches, as a nightly shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and the fact of human beings being so neglected by those whose duty it was to provide for their wants, is a matter of notoriety.

apply to their especial use and enjoyment, without rendering an adequate return, all the choice productions of nature and art, the divine spark of sympathy, which, in a moment of enthusiasm we may have pictured to our imagination; and with those who concur in this opinion, it will not require any great stretch of logic to demonstrate the simple truth, that we must seek friends in our fellow-labourers in the vineyard. This we may do with every hope of success, and all who depend on labour for existence, must be fully sensible of the advantage of possessing a friend in the hour of adversity.

Friendship delights in equal fellowship,  
Where parity of rank and mutual offices  
Engage both sides alike, and keep the balance even.—Rowe.

As a friend, desirous of throwing my mite of usefulness into the social scale, I would earnestly urge upon those who have not yet provided a shield against the casualties of sickness and death, to reflect on their position, to ponder well on the responsibility attached to the relative positions of husband and parent. Thousands, now branded with all the ignominy which the unfeeling attach to the term "pauper," were once men of great ability in their various occupations, yet talent and strength could not maintain a successful resistance to the insidious attack of disease; both were prostrated, and as the result of a suspension of toil, in those cases where no provision had been made to meet the exigency we may instance broken homes and broken hearts, evils which might have been avoided, if, in the days of their prosperity, they had wisely made provision, by entering an order similar to that of the "Independent Odd Fellows." The man with a wife and children depending on his labour for support, neglecting the opportunity which now presents itself for securing them against the blast of adversity, may truly be said to incur an awful responsibility. The axiom, "in the midst of life, we are in death," fully illustrates my position, and opens a vast field for speculation. If we would trace a few of the evils resulting from a disregard of the morrow, we need only refer to the lamentable instances of felony, self-immolation, lunacy, and destitution, which supply the newspaper press with ample food for morbid appetites. Let us take the case of a man with a large family. We will suppose him a clever mechanic, in the full enjoyment of robust health, and to use an old aphorism, you might safely "take a lease of his life;" he rejoiceth in his strength, loves his family, and pursues his daily avocation with a light heart, and devoid of apprehension. It may be, that in an instant his sinewy strength is forced to yield supremacy to the giant power of steam: his buoyant spirits have lulled his ordinary caution into repose, and he is accidentally crushed and mutilated by machinery which he, probably, had set in motion;—or he may, from natural causes, be prostrated on a bed of sickness, and terminate a long and painful illness in the arms of death. Now the domestic tragedy is in full operation. His widow, with that truly English feeling of independence and devotion, which may have withheld her from seeking parochial relief, parts with her furniture to provide the rights of christian burial for the betrothed of her early days—she follows his remains to its kindred earth—she sees the grave close over all her hopes—she returns to her humble dwelling, once an earthly paradise, now a living sepulchre—her children solicit for bread—her landlord, ere long, grows clamorous for rent—her friends suggest the propriety of applying for admittance into the "house," which recommendation maternal love prompts her to disregard, as she cannot submit to a parting from the living images of him whose loss she mourns—the cup of human misery overflows, her mental anguish is more than she can sustain, and heaven, in mercy, receives her fleeting soul—she leaves the scene of all her misery, to inherit that imperishable kingdom, which no man, in his own heart, can deny the existence of, however strongly he may affect, in the eyes of the world, to spurn the idea of futurity. The children, where may they be found in a few years after their parent's decease? Some of them, probably, toiling in chains in the penal settlements, others on the high way of destruction, the residue jostled out of existence by an unfeeling world, with "the daisies growing o'er their graves."

Having, as I conceive, clearly shewn, that although there are amongst the higher classes, men who have hearts to feel for, and inclinations to relieve, the misfortunes of the afflicted, the poor do not, in fact, possess the sympathy of the aristocracy, in a collective sense; and having pointed out to such of my readers who have not joined a society of a beneficial tendency, the necessity of so doing, I will conclude this article by venturing to give expression to my calm and deliberate opinion, that it is a subject worthy of self-gratulation to every Odd Fellow, to feel that he has made all the provision

in his power in the event of sickness, or premature death. The circumstance of having performed this act of duty, imparts to the mind that ray of moral brightness which illumines the hours of labour—it is to the working man in his mortal pilgrimage, a pellucid stream in the desert—no effort of adversity can rob him of the calm satisfaction resulting from an innate conviction, that “come weal, come woe,” he has done the duty incumbent on him in his important position of husband and father.

H. L. BURTON, N. G.

*Orphans' Home Lodge, South London District.*

### THE COMPLAINT.

WHY art thou not here?

Oh! I have sought in vain thy beauteous form,  
When heaven's bright sun first 'gan his early course,  
Whose golden robes illum'd yon eastern sky,  
When merry lark tuned forth his joyous song,  
Borne on such tiny pinions, that he seemed  
Almost invisible in the huge space  
Ethereal, 'tween our earth and heaven:  
Then stole the day upon the calm still morn  
In all its pride, and yet thou camest not—  
Then did I think of thee, and breathe thy name,  
But none did hear it, save zephyr, on whose wings  
'Twas borne away amid a hundred sounds,  
And left no echo here, save in my heart.  
And, lo! the night comes on, so calm and still,  
The moon her soft sweet light sheds o'er the earth,  
And twinkling stars begem the azure sky,  
And here, alone, I keep sad watch for thee,  
To listen to each sound the light breeze wakes—  
And ever and anon the nightingale  
Sweet notes of love carols to heaven,  
And wakes fresh thoughts of thee, that make me seem  
Sad, lone, and desolate—that each murmur,  
Near or afar, appears my own sad thoughts  
Dwelling on thee. Why, why art thou not here?

J. H. JEWELL, P. G.

*Lord Portman Lodge, North London District.*

### SUMMER.

BROWNED with the sun's fierce rays young Summer seems!

Her sparkling eyes speak wantonness and love,  
And wheresoe'er her gleesome glances rove,  
Sadness and sorrow waken from their dreams.  
Now labour lays aside his warmer dress,  
And looks half languishing upon the lea;  
And those who toil not seem all happiness,  
Whilst listening to fair Summer's strains of glee!  
Now well the mower bends him to his toil,  
And oft the sky-lark singing soars on high,  
And things inanimate appear to smile,  
And earth shows all her beauties to the sky;  
While the bright sun with glory greets the earth,  
Well pleased to view the charms which Summer brings to birth.

*North Shields.*

S. SHERIF.

## MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

A MAP of England and Wales has just been published, with a view of shewing at a glance the various Districts belonging to the Independent Order, and also the distances from town to town. It is the production of Mr. Richard Hopton, N. G., of Leamington, in the Edmondscote District, and reflects great credit upon him. Much care has been exercised in the getting up of the Map, and we can with confidence recommend it to all the members of the Order, as being well deserving of their patronage. The position of the different Districts in the Unity may at once be ascertained, and it will serve as an excellent guide to such Lodges as may be desirous of forming themselves into Districts. We have no doubt that it will materially assist the G. M. and Board of Directors in coming to a conclusion as to which Districts are to be considered Agricultural or Manufacturing Districts. We hope Mr. Hopton will meet with sufficient support to recompense him for the labour and risk incurred by him in this undertaking.

## THE ODD FELLOWS' CHRONICLE.

The A. M. C. having sanctioned the "London Journal," and "Isle of Man Chronicle," there will now be no necessity for a portion of the Magazine being set apart for the reports of Anniversaries, and other matters of a temporary interest. Such accounts will, therefore, not be inserted in this publication for the future, unless circumstances of a peculiar character may render it desirable that they should appear.

## Presentations.

April 21, 1845, a beautiful emblem of the Order, in a highly-finished veneered frame, to P. G. Thornton, of the Nelson Lodge, Manchester District, by the Cricketer's Lodge, Manchester. The presentation was made by brother Birks, who, in a kind and pleasing address, assured P. G. Thornton of the grateful regard with which his services rendered to the Lodge by sitting as G. M., would be remembered by its members. P. G. Thornton, who has been an active member of the Order for twenty-five years, thanked the members for the marked approval of his exertions to contribute to the welfare of the Lodge, and would always be ready when they anticipated he could be of any service to them.—April 22nd, 1845, a valuable silver watch, to P. G. George Wardle: same day, a gold guard and emblem, in a beautiful frame, to P. G. Ralph Thompson; both by the Wellington Lodge, Manchester.—May 7, 1845, a handsome silver lever watch and gold guard, to P. G. Samuel Powdrell, by the Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.—June 7, 1844, a silver patent skeleton lever watch and guard, to P. G. Richard Swindells, by the Heart of Oak Lodge, Manchester District.—January 1, 1844, a splendid silver medal, by the Wirksworth District, to P. P. G. M. Thomas Bunting, of the Victoria Lodge, Matlock, Wirksworth District.—August 30, 1844, a handsome silver claret jug, value twenty guineas, to P. G. Charles Thomas Woosman, Esq., by the Victoria Lodge, Newtown District: August 30, 1844, a splendid silk flag, value eight pounds, to the Newtown District, by Mrs. Woosman, who is also a large benefactor to the Widow and Orphans' Fund.—April 28, 1845, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. William Holyoake, by the Rock of Hope Lodge, Oadby.—December, 1844, a beautiful silver snuff box, to P. P. G. M. Ride, by the Good Samaritan Lodge, Derby District.—December 18, a handsome patent lever watch and gold guard chain, to P. P. G. M. Stansby, of the George the Fourth Lodge, Derby District.—September 28, 1844, a handsome silver watch, to Prov. C. S. William Hawley, by the Grassington District.—July 13, 1844, a valuable patent lever watch, to P. G. William Green, by the Trafalgar Lodge, Manchester District.—A silver medal, to P. G. W. Naylor, value five guineas, by the Southampton Hope Lodge: A silver medal to P. G. Thomas Kelly, by the Noah's Ark Lodge, Birhapstoke: A splendid silver medal, to P. G. J. Hayes, by the Southampton Hope Lodge: A silver medal, to P. G. G. W. Bagnet, by the Prosperity Lodge; all in the Southampton District.—April 17, 1843, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. Burridge, by the Cedar Tree Lodge, North London District.—April 10, 1844, a silver snuff box, to P. P. G. M. James Butterfield, by the Gateshead District.—September 7, 1844, a patent lever watch and silver guard chain, to P. G. James Ashworth, by the Queen Caroline Lodge, Manchester District: March 8, 1845, a dozen of silver spoons, and china breakfast and tea service, to P. G. Robert Tatton, by the same Lodge.—February 7, 1845, a purse of gold to P. P. C. S. John Morris, of the Favourable Design Lodge, by the Lord Hartley Lodge, Hay District.—May 25, 1844, a splendid silver medal, to P. G. James Webb, by the Philanthropic Lodge: June 29, 1844, a handsome silver snuff box, to P. G. James Greaves, by the Well Wisher Lodge: July 27, 1844, a splendid silver medal, to P. G. John Davonport, by the Lily of the Valley Lodge; all in the Blackburn District.—March 24, 1845, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. Richard Kirby; also, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. James Baxendale; both by the Travellers' Home Lodge, Preston.—September 16, 1844, a splendid patent lever watch, to P. P. G. M. and C. S. William Newball, by the Gainsborough District.—March, 1845, a handsome silver snuff box, to P. G. Kent, by the Wotham Lodge, North London District.—June 24, 1844, a handsome scarf and apron, to P. G. William Dawes, of the Deritend Lodge, Birmingham District.—May 12, 1845, a handsome silver medal, to P. G. Thomas Kenworthy,



by the Halifax District.—May 3, 1845, a silver snuff box, to Prov. C. S. William Sutherland, by the Lord Wenlock Lodge, Selby District.—February 28, 1845, a handsome silver watch and guard, to P. G. Robert Walls, by the Earl de Grey Lodge, Leeds District.

### Marriages.

February 26, 1844, brother Stephen Robinson, to Miss Sarah Chapman. May 27, 1844, brother William Cooper, to Miss Sarah Nobles; both of the Caledonian Lodge: July 10, 1844, brother George Hall, to Hostess Paine: August 27, 1844, brother Thomas Strangward, to Miss Sarah Cross; both of the True Briton Lodge: June 30, 1844 P. S. John Warwick, of the Brothers' Return Lodge, to Miss Sarah Watts: all in the Northampton District.—September 12, 1844, brother Thomas Bennison Davies, Esq., surgeon, of the Sir Watkins Lodge, Ruabon, Wrexham District, to Eliza Christiana, eldest daughter of John Clerk, Esq.—August 6, 1844, Sec. James Ord, to Miss Askew: August 8, 1844, brother John Rowell, to Miss Proudwick: August 17, 1844, brother John Makepeace, to Miss Eleanor Mackey: all of the Haydon Lodge, Alston District.—July 21, 1844, brother Edward Clark, of the Rock of Friendship Lodge, Windsor District, to Miss Martha Luggatt.—August 27, 1844, P. G. John Slater, to Miss Clifford: September 4, 1844, Prov. G. M. Richard Greenley, to Miss Caroline Thirkell; both of the Lord John Russell Lodge, Ebberton District.—August 12, brother Charles Pullen, of the Rural Charity Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Ann Horton.—February 1844, P. G. William Allen, of the Doritend Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Louisa Bird.—December 16, 1844, P. D. G. M. Thomas Williams, of the Cardiff District, to Miss Jane Howell.—January 1, 1845, brother George Gilbert, to Miss Bunham: January 11, brother John Henman, to Miss Mary Steanes: January 28, brother Francis Bennett, to Miss Sophia Dimblebee: February 11, brother William Gutheridge, to Miss Sarah Woodford; all of the Temple of Peace Lodge, Market Harborough District.—November 23rd, 1844, brother William Smith, to Miss Isabella Lambert: December 29, 1844, brother Robert Todd, to Miss Jane Parker: February 15, 1845, P. S. Thomas Nicholson, to Miss Esther Close; all of the Bruce Lodge, Tanfield.—January 22, 1845, P. G. Nicholas Raper, of the Middleham Castle Lodge, Middleham, to Miss Edith Kearton.—March 23, 1845, P. G. Robert Dean, of the Earl of Thanet Lodge, Skipton, to Miss Ann Preston.—January 9, 1845, brother James Barton, of the Duke of Richmond Lodge, Salford District, to Miss Jane Maxwell.—January 15, 1845, P. Prov. G. M. William B. Goring, of the Refuge in the Wilderness Lodge, Grassington District, to Sarah Metcalfe.—January 1, 1845, P. G. John Marshall, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Horncastle District, to Miss Sarah Holmes.—December 26, 1844, brother William Crooks, of the True Friendship Lodge, Staithes, to Miss Dina Verrill.—January 5, 1845, brother H. Adams, of the Victoria Lodge, Derby, to Miss Mary Ann Butler.—October 21, 1844, brother Thomas Bettles, to Miss Elizabeth Horner: November 1, 1844, brother Davis Parsons, to Miss Sarah Groome: January 2, 1845, brother John Allen, to Miss Caroline Soxby; all of the Widows' Protection Lodge, Northampton District.—December 25, 1844, brother Richard Betson, to Miss Ann Tansley: February 5, 1845, P. G. John Roddis, to Miss Jane James; both of the Caledonian Lodge, Northampton District.—November 4, 1844, V. G. William Proctor, of the Saint Andrew Lodge, Manchester District, to Miss Ellen Lord.—November 16, 1844, brother Joseph Horrocks, of the Prince Albert Lodge, Manchester District, to Miss Charlotte Perrin.—February 2, 1845, brother Thomas Jones, of the Prince Albert Lodge, Leominster District, to Miss Ann Watkins.—January 16, 1845, P. S. Thomas Delingpole, of the Rural Charity Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Ann Maria White.

### Deaths.

June 14, brother William Hall, of the Rose of Durham Lodge: July 24, brother William Wilkinson, of the Rose of Houghton Lodge: July 30, brother Joseph Laws, of the William Ratcliffe Lodge: August 7, brother Joseph Dodds, of the David Barclay Lodge: August 12, brother Charles Scott, of the Earl of Durham Lodge: August 23, the wife of brother John Stephenson, of the David Barclay Lodge; all in the Bishop Wearmouth District.—April 4, 1845, brother James Anderson, of the Banks of Ury and Garioch Lodge, Aberdeen District.—February 4, 1845, brother Robert Schofield, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Horncastle District.—August 17, 1844, brother John Carrington, of the Sitwell Lodge, Ilkinston District.—February 6, 1845, brother Matthew Short, of the Waterloo Lodge: February 8, brother John Fairlan, of the Sarah Losh Lodge: February 8, brother Edward Armstrong, of the Hotspur Lodge; all in the Newcastle-upon-Tyne District.—August 26, 1844, P. Prov. G. M. William Williamson, aged 60, of the Sussex Lodge, York District. He had been honorary treasurer to the Lodge for above fifteen years, and as a mark of the esteem of his brethren they have erected a tablet in the Lodge to perpetuate the remembrance of his virtues: also, P. G. John Greenwood, aged 75, of the Sussex Lodge, York District; this deceased member received upwards of £150 from the funds of his Lodge.—January 14, 1845, the wife of brother Joseph Allen: January 22, 1845, the wife of brother John Chapman; both of the Widows' Protection Lodge: January 27, 1845, P. V. William Lewis, of the Caledonian Lodge: July 2, 1844, the wife of brother Charles Labrum, of the Good Intent Lodge: August 10, 1844, Martha, the wife of brother Thomas Mackaness, of the Duke of Manchester Lodge; all in the Northampton District.—December 29, 1844, the wife of brother Millburn, of the Travellers' Home Lodge: January 11, 1845, the wife of P. P. G. M. James Bolt, of the same Lodge: January 14, 1845, the wife of brother Wrightson Cuthbert, of the Stapytyn Lodge; both in the Stokesley District.—January 3, 1844, the wife of brother John Dawson, of the Nelson Lodge: January 4, 1844, brother William Williamson, of the same Lodge: January 5, 1844, brother William Spence, of the Bruce Lodge: January 20, 1844, the wife of brother Matthew Metcalf, of the Nelson Lodge: February 2, 1844, brother Christopher Cooper, of the Nimrod Lodge: May 27, 1844, P. P. G. M. John Sturdy, of the Nelson Lodge: September 18, 1844, the wife of brother John Hope, of the Middleham Castle Lodge: October 1, 1844, brother George Warrener, of the Bruce Lodge: October, 1844, the wife of P. G. James Buckle, of the Nimrod Lodge; all in the Masham District.—May 3, 1845, the wife of brother Alexander Burr, of the Banks of Ury and Garioch Lodge, Aberdeen District.—February 3, 1844, the wife of P. G. William Cooper, of the Smethwick Pride Lodge, Birmingham District.—January 29, 1845, aged 32 years, Ann, the wife of brother James Collier, of the Earl of Sefton Lodge, Manchester District: much and deservedly respected.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]





*Joseph Woodcock. Prov. m.*

THE  
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[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1845.

MEMOIR OF JOSEPH WOODCOCK, P. PROV. G. M.

JOSEPH WOODCOCK was born in the township of Foolstone, in the parish of Kirkburton, in the West Riding of the County of York. In early life he was employed at the business of his father, who was a clothier, but having the misfortune to lose his wife, and having a larger family than he could employ at his own business to advantage, he removed into Derbyshire, and settled at Brookfield, in the parish of Glossop, where the family were employed in the cotton branch, by Mr. Samuel Shepley. Nothing of consequence occurred in the history of Mr. Woodcock for a number of years, when his father dying suddenly, he was left an orphan at a very critical time of life, young, inexperienced, and without a guide. Possessed of an ardent mind, capable of being moulded according to the society into which he might be thrown, it was fortunate for him, when cast upon the world, that he was always able to discriminate character. Though young, he shewed a provident and frugal disposition, by voluntarily employing the time he had to spare (after working twelve hours per day in a cotton factory) in a grocer's shop in the neighbourhood. He soon became an agreeable inmate with the family, and continued with them until the year 1831, when, being tired of single blessedness, he married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Mr. R. Shephard, a respectable farmer, near Glossop, and commenced the business of grocer, draper, and corn dealer, in which business, notwithstanding the smiles and frowns of fortune, he is doing a respectable trade at the present time. About the year 1836, he met with the most grievous calamity of his life. He had two beloved babes, a son and daughter, consigned to an early grave.

Two lovely flowers, just born to bloom  
And grace the dawn of opening day,  
Call'd hence unto an early tomb,  
So soon to wither and decay;  
Just born to give their parents joy,  
When cruel death, with sore dismay,  
Came like a tyrant to destroy,  
And take those fleeting joys away.

But, he that taketh away can give, and Mr. Woodcock has, at the present time, two sons and two daughters, who contribute much to sweeten his cup of existence, and he is passing through life like one that believes he was born to live in the world, and that the world was made for him to live in; not sullen and melancholy,—but serene, generous, benevolent, and sympathetic. A kind father, an affectionate husband, a desirable friend, and free from dissimulation himself, no character is more abhorrent to him than the soft, crawling, sycophant, nor anything more contemptible than a brawling empty pretender; whilst persons of sound mind, though simple or illiterate, will find in him a reciprocity of feeling and an affability that will secure the smiles of the most fastidious.

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Mr. Woodcock was made a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows on the 15th day of February, 1834, at the Key Lodge, Glossop District, and the Lodge-night following was appointed supporter to the N. G., it being a vacated office. In three months after he was elected Secretary, which office, though but a young member, he filled to the satisfaction of all. The following year he took an active subordinate office; the office of V. G. being too dull and inactive for his aspiring mind. Having finished a year of office, he was elected N. G., and the conciliatory manner in which he conducted the business of the Lodge, added much to his own honour and the credit of the Order. About this time he was appointed treasurer of the Lodge, which office he filled for seven years, in such a manner as constrained the members of the Lodge to notice his determination to serve them, and a presentation of a splendid Lever Watch, with appendages, given in the spirit of Odd Fellowship, conveyed to him the fact that his services were appreciated by the members of his Lodge, and that the honour and honesty poured by him in serving them was not overlooked.

In the early part of the year 1839, Mr. Woodcock was appointed G. M. of the Glossop District, and the same year was appointed to attend the A. M. C. at Birmingham. He has since been elected to represent the members in the above District at the A.M.Cs. of York, Isle of Man, Wigan, Bradford, Newcastle, and Glasgow. At the Wigan A. M. C. he was elected one of that important body, the Appeal Committee, and was re-elected at Bradford to the same responsible office. At the Glasgow A. M. C. Mr. Woodcock was appointed one of ten trustees, in whose names should be invested one thousand pounds of surplus money belonging to the Order, the interest of which will go to the general fund of the Order.

In the early part of the year 1842, it was the wish of a certain party in the Glossop District to open a new Lodge, to meet on a Monday night, for the convenience of those persons who could not attend on a Saturday night; a project to which Mr. Woodcock readily gave his assent,

"Determined, if an infant passion struggled there,  
To call that passion forth."

Application was made to the proper quarter for a dispensation, and the Lodge was called the Temple of Odd Fellowship. It was opened in February, 1842, and Mr. Woodcock, though he had passed the offices of the District, kindly consented to take the office of N. G. for the first year, his only objection being the following—to use his own words, "I am afraid I shall not have many members to preside over, and I cannot be comfortable in an Odd Fellows' Lodge if there be nothing to look at but chairs and tables." However, he took office on the terms that those who acted in concert with him should, along with himself, use their best endeavours to spread the principles of the Institution. To promulgate the philanthropical merits of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; to act in brotherly union in promoting its welfare; to use all reasonable exertions in carrying out its objects; to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate members of the Order; to alleviate the pangs, lessen the sorrows, and heal the wounds of the disconsolate widow's heart; to wipe the tear from the cheek of the forlorn orphan, and provide it with food, raiment, and learning, together with wearing all the honours the Order can confer on deserving individuals, seems to be the chief ambition of the subject of this memoir.

Whilst Mr. Woodcock sat as N. G. of the Temple of Odd Fellowship Lodge, the way in which he conducted the business, his urbanity of manners, the pleasantry of his remarks, and his indubitable determination to promote the best interests of the Lodge, soon won for him the golden opinions of every member of the Lodge. Without a good foundation we can have but faint hopes of the superstructure; and the members of the above Lodge are greatly indebted to Mr. Woodcock for the manner in which he laid the foundation, and watched over the welfare and interests of the Lodge, inasmuch as he was never known to flag in the business of Odd Fellowship, but always at his post, assiduous and unremitting in his exertions to carry out whatever was thought to be beneficial to the Lodge, District, or the Order at large.

In the year 1841, a Widow and Orphans' Fund was established in the Glossop District, and Mr. Woodcock was elected treasurer, which office he has filled with integrity up to the present time. He is also filling the office of G. M. of the Glossop District for the second time, in which office we leave him, hoping that his name and portrait

being in this Magazine will be a sufficient guarantee that his future power and influence will always be exerted in promoting the true principles of the Institution, and that when old age has shed its silver frost on his temples, he may be enabled to say that he as lived to see the Independent Order of Odd Fellows flourish like the willow, unshackled as the stream, and extended throughout the habitual globe, free from all faction, and from all imperfection.

J. W., P. G.

### ACROSTIC,

#### TO MY FRIEND JOSEPH WOODCOCK.

PARTLY SUGGESTED BY THE ABOVE MEMIOR.

JUST deeds and zealous, in whatever cause  
Of good to man, demand our best applause:  
Soundness of soul, as glad to learn as teach,  
Engaging manners, gentleness of speech,  
Pure rectitude of thought, and warmth of heart,  
High purpose and strong hope, from self apart,  
Wake our respect and confidence, and thou,  
(Oh friend of feeling breast and kindly brow,  
Open, confiding, generous, and true!)  
Do'st well deserve them as thy proper due;  
Calm, long, and useful be thy coming days,  
One stream of peace, prosperity, and praise:  
Cling to thy "Band of Brothers," and thy name,  
(Kept in their hearts and books) shall win an honest fame.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

*Ashton, August, 1845.*

### PROSPECTS AND CONDITION OF THE ORDER.

THERE is no disguising the fact that a great change is at work at the present time in the Manchester Unity of Independent Odd Fellows, and whether it will be productive of good or evil the future alone can determine. The thinking portion, however, of our members will apply their minds to the subject, and thoroughly consider it in all its different bearings before they presume to condemn untried measures—measures devised by those whom they appointed from amongst themselves as the most qualified persons to frame laws for the regulation of the Order. Let us calmly, and without prejudice or partiality to those who dissent from or agree with us, consider the question which is now agitating our Society. We are a young and comparatively inexperienced body, two-thirds of the period allotted to man not having yet elapsed since the Independent Order of Odd Fellowship was projected. Whether we were originally a branch lopped from some other Society, or an entirely new Association, having no connexion with any one previously existing, is not to be here considered. It cannot be denied that the founders of the Independent Order were men of imperfect education, who met together for the most laudable of

purposes, though their schemes for carrying their wishes into effect were immature and undigested. For some time they had no fixed contributions, but the exigencies of sickness, distress, and death, were met by levies upon the members, differing in amount, according to the circumstances of the case. Like the dwellers in the wilderness, they contented themselves with satisfying present wants, without laying up a provision to meet the casualties of the future—"sufficient for the day was the evil thereof." Their initiations were accompanied with absurd mummeries and unmeaning rites, unbecoming rational creatures, and fitted only for a barbarous and uncivilized state of society, when men seek for the gratification of the lower order of the senses, without attempting to cultivate the intellectual portion of their natures. The whole of their proceedings were surrounded by mysteries, and it was considered to be the chief duty of the initiated to keep the secrets of the Order inviolate. They sought to induce parties to join their ranks by holding out to them the idea that they would become possessed of the key to something of a sublime and wonderful character—secrets akin to those which the Rosicrucians formerly assumed the possession of—by aid of which the members might hold strange communings, or be invested with attributes belonging to a privileged few. There is no doubt that numbers were impelled to enroll their names as members of the Society from motives of curiosity alone, and found themselves, in many instances, miserably disappointed in their anticipations. It is only within the last few years that the Order has freed itself from the nonsensical trammels with which it was, for a length of time, encumbered. New blood has been infused into the veins of the Institution, and men of education and intelligence have applied themselves to effect its regeneration, and make it really and truly what it possesses the materials for being—a permanent and efficient resource for the working-classes.

Lodges have been, from time to time, in the habit of closing for want of funds, without an investigation taking place into the cause of their breaking up; and a lavish and useless expenditure has been constantly going on in many Districts, without an effort being made to check it. So long as a Lodge has been able to meet its present liabilities—to pay for the interment of its dead, provide for its sick, give liberally in cases of distress, and reward its past officers handsomely, its members have paid no attention to its workings. They left it in the hands of those who professed themselves competent to conduct its affairs in the most economical and efficient manner. They did not dream that a day might come when needy claimants would find the sole proof of economy to be an empty coffer. Anniversaries have been celebrated, and the most superficial and glowing statements have been made relative to the prosperity of Lodge-funds. The vast sums expended in relieving the sick and distressed have been dwelt upon, but nothing has been said of the great expense incurred in matters unconnected with the real objects of the Society. The ears of the members have drunk in high-sounding and beautiful sentences, plentifully sprinkled with "Friendship," "Love," "Truth," and "Charity," until they have become intoxicated with delight. Splendidly emblazoned banners and floral decorations have cast a glamour over their eyes, and they have gone on their way rejoicing, fondly believing that they had found what the old alchemists had so long sought for in vain, and that Odd Fellowship combined within itself the elixir of life and the fabled stone of the philosopher's. It was natural that

those who had been instrumental in promoting the good old system of things—who had taught the members to revel in the sunshine and think not of the coming shadows—should dread the operation of a resolution which had for its objects an inquiry into the past, and a calculation as to the future. Consequently when the Directors sought to carry out the resolution of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne A. M. C., and called for a return of the funds of Lodges, and the amount and particulars of their expenditure, the whole “rookery was in alarm,” and those who had so long rested comfortably in their well-feathered nests began to flutter with apprehension and affright. They resisted the measure to the utmost of their power, and strove to poison the minds of the members by spreading abroad the ridiculous notion that it was a mere scheme to put Government in possession of the knowledge of the amount of funds belonging to the Institution, in order that they might be applied to some dark and mysterious purpose which might be imagined, but could not by possibility be described. The inquiry was persevered in, and a startling congregation of facts was got together, clearly shewing that many Lodges had actually been expending more in their incidental amounts than relieving their sick and burying their dead. We have no hesitation whatever in asserting our belief that this inquiry alone caused an average saving per annum to each Lodge throughout the Order of not less than £10., (some Lodges expending from £50, to £100. in incidentals,) making a yearly gain, if we take the last authentic statement of the number of Lodges as our data, of £38,280.

We copy from the LONDON JOURNAL the following statement, made by Mr. Ratcliffe at an Anniversary meeting, which lately took place at Bolton:—“There are seventy-six Lodges that have seceded in Manchester, and thirty-two out of that number, containing 2,684 members, after being in existence, on an average, twelve years each, are worth £1,360. We will now take the same number of members from Lodges in other Districts that have been open twelve years, and what are those Lodges worth? Why, £10,148. We will now take eighteen of the wealthiest Lodges in the Manchester District, containing 4,648 members, and they are worth £7,816., while 4,648 members in the other Districts of the immediate neighbourhood are worth upwards of £20,000. The average amount per member for the cost of conducting the Lodges in Bolton is 2s., while in Manchester it is 7s. 6d. per member. And in one particular Lodge it averaged 13s. 2½d. per member to conduct their own affairs, over and above the amount paid for sick and funeral donations.” From these facts will be drawn the inference that a pressing necessity existed for a searching inquiry into the mode in which Lodges were conducting their business, and that abuses had crept into the Order which called loudly for reform. When Hercules cleansed the Augean stables there is little doubt that he got well bespattered in the course of his labours, and such was the case with those who attempted to purify the Manchester Unity—but, in their instance, the filth was flung at them.

Another manifest incongruity existing in the Order was that Lodges in the same locality were paying different amounts of contributions, whilst their benefits were equal. Lodges, whose members paid at the rate of 4d. per week, allowed the same relief in sickness as those whose members paid 6d. Now, this was obviously unjust. Either too little was paid on the one side, or too much on the other. The representatives of the Order, after earnestly and



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impartially discussing the question at the Glasgow A. M. C., decided to divide the members into Manufacturing and Agricultural Districts, and that each class should fix its own amount of contributions, but that its payments should be regulated accordingly. It was also decided that all expenses of Lodges, other than those required for sickness and death, should be furnished by a separate fund, so that members might at once know the cost of conducting their affairs. This arrangement, involving no principle of injustice, and intended to establish the Order on a footing of equality and economy, might have been expected to have met with at least a gracious reception. On the contrary, those who were appointed to office at Glasgow, and whose duty it was to superintend and enforce the operation of the laws, were branded with opprobrious epithets, and held up to the scorn and ridicule of their brethren by those who were disaffected and set themselves in opposition to the measures passed by the lawgivers of the Institution. Without attempting to give the new measures a trial, the objectors proceeded to call illegal meetings, to which the public were admitted; the streets were placarded with inflammatory documents; scurrilous songs were circulated, and the G. M. and Board of Directors (but in particular Mr. Ratcliffe) were publicly and privately made the subjects of offensive personal remarks.

The principal opposition has been exhibited in Manchester, the seat of government, where a large majority of the members have thought proper to secede from the Institution, and form themselves into a body under the title of the "National Independent Order of Odd Fellows," to which they invite the members of other Districts. They have thus voluntarily shut themselves out from the Manchester Unity, and denied themselves the privilege of substantiating their opposition to the laws which are so obnoxious to them. We may lament that such a course has been adopted by them, because many excellent and deserving men have left the Order with them, without giving themselves the trouble to examine into the motives which actuated them, or sufficiently understanding the step they were taking; but, as the seceders profess to have the same objects in view as the members of the Manchester Unity, we presume that they will eventually realise their most sanguine expectations, and that the leaders of the "National Independent Order" will be able to prove to those connected with them, and the public generally, that superior talent and skill are able to cope with difficulties which have hitherto baffled those at the head of the Manchester Unity. The leaders of the secession had a perfect right to exercise their own discretion as to the course they have taken, and those over whose affairs they preside have an equal right to expect that they will avoid doing those things for which their predecessors in the Manchester Unity have been blamed by them. We would humbly suggest that to them Annual Committees would be of little avail, because they cannot consistently labour in giving effect to the measures of such Committees in their own Order, when they quarrel with the Directors of the legitimate one for pursuing a similar course. They will have no excuse for voyaging in a wrong track, and, having been for many years resident in the seat of government, they will, in all probability, have gained that knowledge which will enable them to steer clear of those abuses which they have so loudly complained of under the old system. Their task may be one requiring considerable skill, as so many Lodges in Manchester and its vicinity are on the verge of bankruptcy, but they most likely feel themselves equal to the

difficulty of healing by the same process which has caused the disease.

The Directors, after carefully examining and discussing the question of classification at their last meeting, and finding that they were not in possession of the necessary data for carrying out the contemplated system, decided "That, until the ensuing A. M. C., Lodges should be at full liberty to adopt which of the two scales a majority of their members might consider best adapted to their situation and circumstances." They also resolved, "That immediate steps be taken for ascertaining the opinion of the various Lodges throughout the Unity as to the propriety of adopting Scale No. 1, or No. 2, as the future basis of payments for every Lodge, without distinction, and that a circular be issued from the Board Room containing the views and opinions of the Directors upon the subject, together with such information as the Officers may have in their possession for the purpose of enabling the various Lodges to arrive at a just and unprejudiced conclusion, with a view to the final settlement of the whole question at the ensuing A. M. C."

It must be a source of gratification to find that a majority of the members in the following Districts have signified their determination to uphold the laws, and support the G. M. and Board of Directors in the performance of their duties:—Bristol, Bedford, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Hereford, Glasgow, Haverfordwest, Windsor, Stokesley, North London, South London, Greenock, Ripley, Bury St. Edmunds, Leominster, Devizes, Nottingham, Edmondscote, Bescott Bridge, Birmingham, Brierley Hill, Mitcham, Lewes, Bath, Stockport, Stamford, Atherstone, Hull, Sunderland, Oxford, Knaresborough, Penrith, Belfast, Southport, Lancaster, Shrewsbury, Gloucester, Northampton, Studley, Cambridge, Kirkby Lonsdale, Ashton-in-Mackerfield, Belvoir Castle, Plymouth, Uttoxeter, Brampton, Kendal, Long Sutton, Bishop Wearmouth, Carmarthen, Lincoln, Louth, Market Weighton, Burton-on-Trent, Aberdeen, Aberystwyth, Clayton West, Isle of Man, Brighton, Alston, Loughborough, Lynn, Midway, Pottery and Newcastle, Stepney, Southampton, Market Drayton, Durham, Cardiff, Worcester, Pains Lane, Coventry, Hastings, Cheltenham, Kidderminster, Norwich, Shcffield, Wisbeach, Studley, &c. &c. &c. Resolutions, similar in effect, are daily pouring into the Board Room from Lodges and Districts in various parts of the Unity.

The following Return will show that, notwithstanding the secession which has taken place in Manchester and other Districts, the Order is sufficiently large for fulfilling the objects it has in view. Notwithstanding the agitation which has for many months past been so actively and unremittingly urged on— notwithstanding the means which have been unscrupulously made use of to misrepresent and mislead the members, the Manchester Unity numbered more on the 30th of August than on the 1st of February.

A return of the Members, Lodges, and Districts belonging to the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, also the number of new Members and new Lodges that have joined the Order, from the 1st of February 1845, up to and including the 30th day of August 1845, deducting those Members and Lodges which are now suspended from the Unity for violation of the General Laws:—

## 400 PROSPECTS AND CONDITION OF THE ORDER.

	Members.	Lodges.	Districts.
Number of Members and Lodges on the 1st day of February 1845 .....	248526	3690	344
Number of Members suspended in Manchester. 8316 ..			
Ditto Salford .....	2905		
Ditto Liverpool .....	2219		
Ditto Huddersfield.....	1592		
Ditto Eccles .....	733		
Ditto Rochdale .....	75	15840	123 3
		232686	3567 341
New Members and Lodges that have joined the Order from the 1st day of February 1845, to the 30th day of August 1845 .....	16292	261	25
Total number of Members, August 30th 1845. ....	248978	3828	366

By order,

WILLIAM RATCLIFFE,

Corresponding Sec. to the M. U. I. O. O. F.

8, Aytoun Street, Manchester.

We congratulate our brethren upon the condition of the Order, as exhibited in the above Return, and we entertain little doubt that the steps about to be taken to secure the stability of the Institution will be such as to afford us still more reason for congratulation in years to come. It is not pretended that the present financial scheme is a perfect one, but it is at all events deserving of a fair trial, and has for its ultimate object the providing a fund for the working-man which will not be subject to the chances and fluctuations attendant upon all Societies which are not regulated by calculations and principles that take into consideration the future as well as the present. We would, in conclusion, advise such members as may be conscientiously opposed to the financial resolutions passed at the last A. M. C. to remain with the Order, so that they may use their influence in securing the election of Deputies from their different Districts to the next A. M. C., where their views can be freely advocated and discussed, and those who adduce the best reasons will reap the triumph.

### AUTUMN.

'Tis Autumn, and the yellow waving grain  
Seems weeping for the sickle; far and near,  
Toil's rustic bands are scatter'd o'er the plain,  
Plying their healthful tasks with heartsome cheer.  
The sky is blue, and beautiful, and fair;  
The light fantastic clouds appear so high,  
● They look like frost work on earth's canopy,  
By Artisan divine engraven there!—  
Thousands of insects, beautiful and bright,  
Now in the sun-beams, keep blythe holiday;  
Song-birds are carolling with fresh delight,  
And nature glows in glorious array;  
Labour's glad voice, and nature's strains of glee  
Come swelling on the breeze that breathes across the lea!

S. SHERIF.

North Shields.

## THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

BY J. A. SMITH.

Author of "*Productive Farming*."

WHATEVER employs the human mind, without corrupting it, has, at least, this advantage, that it rescues our leisure from idleness, and he who is never idle, will not often be found to be vicious. Every man is endowed by nature with the power of gaining knowledge, and it is his own fault, or the fault of his education, if he derive no gratification from the exercise of that power. There is a satisfaction in knowing what others do not know, as well as in being not more ignorant than other people. To be good is man's chief distinction; but to be wise as well as good, enables him to become a public benefactor.

There is a natural and inseparable connection between ignorance and vice. Men have minds as well as bodies, and each of these is susceptible of gratification. In common with the brutes, we are endowed with appetites, passions, and sensual propensities, with this difference, that while instinct restrains them within safe limits, men, though reasonable, have a tendency to that unrestrained indulgence, which eventually sinks them below the level of the lowest of animals. The history of our species abundantly proves that this downward tendency is hereditary, that human beings, devoid, or destitute of useful knowledge become more injurious to each other than the beasts that perish. They, it is true, prey upon each other as the result of a natural law; but uncivilized, uneducated man, wars upon his fellow to satisfy propensities widely different. A painful, yet forcible, illustration of the truth of this position is furnished in the intellectual and moral history and condition of the drunkard, useless to himself, lost to all self-respect, and a pest and a curse to all around him.

The slightest reflection will enable you to perceive that the interest, or, in other words, the happiness, of mankind, consists in that restraint, or self-government, for which reason was given—that control over yourselves which a brute is not required to practise—in other words, in being the instrument of good to others, in rendering your existence useful to your fellow-men. Now this you will find to be impossible, unless, by the exertion of your intellects, you create a reliance on their part, either upon *your* labour, *your* skill, or *your* kindness, as directing both.

It is certainly true that the bounty of Providence has given us outward senses to be gratified and employed, and has furnished us with the means of gratifying them in various ways. So long as we taste the enjoyments of appetite and feeling in that moderation which is subservient to our higher and better nature, to our moral and thinking, our knowing and reasoning being, undoubtedly, within these limits, we enjoy not only all that is permitted by the constitution of our nature, but all that is really possible, without injury to ourselves or others.

But the case is widely different with the pleasures arising from the cultivation of our minds. The gratification of *idleness*, the waste of our leisure time, in worse than idleness; the enjoyments of the gambler, the sensualist, the drunkard, or the glutton, these things soon induce a premature old age, and in their progress are intimately connected with nearly every form of human criminality and suffering. But it is far otherwise with those who have a relish for higher enjoyments than those we may possess in common with the brutes. Knowledge never cloy, the possession of a *little*, sharpens the wish for *more*—it is never useless, but always applicable to some valuable end; it never wears down the bodily energies, or leaves, in its pursuit or attainment, a sting to curse or wound its possessor. Remember, we have understandings as well as senses, faculties that are of a more exalted order, and admit of more refined enjoyments than any to which the mere bodily frame can minister; and by pursuing such gratifications, rather than those of mere sensual appetite, we fulfil the most exalted end of our creation, we reap not only a present, but a future, reward. In truth, to act otherwise, to depart from this law, imposed by God on the very constitution of our being, is precisely the measure, not only of our own individual happiness or misery, but also of the blessing, or the curse, we are permitted to become to all within the limits of our influence and example.

The first object of every man who has to depend upon his own exertions, must needs be to provide for his daily wants. This is a high and important office—it deserves his utmost attention—it includes some of his most sacred duties, both to himself, his

kindred, and his country; and although in the performance of this task he is influenced only by a regard to his own interest, or by his absolute necessities, yet it is truly a disposal of time which renders him the best benefactor of the community. All other pursuits must give way to this—the hours which he devotes to learning must be after he has done his daily work. His independence, without which he is not fit to be called a man, requires, first of all, that he should have ensured for himself, and for those dependant on him, a comfortable subsistence, before he can have any right to taste any indulgence either of his senses or of his mind; and the more he learns, the greater progress he makes in useful knowledge, the more will he value that independence, and the more will he prize the industry, the habits of regular labour, whereby he is enabled to secure so valuable a blessing.

We say that an enlarged cultivation of intellect, a love for the acquisition of knowledge, is absolutely necessary for the happiness of working-men, and for the advancement of their real interests in society, as enabling them to discriminate between the pretensions of those who would mislead, and those who would instruct them. Let it not be supposed that there is in the extended education of the working classes, the seed or element of that which would render them discontented with their condition, or envious of those on whom Providence has bestowed the wealth or capital indispensable to their employment. Political theories, badly understood, hatched by the ignorant and idle, may produce this effect; but an enlarged acquaintance with natural science, with the wonders which Omnipotence has scattered profusely on every hand for man's study and admiration, never will. The contemplation of the great laws of nature, as developed in the motions of the stars that roll above us, in the peculiarities of a plant, or of a flower, in the construction and organization of living beings, these things may withdraw men from lower and more debasing pursuits, but will never render them worse husbands, bad fathers, or less skilful workmen. Respect yourselves, and while you aim at that elevation which knowledge, properly directed, alone can procure for you—remember that daily labour is no degradation. The chief of the Apostles was a tent-maker, labouring with his own hands—David, the inspired king of Israel, was a keeper of sheep—Moses, for forty years, was a labourer; and we have abundant reason to believe that He who was made of flesh, and dwelt amongst us, sanctified and blest the labour of mortals by his example, that the son of Joseph the Carpenter, wrought in his early years at the bench of his reputed father. The Emperor of Russia, Peter the Great, disdained not to labour in an English dock-yard; and that he might communicate the art of ship-building to his countrymen, laid aside for awhile the ensigns of royalty, and familiarly handled the mop and the tar-bucket. Here was no degradation, but a greatness of soul unparallelled by any similar instance. We accuse the Chinese of barbarism, but the world does not furnish another such example as that afforded by the sovereign of the so-called Celestial Empire, who, annually on the recurrence of a certain day, betakes himself to the plough-tail, and stamps on labour the highest honour an earthly sovereign can bestow.

Cultivate, then, your intellects, that you may be happier and wiser, and disregard the insinuation of the ignorant and the idle, who will pretend to dread that such cultivation will make you ashamed of labour. Your advancement will afford such persons serious reason to fear not only that you will be ashamed of them, but that you will secure for yourselves advantages that can only excite their envy. How shall a man be less willing, or less fitted, to perform his duties by the acquisition of that knowledge which teaches him best what those duties are. If the possession of a little knowledge should have the effect of rendering your daily tasks more tiresome, depend upon it, you may have cultivated self-conceit, but no modest desire for useful information. Improve your minds, and do not envy the wealthy. Your bodily exertions procure you, at least, sound and unbroken sleep, which their anxieties often compel them to forego—nay, their very amusements are often more laborious than your ordinary work, more exhausting, more injurious, and with this marked character, they are often eminently useless and unproductive, if not vicious and degrading. Whether among rich or poor, there is this difference between mere vulgar enjoyments and those resulting from the cultivation of a taste for reading and study; that while the former brutalize the man, and soon destroy his health and usefulness, the latter not only teach him the value of bodily health but ensure its preservation. Remember that health is the working-man's fortune, and he ought to watch over it more than the capitalist over his largest

investments. Health lightens the efforts both of body and mind—it enables a man to crowd much work into a narrow compass; without health little can be gained, and that little by slow, exhausting toil. For those reasons I cannot but look on it as a good omen, that the press is circulating cheap, popular, and useful illustrations of the structure and functions of living beings. Depend upon it, no well-informed and rational medical practitioner will ever discountenance such things; the great difficulty with which we have to contend in the care and cure of the sick, is the ignorance of the people, that ignorance upon which quackery thrives, and behind which every blundering pretender securely hides himself. Once let the mass of the people be instructed in the knowledge of the laws of life—let them understand clearly that disease is not an accident, but has fixed causes, many of which are capable of removal, and then a great amount of suffering, want, and consequent intellectual and moral depression will be removed. Go into some very ancient town, or into the most ancient streets of Manchester, London, or Edinburgh, mark how *narrow* they are, how *ill-ventilated*, though erected in an age when the comparative value of land required no such crowding, and then ask yourselves if there be no relation between the progress of the plague that desolated London, and the ignorance of the people. And in more modern times, do we not find that the most desolating and contagious diseases, as cholera, typhus fever, or small pox, originate and spread in localities where, from ignorance of the laws of health, human beings suffer themselves to dread the fresh air, or are huddled together in filth, and in close contact with every species of impurity? For, though we are apt to talk about the wisdom of our forefathers, they could exhibit a stupidity in these matters which is not altogether extinct in our own times. There they were, nestling in their crooked lanes and wooden houses, enduring their periodical visits of fire and plague, and attributing both to inscrutable causes over which they had no control. When a fire burned down the wooden houses in a crooked lane, they sighed over the calamity, and built up again their wooden houses in exactly the same crooked way as before. The grim plague used to come, sometimes once a year, to pick out its victims, but no inhabitant of the wooden houses in these crooked narrow lanes ever seemed to imagine that he was one of the causes which procured the visitations. No, they sighed, shook their heads, ignorantly ascribing all to Divine Providence, and, digging graves at their very doors, filled them full with their dead, hoping that the mysterious and awful plague, coming, as they thought, without cause, and departing, as they imagined, without reason, would be mercifully considerate in future. At last the great fire burnt out these annual receptacles of filth and disease, affording a lesson not less awful than destructive, had its teachings been always implicitly followed.

If a man were to remain stationary, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water all his lifetime, a knowledge of the outlines of practical science could not fail to be useful in forwarding his ordinary business. Carpenters and masons will not do their work the worse for knowing how to measure, nor for some acquaintance with arithmetic. The collier who descends the pit armed with his safety lamp, will not be rendered a worse workman from knowing something about the nature and sources of inflammable gases, and of the principle upon which his lamp is constructed. It is not enough to say that Davy was a philosopher, that he invented the aforesaid safety lamp, and that it is sufficient for the working-man to learn the use of it. No man can work so well, if he be ignorant of the principle upon which his tool, machine, or engine, is constructed. If so, the man himself becomes a mere machine, and, like the machinery he is set to work, is completely at fault when (knowing the rule, but not the reason of that rule,) he is placed in circumstances which involve the slightest variation.

But beyond all this, the use of the scientific knowledge to working-men gives to each man a chance according to his ability of improving his own branch of business. If chance had anything to do with useful discoveries and inventions, surely it is worth the while of those who are constantly working in particular employments, to obtain a little knowledge of first principles, and for this reason, because their chances would be greater than other people's of so applying that knowledge, as to hit upon new and useful ideas; they are always in the way of perceiving what is wanting, and had they the requisite scientific information, they could meet the difficulty far more directly than by putting it into the hand of a stranger to their work. Take an instance. I am told by some people, it is desirable to invent something which would serve, instead of leather, as a covering to cotton rollers. Now a mere working cotton spinner may chance

to stumble upon the required material; he knows what the character and qualities of that substance must be far better than any inventor can know from his mere statement and description. On the other hand, a good chemist may understand the precise qualities of every substance, or of every supposed combination of substances in the universe, and yet be unable, because he is no practical cotton spinner, to furnish precisely what is wanted; so that, as you will perceive, it is from the combination of more kinds of knowledge than one in the same person that most discoveries spring. Theory is all very well, and practice is very well; every practical man may acquire some knowledge of theory, but it is not every theoretical man who has opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of practice. I think it will be found, in reference to the advancement of the useful arts, that though speculation and science have often thrown light upon practice, yet that more has been done when practical, working men, have condescended (if I may so speak) to suppose that practice, though better alone than mere theory alone, is yet not everything. In no department is this beginning to be better understood than in the cultivation of the soil. Working farmers are beginning to study chemistry, the result is, better tillage and better crops; and though a mere chemist would make a bad farmer, that is no reason why he who tills the soil should not study to avail himself of every increased advantage some knowledge of chemistry can supply. Improvements in the steam engine were not made by the men who fed the engine fires, and were content to inquire no further. If Arkwright had not been a man conversant with practical mechanics, though he might have stumbled upon the idea of the spinning jenny, he would never have improved upon the first comparatively rude invention. And, generally speaking, if a new idea be accidentally or fortunately started, who are those who take it up and reap the benefit? Who but the very men who employ their superior knowledge in seizing the rude thought of their less informed competitors, taking advantage of every accidental discovery, tracing the law or principle with which it stands related, and so, bringing it practically to bear upon some useful end. Such men are in possession of the requisite information which enables them to take advantage of the accidental discoveries which more ignorant men may make, and yet know not how to render valuable.

A good illustration of the truth of this principle is furnished in the history of the invention and improvement of the Telescope. I dare say some of my younger readers are enquiring "what is a telescope?" The word is of Greek origin, signifying to "look afar," or to look around. The vulgar call it a "spying-glass." We, however, are frequently in the habit of applying Latin and Greek names to instruments of modern invention. At Middleburgh in Zealand, one of the Dutch provinces, there once lived a maker of spectacles. Two of his children, amusing themselves with bits of glass in their father's shop, each held a piece between their fingers at some distance from each other, through which, peeping, as children naturally will, they were surprised and pleased to find that the weathercock on the church-steeple, not only appeared much larger than ordinary, but as if it were nearer, and reversed or turned upside down. The children spoke of this singular thing to their father; he examined and reflected upon the circumstance. His first attempt was, fixing two glasses in brass rings and placing them so as to be drawn nearer or removed farther at pleasure; he found that at one particular distance, he was enabled, by this contrivance, to make out remote objects more distinctly. This happened in the year 1590. None of the telescopes then made were more than eighteen inches long, or proper for astronomical observations. At length Galileo, astronomer to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, reasoning on the subject, ground two pieces of glass into form, fitted them to the two ends of an organ pipe, and with this rude contrivance made some important discoveries, which he showed to the Venetian nobility from the top of the tower of Saint Mark. Many improvements were afterward made. But one great defect remained. Accident, as we have seen, first struck out the rude idea of the instrument, but accident would never have remedied its deficiencies. All the old instruments had this imperfection, that a ring of variously coloured light interfered with the distinctness of vision. Many were the contrivances ventured at to remove it, but as they were based only upon guesses, they were all equally unsuccessful. At last, it occurred to Mr. Dollond, an eminent mathematical instrument maker, in London, that the form of one of the glasses in the telescope (thicker in the middle, thinner at the edges; in fact, what is called a lens) was substantially the same as that of a similar body found in the human eye; the only, and the important difference being this—that whereas a piece of glass, whatever be its form, is of equal hardness or density throughout, while

on examining the lens taken from the eye of a man, a bullock or a sheep, he found it to be divisible like the coats of an onion, and that the outer layers were comparatively soft, the central portion being, though quite as transparent, yet considerably harder. Armed with this assistance, which science only could supply, he instantly concluded that by using several lenses made of glass of different degrees of hardness, he should imitate the structure of the human eye, and thereby remove the imperfection of the telescope. He tried the experiment, and was successful. He imitated, in glasses made from different materials, the effects of the different humours of the human eye. Were it not that some of these are partially fluid, others partially solid, vision would be imperfect.

Here, then, we find, the accidental plaything of a child, converted first, into an imperfectly useful instrument, and this again rendered absolutely perfect and faultless, by the application of scientific principles, drawn from a knowledge of anatomy. Now who would suppose that the dissection of the human body should assist us in gaining information about the stars, but so it is you see. I dare say Mr. Dollond never dreamed, while making his spectacles and glasses, that a knowledge of anatomy, the proper business of surgeons and medical men, would ever be of any use to him. It shews, however, that there is no branch of human information that may not be useful, or applicable, even to ourselves; and though we do not know how, or when, such knowledge is never burdensome; there is pleasure in gaining it, and it may become seriously valuable when we least expect to find it so. When the late Mr. Huskisson received this severe injury which terminated in his death, (at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway) undoubtedly he would have perished on the spot from loss of blood, had not a bystander (I believe it was Earl Wilton) twisted firmly a light bandage on the injured limb, so as to produce pressure on the trunks of the torn blood vessels, and thereby prevent its further effusion and loss. While ignorance would have been wringing its hands in fright and helplessness, a little knowledge enabled this man to save a fellow mortal from immediate destruction; and is such information more necessary for a lord than for the great mass of the people; are accidents less frequent on scaffolds for building, in coal mines, about engines and machinery, than in the pathway of a peer of the realm; or the lives of working men less valuable to each other than was the life of Mr. Huskisson to Earl Wilton? Assuredly not. If some knowledge of the structure of the human frame was necessary and useful for a nobleman, will you say it is less likely to be useful to you? Quite the contrary. Have you no higher ambition than to be considered and treated as mere machines, to spin, and to piece, or to weave cotton, or to hew coals, to eat, to drink, to sleep, and then wake up to spin and weave, and piece, and hack, and hew again? And to vary this dull round by nothing more intellectual than the vulgar brawling and disputing, or the noisy empty merriment which strong drink can excite amongst you?

Man of toil! wouldst thou be free?  
Lend thine ear to reason's call.  
There's folly in the drunkard's glee,  
There's madness in the midnight brawl.  
The ribald jest, the vulgar song,  
May give a keener sting to care,  
The riot of the idle throng  
Will lead to ruin and despair.

While alluding to the dangers of a predilection for drink, let us not forget the forced predilection for the place, which, to the shame of our legislators, and as a satire upon our ignorance, forms some little excuse for the working man. What is it, but ignorance that coops up human beings in cellars, garrets, and miserable hovels, built or allowed to stand in defiance of the annual visitations of Fever and Pestilence, and only to observe the miserable cupidity of man, who would scorn to herd their very hogs in holes so unfavorable to health and comfort? To men so circumstanced, the comfortable parlour, the splendid fire place, the song, the dance, or the nightly concert, holds out its cheap attractions. Their cheerless filthy homes, dark, miserable, and damp are more devoid of the comforts of a resting place, than even the factory, or the workshop. The cottager who is prevented by law from being the denizen of a nasty cellar, built by avarice, or of a garret unventilated to sun and air, he, who is, as he ought to be, protected by legislative interference from the miserable economy of builders and landlords, who can secure in his own dwelling those comforts which are held out to him at the public house, is likely to be an efficient contributor to the wealth of society, and a happy, useful, and intelligent man. In this respect society itself has much to answer for, and it would be well if Temperance Societies, instead of railing so exclusively at the working man who



frequents the public house, would rail a little at the men who have given him the nasty damp cellar, or the filthy, unventilated garret, to live in—in fact indirectly driven him to the place that holds out too fatally, its very comfortable attractions. What but ignorance is at the bottom of all this?

The history of the progress of the science of electricity, will furnish another excellent illustration of the advantages working men may heap upon themselves, and the world around them, from a cultivation of their intellects. You know, a timid and ignorant person is alarmed at thunder. Now, the least acquaintance with the facts of the case, would prove to that person, that the noise is just as harmless as the croaking of a frog, and indicates that the danger of the elective discharge is over. If you take any piece of glass, or a piece of sealing wax, and rub it against the sleeve of your coat, or any woollen, or silken substance, it will for some time after attract pieces of down, particles of dust, or any light bodies. Now the cause of thunder is traceable to the very same principle. Thunder is a grander species of Electricity. The cloud which produces thunder and lightning, may be considered as a great electrified body, as containing more than its natural share of that, which, for want of a better name, we call the Electric Fluid. Now, if a cloud of this description comes in contact with another which is not electrified, or which contains less than its share of this peculiar fluid, the excess flies off, so as to equalize the amount in both, and hence proceed flashes of lightning and reports of thunder. You must have frequently noticed the long spiked and pointed rods which, leading from the top of a tall factory chimney, or building, are buried at their lower end in the ground; and you may have been told that these rods are so placed to defend the building from lightning. The man who investigated the facts of the case was no professed philosopher, who employed his learning and his leisure in the work of discovery. For many years Benjamin Franklin laboured hard as a journeyman letter press printer, and between that occupation and rank of life, and yours, there is no such wide distinction. This man loved the acquisition of knowledge, the cultivation of his mind, and without neglecting the ordinary duties of his calling, he perfected those valuable discoveries, which have been the safety of so much life and property from destruction. Those iron rods safely conduct the lightning downwards to spend itself harmlessly in the earth. The bit of sealing wax and the coat sleeve formed all the materials with which this journeyman letter press printer originally went to work; he seized a fact which might have amused a child, he examined it, he reasoned upon it, and ultimately brought out some of the grandest truths in natural science: truths, which not only render us more familiar with the works and wonders of the Creator, but which have proved of vast utility in preventing the loss of life and buildings from fire. Now what is there to prevent you, and such as yourselves, from following his example? The great field of nature is open to you, and even apart from all practical and useful discovery, there is ample room for the purest and the sweetest gratification, in the contemplation of the laws of nature, and the works of God. We do not find that Franklin became a worse letter press printer, or a less valuable member of society, because of his preference of intellectual enjoyments above those of the tavern. On the contrary, Franklin rose to be ambassador from the United States to the court of France, and died respected and admired by the whole civilized world.

Take another illustration. Who does not know that a stone dropped down a deep coal pit, will fall to the bottom? But there are multitudes who do not know that the ebb and flow of the tides, the revolution of the moon round the Earth, and that of the planets round the Sun, are produced by precisely the same agency. It was by the investigation of the law regulating the descent of falling bodies, that Sir Isaac Newton arrived at those conclusions, which form the basis of astronomical science. It is said, perhaps upon doubtful authority, that the accidental fall of an apple from a tree, first roused Sir Isaac to the study of the doctrine of gravitation. Whether this be true or no, it is certain that enquiring minds have frequently been rewarded with the most valuable discoveries from the examination of apparently trivial matters. It was known before Newton's time, that if a stone be dropped down a deep pit, or well, if it fall (as it will) 16 feet in the first second of time, it will fall 48 in the next, 80 in the third, and in the fourth 112 feet, its swiftness of descent increasing as it approaches the bottom; so that in twice the time it will fall through four times the space, in thrice the time, nine times the space, and so on. Newton laid hold of these facts, anxious to determine the law, or principle, upon which

they depend; he found that falling motion is to be measured not by the distance of a falling body from the earth, but by the rate of its increased swiftness as it approaches it—that, whatever brings the stone down, that force is four times less at twice the distance, thirty-six times less at six times the distance, and so on; each number requiring to be multiplied by itself; or, in mathematical language, such force varying not with equal proportion at single and double distances, but according to the square of the distance, and this, which is one of the most important and beautiful of truths in the whole range of science, (simple as it may seem) formed the ground work upon which Newton demonstrated that law which is impressed upon matter universally, which operates alike on the minutest as well as on the largest masses, which produces what we call the weight of bodies; in other words—the tendency of heavy substances to gravitate or fall towards the earth's centre—the law which at the same moment retains a pebble in its place on the sea-shore, and produces and governs the revolution of the moon and planets in their orbits.

There was a man living about two hundred years ago, who having observed that the hanging chandeliers of lofty cielings continued to vibrate long and with singular uniformity after any accidental cause of disturbance, was led to investigate how this could be. Out of what, in some shape or other had been before men's eyes from the beginning of the world his thoughtful mind extracted the most useful results. In fact, he invented an engine to measure time, a Clock; the pendulum and a few wheels to record its vibrations constituting as you know its most certain admeasurement. Now, in England, a pendulum must be thirty nine inches and one seventh long, to vibrate once in one second of time. But in the West Indies, a pendulum of that length will not vibrate seconds; as we advance towards, or go from, a line which would divide the earth into two equal halves, so a pendulum to vibrate seconds must be longer or shorter—the reason of this I will endeavour to explain to you in due time. Do you suppose that a pendulum to vibrate twice in a second must be half the above length? Nay, it must be only one quarter as long, or little more than nine inches.

We may remark upon all these things that the faculty of observation, a disposition to examine and reason upon the simple facts which the God of Nature has scattered in such rich profusion around us—in truth, the rational use of our eyes, forms the grand distinction between those who have benefitted the world by their discoveries, and those who have not. Believe me, it requires no superhuman gifts, no unearthly intelligence to make a philosopher, but only the proper direction and application of those powers which all men profess, and which all men may cultivate. A gentleman who gave evidence before a Parliamentary committee, shall describe to you a philosopher to the very life:—He said, "I was going up Constitution Hill, one Sunday in the spring, when the moon was up, just before church time; I over-heard three lads talking, they appeared to be what are termed plasterer's labourers; the middle one was a lad of seventeen or eighteen, the other two were a little younger. I heard the eldest lad say, "There is the moon!" "Yes," says another. "The moon is round—do you not see?" said the largest boy. "Yes" said the other! "that is a part of the solar system." "What is that?" asked his companion. "Oh! do you not know what it is?" The lad then explained to them in his way the solar system, beginning with the sun in the centre and describing the planets their distances and motions. When I got a little farther, some vagabonds were being turned out of a gin-shop, among them was a lad about the age of the eldest of those three youths, he was three-parts drunk and began to spar in the street, offering obstruction, to draw the passers by to his folly. The inference which every body must draw who had witnessed the fact was that that lad who was teaching the solar-system could not have come out of a gin-shop three-parts drunk so early on a Sunday morning and made the same exhibition of himself."

The gentleman might have added, no, nor on Saturday night when his wages were paid, nor would he have been found idling on the road in his dirt on the Sabbath, amusing himself with rat-dogs. He observed very correctly in his further evidence—"that if we teach young men something of geography, or natural history, a taste is given them for reading which never leaves them, and the above illustration which I have just recited he very sensibly offers as a proof that even a little learning is not the dangerous thing some ignorant, well meaning but weak minded people may suppose. When Sir Isaac Newton was a boy, no doubt he had his hours of confinement to school tasks, but his leisure was not spent in whistling in the street. We are told that he got

little saws, hatchets, hammers, or any mechanical nick-nackery he could lay his hands upon, and he learned to use all sorts of tools with great dexterity. A new windmill was set up about this time, near Grantham, and young Newton's imitative genius contrived to make a model of it, which was considered almost equal to the workmanship of the original. His acquisition of drawing, which he acquired without any assistance, was equally remarkable. I knew an operative cotton spinner who amused some of his leisure hours with the construction of a miniature brass steam engine. I knew another who built a very pretty finger organ, and I dare say when finished, he would not remain contented without learning to play upon it, and opening up to his delighted mind, the stores which the science of music has to unfold, that science which is perhaps not only the most captivating of human pursuits, but which Luther, the great church reformer, a man, certainly not addicted to trifles, pronounced to be next in importance to the study of divinity itself. Were not these men better employed than in discussing the merits of the prominent political leaders of the day, or than in mixing among men whose only boast and enjoyment is in guzzling malt liquor, whose reading is confined to Bell's Life in London, and whose information is just no more than may be acquired in a tap-room?

What can more effectually degrade a rational and immortal being—to say nothing of responsibility or of sin—what can constitute a more audacious offence against his own nature and his own happiness than for a man to intoxicate himself till "his mouth poureth out foolishness;" till there is nothing so filthy or so blasphemous that he will not utter? Well might a poet of our own exclaim "Oh! that man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains." Whilst he his gratifying himself, and rejoicing in his cups, he is breaking through the tenderest ties of nature. He is stripping his children of that which is necessary to defend them from the winter's cold, he is snatching the bread from the mouths of his little ones, he is making his wife to suffer from the extremity of his sensuality. And, though his besotted unreflecting companions may extol him for his supposed honesty as the very prince of good fellows, though some may be so stupid and thoughtless as to call him "no man's enemy but his own," he is in the eye of truth, of conscience, and of God, a monster of folly, cruelty, and villainy. For the poor pleasure of gratifying one of the lowest appetites of sensual nature, for the sake of acquiring a momentary hilarity, which he knows is based not in sound sources of joy, but only on bodily and artificial excitement—for this he suspends the use and exercise of his reason, and descends to reduce himself to the condition of an idiot—may less pitiable than that of the slavering idiot, but far more degraded, inasmuch as one is a direct visitation from the hand of Deity—the other, a species of self mutilation, a self inflicted insanity.

It has been said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. If it be so, and I by no means subscribe unreservedly to this opinion, then let it be the endeavour of every one to get more of it, to place himself out of the danger of a "little knowledge." The truth is, a little knowledge is not dangerous. One or two facts, or things, well understood, are productive of no danger; many things, half understood, may lead to mischief. Depend upon this, it is the judicious application of the existing amount of our information, and not the quantity we possess, that can render us either truly wise, or truly useful. And, after all, whose learning is not "little?" Whose draughts of knowledge are not shallow? Who amongst us has fathomed the depths of a single product of nature? Who of us is not baffled by the mysteries in a grain of sand? Who of us can explain the nature of that power by which he can lift his arm, or walk a single step? But is our knowledge, because it is so little, of no worth? Are we to despise the lessons which are taught us in this nook of creation, in this narrow round of human observation, because a wide universe stretches around us which we cannot fully explore, a space in which the earth, the sun and planets dwindle to a point? We should remember that the known, however little it may be, is in harmony with the boundless unknown, and every acquisition of fresh knowledge is a step in the right direction.

While we hail with satisfaction every attempt that is made to check the progress of vice and ignorance, by the direct intervention of such preventive checks as are found in the Temperance Associations—the influence of example and the pledge of Total Abstinence; we should most seriously injure those noble institutions were we to accord to them a power and a prevalence which are due only to the general progress of education. Temperance Associations, however praiseworthy or unfortunately necessary, are not likely in this country, nor even in America, where they originated, to be the main cause of the

establishment of universal habits of sobriety. That good will be effected upon the masses by the almost imperceptible, yet silently transforming progress of useful knowledge, which will lead men to cultivate, as a matter of choice and preference, intellectual pleasures, instead of those which are purely sensual and animal. What is it but education that has rooted out the vice of drunkenness, among the genteeler classes of society? The fox hunting, three bottle parson and squire, are characters that belong to the jovial days of the early American war, when to get drunk and curse the French, were such inseparable adjuncts to loyalty, that even the clergy were not ashamed to sanction them by their example. The work of improvement must be effected among the operative classes of society, by the same means, namely their elevation in the social and intellectual scale, and just in proportion as they are taught and enabled to perceive the infinitely higher gratification and power which knowledge confers, they will need no higher stimulus for its further attainment, inasmuch as it is a thirst which grows by the very food it lives and thrives upon.

The further we advance, the wider does the field of enquiry become, and human arrogance is thus taught the humiliating lesson of its own insufficiency to comprehend, perfectly, the outgoings of the infinite, the eternal mind. It is notorious, that the most learned of men have ever been the most modest, the most unassuming. Perhaps a man of greater mind than Newton never lived, certainly he has done more for science than any other mortal. It is recorded of him, that, when complimented at the close of his life on his splendid discoveries, he replied, meekly "I feel as if like a little child I had picked up a few pretty shells and pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of infinity." His little dog one day overturned the candle upon a bundle of written memoranda, and destroyed in a few moments, the results of months of severe calculation and study. Newton's exclamation was "Oh! Fido, thou little knowest what thou hast done." Had Sir Isaac Newton been accustomed to spend all his leisure hours in idleness, in drinking, in betting upon horse racing; had his dog gnawed his betting book to tatters, overturned his glass of liquor, or broken his pipe—very probably Sir Isaac would have cursed the dog, perhaps he would have kicked him, probably profaning the sacred name of the Deity into the bargain, thus proving himself far less rational than his four footed brute. But Sir Isaac had a cultivated mind, it taught him better, coarseness and brutality are not engendered by studies which refine the human intellect.

Let any man pass an evening in vacant idleness, or in worse than idle gossip, perhaps in hot dispute upon some political theory, which his self love, or his vanity incorrectly prompts him to believe he thoroughly understands, for the truth of which he contends with an eagerness that destroys his temper;—or, let him pass those hours in reading some silly tale fitted only to excite his imagination, and let him compare the state of his mind either when he goes to sleep, (perhaps flushed with intoxicating drink—for disputing is often ignorant and mostly dry work) or when he awakes in the morning—let him contrast this with the state of his mind some other day, when he has passed a few hours with an intelligent friend, in rational and improving conversation, or with some good book—learning truths wholly new to him, so as to be not only acquainted with them himself, but to be able to teach them to others:—that man will find as great a difference as can possibly exist in the same being, the difference between looking back upon time worse than wasted, and time spent in self improvement.

He will feel himself in the one case listless and dissatisfied, perhaps unable to attend to the ordinary duties of his daily calling—in the other, comfortable and happy—he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having by his own exertions become a wiser and therefore a more exalted creature.

If a man must have amusement after his daily toil what can answer the purpose to beguile him of his bodily weariness better than a good book? It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness which in nine cases out of ten is what drives him out to the ale house, to his own ruin and that of his family. It transports him into a livelier and gayer and more diversified scene, and while he enjoys himself there he may forget the evils and sorrows of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the book he has been reading be any thing above the idlest and the lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation, something he can enjoy while absent

and expect with eagerness. And what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open, what a bond of family union, of which all may have the benefit! For nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment, or lends more to give them that self-respect which is the corner-stone of all virtue.

To pass our time in gaining, or in diffusing useful knowledge, (or such portions of our time as we can spare from the actual duties of life,) has, in all ages, been reckoned the most dignified of human pursuits. The American backwoodsman is a comparatively respectable individual! he lives upon the produce of his rifle, but think you, would he shoot pigeons from a trap—would he condescend to become a poulterer's assistant, would he gather round him an ignorant rabble to make bets upon the sureness of his aim, while he blew to atoms a poor bird, set at liberty a few yards before him? I say the savage who lives upon the produce of his gun, or his bow, is a far more rational and respectable mortal, than the man who, for sport, makes bets how many pigeons he can slaughter—how many rats his dog can worry—or how long two brutes in human shape can hammer each other without the loss of their eyes or their lives! He who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, works his day's work, and improves his mind in the evening of that day, may look downwards with pity, and upwards without envy—the pleasures of a life thus spent go hand in hand with the solid benefits derivable from such a course of conduct. As Britons, do you desire extended political privileges? Acquire then that intelligence which alone can render it safe, without which it were unwise to throw down existing restrictions. But beyond all that is social and temporal, the cultivation of your intellects is closely connected with this high gratification, that we are raised by the study of the universe around us, to a closer understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Almighty Creator. Every step we take affords fresh matter for adoration, wonder, and praise! We perceive, whether in the contemplation of a blade of grass, a fossil shell, an insect, a flower, or the organization of an animal, the most extraordinary traces of the design contrivance. We investigate the marvellous works of the great Architect of Nature, the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the mightiest, as well as in the most minute parts, of his system.

Vast chain of being, which from God began  
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,  
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
No glass can reach, from Infinite to Thee.

While the low gratifications of the bodily appetite, or of the ignorant and the vulgar, injure the health, debase the understanding, and corrupt the feelings—the pleasures of intellect never degrade—and never tire. They teach us to look upon all earthly objects as insignificant, compared with the pursuit of knowledge and the cultivation of goodness, as giving a dignity—a moral elevation, an importance, an enjoyment to life, which the frivolous and the ignorant cannot even comprehend.

The study of science is the contemplation of an infinite host of infinite wonders, the study of one form of that revelation of his own nature, God has been pleased to afford to mortals—as Omnipotent, or all powerful, as Omniscient, or all wise, as Infinite, or present every where, as Eternal, or without beginning and without end. Its tendency is to destroy human pride and human importance, vanity and self-love, the fertile spring of irreligion and discord.

Both in the vast and the minute we see  
The unambiguous footsteps of a God,  
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.

Hence, then, science is favourable to morality. For who can learn that God is always present in his power, and that all our thoughts and actions are known to him, without trembling for that accountability which allies us to immortality—to happiness or misery when this transient being shall have passed away.

Do you wish to become well informed? Begin to communicate to others that which you already know. You will thereby more effectually teach yourselves, with this additional and pleasing satisfaction, that you are adding to the general stock of human happiness; for it is not more true of mere human knowledge, than it is of that which stands connected with eternity, that "he that watereth others, shall himself be watered." Can there be a more pleasing sight, than that of a father, who, his daily task being one, is seeking to allure his infant offspring to drink at the fountains of knowledge with some

well chosen book brought home to his fire-side. His wife listens—pleased to find that the tidy hearth she has swept, that fire side she has rendered bright, not more by its cheerful blaze, than by her own happy and contented smile—his own quiet home possesses attractions for which every other allurements holds out in vain its despicable, its degrading enticements. Do you wish to taste the sweets of domestic enjoyment? Remember, that home is a paradise, or a hell, just as by your conduct you stamp upon it the character of a prison, or seek to make it the centre of your sweetest enjoyments. And, however, homely is the adage, that “if you are not happy there, you will be happy nowhere,” it is a truth which will lose nothing by repetition. Bring to your own fire-sides those reasonable sources of recreation, amusement, and instruction, that in vain you will seek in the society of the idle, the vulgar, the dissipated and the profligate, and you will have reason in after years to rejoice that you have done so. Your wives will bless you, your children whom you have taught at your knee will pay you a father’s respect and reverence;—and when a healthy and happy old age shall have shed its silver honours over your withered brow, you will calmly wait the last great teacher, death, with the consciousness that you have not lived in vain, that your names will live in the memory of the wise and good; you will die, not as the fool dieth, but as exchanging this mortal for Immortality.

Books, well selected, will furnish you with endless motives and materials for those enquiries upon which you cannot enter without increasing pleasure. The history of your own country, and of the past revolutions of empires, long crumbled into decay, will assist you in the formation of sounder opinions respecting those political theories which are eagerly advocated by the opposing parties of the age in which you live. Biography,—or the history of the lives of the great and mighty dead, of men who have rendered their names illustrious by their virtues or their talents—these may usefully stimulate you to follow their example; and though each of you cannot, in the ordinary course of Providence, expect to spring from the lowest rank to the elevation of a Franklin, a Brindley, an Arkwright, or a Washington, though you may not hew your way like them from obscurity to so lofty a position, doubt not, you will enjoy that self-respect which is the highest of all human rewards.

In the contemplation of the great facts connected with natural Science you will meet with no frightful difficulties. Endless gratification, (to those who will cultivate a taste for them) may be derived from the endless variety to be found in the composition of the globe upon which we live, and its inhabitants. The mineral, the vegetable, and the animal world, gradually rising in the scale of importance, forming a chain which leads us by successive links from brute matter, up to the Divinity itself,—is there nothing in this to arrest the attention of God’s intelligent creatures? Besides all the animal creation as seen by our unassisted senses, there are myriads of creatures, which, by the ignorant are not even known to have existence. All nature teems with life—every fluid, each part of every vegetable and animal, swarms with its peculiar inhabitants, (invisible it is true to the naked eye) but as perfect in all their parts, and as truly enjoying life, as the elephant or the whale.

But if from the Earth and these minute wonders, the eye is raised towards the Heavens, what a stupendous scene there opens to its view. Those brilliant lights that sparkle to the eye of ignorance only as gems adorning the sky, or as lamps to guide the nightly traveller, assume, to the thoughtful mind, an importance that amazes and overwhelms the understanding. They appear to be worlds, formed like ours, for a variety of inhabitants, or as suns, enlightening other worlds too distant for our discovery. There are materials and opportunities for investigation about and around you, equally fascinating and unbounded as the most sublime positions of astronomical science. In the mineral world for instance, there is an awe, a grandeur, a majesty, irresistibly impressive, a something that cannot fail to lift up the heart to an acknowledgment of the mighty power which piled the massy rocks upon each other, which upheaved the mountains from their ocean bed, then tore them asunder, and flung their scattered and decaying fragments over the valleys. And in the vegetable world there is an immense profusion of bounty and of beauty, of every thing that can gratify the eye, simple, splendid, variegated, exquisite. Advancing onwards, the moment we open the gates of the animal kingdom a new creation opens to our view—intelligence superadded to life. Begin where we will, we are but handling one link of a beautifully harmonious chain, forming a circle, within which is comprehended the wonders of immensity. Remember that the inimitable productions

of the Divine architect are to be studied, not simply for the aid such knowledge gives in promoting our social comforts, or even in the gratification of a natural curiosity, but for a far higher and nobler end. They are to be studied for their own sake, as the work of God, as bearing the impress of his finger—of his creative perfections, as radiant with beauty, wisdom, grandeur and beneficence. That which we understand seems excellent in a degree far exceeding our ordinary conceptions, and more and more so, as we more minutely investigate the matter. In fact, we understand so much of the works of Nature, or in other words, of God, as to feel assured that we only cease to admire, when we fail to understand. What can be a higher privilege, than thus to step, as it were, upon the very threshold of the throne of the Deity, what more appropriate homage can we pay than contemplating his works—what employment on earth, so natural, so ennobling, recollecting we are told that “even these things the angels desire to look into.” And could we pry even with their scrutiny into the deepest recesses of knowledge, were the most profound of Nature’s mysteries unravelled to our comprehension—to this practical conclusion would the investigation lead us, at last, namely that to be good, is man’s highest happiness—to be wise, his highest praise—and that man acts most in accordance with the ends of his being, that man most effectually promotes the well-fare of his fellow mortals, who seeks to allure them from low, sordid, and debasing enjoyments to the contemplation of the Creator’s works, to the acquisition of that useful knowledge which is inseparable from the devout admiration of Him who has formed all things in wisdom for His praise.

*St. John’s Lodge, North London District.*

### LINLITHGOW PALACE.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

[The Palace of Linlithgow was the birth-place of Mary, Queen of Scots, and combines that fine taste and true magnificence which distinguish all the Scottish Palaces, erected by the House of Stuart. It was an observation of Mary of Lorraine, Queen of James V., that the King of France had not a palace comparable with that of Linlithgow. It stands upon the margin of a beautiful lake, which, on the east, washes the base of a gently sloping hill. The author beheld the Palace on a delightful summer afternoon, when the grey ruins, contrasted with the golden radiance of the lake and the bright green verdure surrounding it, made the scene one of a most romantic and enchanting character.]

Oh, fair Linlithgow! there thy palace stands,  
Proud in its ruins, noble in decay,  
And, as in vision, I behold those bands  
Who trod thy halls in times long past away:  
Princes, and lovely dame, and gallant knight,  
Again come thronging to my mental sight.

Well might the royal lady of Lorraine  
Look on thy walls with an admiring glance,  
And truly say that eye might seek in vain  
For ought so kingly in the realms of France:  
Even as thou art, thou rear’st thy lofty head,  
And state and glory seem around thee spread.

Thy beauteous lake is placid as of old,  
The lapse of years hath wrought no changes there;  
It sleeps before me, with its waters cold  
Gilt by the sun, unstirr’d by passing air,  
Like something pure, by holy Spirit blest,  
Where not one trace of human change could rest.

Oh, human change!—oh, worldly strife and hate!  
 At those dread words my memory recalls  
 One who was doom'd to an untimely fate,  
     Who first saw light within those palace walls;  
 One who was form'd in hall and bower to shine,  
 The hapless daughter of a princely line.

Thou ill-starr'd monarch! Scotland's fairest flower!  
 Nor wit, nor grace, nor beauty thee could save;  
 The blood of kings, nature's most lavish dower—  
     Nought could preserve thee from a bloody grave.  
 On England's maiden queen a stain doth lie,  
 That thou by her decree did'st headless die.

Palace, farewell! thou should'st be as thou art,  
 A stately, desolate, and mournful pile;  
 A thing to raise sad memories in the heart,  
     And cause mankind in bitterness to smile,  
 To think how vain are pride and power below,  
 To save from pain, and strife, and death, and woe.

*Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.*

## AUGUSTA CAMERON.

A TALE,

BY JAMES WYATT,

(Author of "*Scenes in the Civil Wars*," &c.)

Perhaps of all the reminiscences of my past life (and it has been a long one) the most touching are those which have relation to a beautiful child of nature whose name appears at the head of this paper. By some peculiar agency that child's fate became interwoven with mine; and, upon my first seeing her, a powerful sympathy was created that never left me. Years have flown by since that period, but the memory of it clings to me still. This is no dotage—it may be weakness, but it is pardonable.

Many years back, at an early period of my worldly career, but nevertheless after I had overcome many difficulties, and at length had been rewarded by an apparent sunshine of fortune, and had received in marriage the hand of her who for a long time had been my chief guiding star and hope, I walked out with her into the country. We were traversing spots dear to us from their early association—'twas here I had frequently escaped from the cares of the world to meet her who was now leaning fondly on my arm: and there was scarcely a mead that was not hallowed by recollections of this kind.

We came to the pretty church of B—, interesting to us from having been the first we had ever entered together, and the meeting was not the less dear from its having been a romantic and stolen one. Determining to view again that unpretending edifice, and pay a visit of grateful remembrance now we were no longer compelled to seek stolen interviews, we crossed the field to the church-yard. The first object that caught my attention there, was a beautiful child bounding over the graves and mounds, laughing and shouting to the highest pitch of her tiny voice, whilst the nurse-maid was in pursuit of her. No sooner was she caught than she disengaged herself, and again bounded over the turf, snatching at the roses, and scattering a leaf here and there, with a wild shout accompanying each. Her bright flaxen hair was flowing in curls over her fair neck from beneath a little gipsy hat; and the blue ribbons were caught by the breeze like miniature streamers. Her little dainty feet scarcely pressed the sod, so ethereal was her step. The daisy and golden cup were no sooner traversed than they lifted up their heads, as if to welcome the pretty foot that had pressed them.



I called attention to the child, and we mused upon the joyous mood in which she leaped over the resting places where the ashes of her ancestors lay in stern repose. "Pity," said I "that so much innocence should ever be brought in contact with the world's vice. What food for contemplation is here?" The tiny sylph after noticing us and giving us a little coquetting, making us run and catch her to steal a kiss, and then looking at us with her laughing eyes of blue, snatched a handful of roses and flung them over the mounds; she seized another cluster for the purpose of flinging them upon the large ostentatious tombs on the other side the path, but a sharp thorn pierced her hand and drew blood. We kissed the wounded part and soon succeeded in drying up her tears, which were quickly followed by a merry peal of laughter; and unwilling to be foiled in her purposed enjoyment, she seized more rose leaves and hastened to scatter them on the tombs. Scarcely had she reached them and began to fling them on the slabs whereon were inscribed qualities the tenants beneath never possessed, deeds recorded they never had the virtue to accomplish, than an adder darted from the rank grass growing between, and wound its way rapidly towards the child's legs. The child had been struck with terror and was unable to move; like the victim of the rattle-snake, she knew not how to escape till it was too late—one moment more and the creature's fangs would have pierced her little leg. I sprang to the spot, seized her in my arms, and set my foot on the reptile's head. The poor child was horrified, and she shrieked and sobbed bitterly: the maid took her in her arms, and after thanking me, left the church-yard. The event was so strange and excited such peculiar emotions, that I spoke not until I had led my wife from the church-yard. She then commented on the circumstance, and I could not help predicting that the few minutes I had just passed for the first time with that child were typical of her future life—and we returned home sad and moody.

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Years rolled on—I had reached the middle period of life—that time when man begins to review his past actions, and finds a fearful balance against himself, which the most untiring exertions for the remainder of his life can but lighten in a very small degree. I paid a visit to the town where I had passed so many eventful years in my youth. Whilst traversing the principal street a carriage was driven past, containing two ladies. One was beyond the middle age, but still bearing traces of loveliness, the other was apparently about eighteen, a perfect model of a fair beauty. Her complexion was as if formed of a compound of pearls and roses, and her rich auburn hair hung in long tresses, waving over an angelic brow, and partially shading her full blue eyes. Though years had flown since my last sojourn here, I had no hesitation in at once pronouncing that the beautiful maiden who was whirled by in the carriage, was no other than the pretty child I had met in B—church-yard; there was every characteristic feature of the child, but more matured; true there was no longer the artless simplicity of the baby girl, this was usurped by an elegance still more striking and attractive. I learned that she was the beauty of the neighbourhood, and every country assembly or ball was tame and flat if the beautiful Augusta Cameron did not grace it. As may be readily supposed so brilliant a creature made havoc with the youthful hearts of the other sex, and even here almost any other lady would have excited deadly jealousy from the former reigning belles; but they were in a moment disarmed by her amiable disposition, and the reluctance she exhibited towards making conquests; so that she became a general favourite and one not to be feared;—she willingly allowed her lady friends to win and wear whom they would.

Mrs. Cameron, her mother, was left a widow at an early age and whilst Augusta was an infant; her loss was severe, but God tempered the wind to the shorn lamb—she formed a large circle of sympathising friends, and she was left with an ample fortune. If anything could soften or alleviate distress like her's, it would be the possession of these advantages. Mrs. C. felt this, and appreciated her comparatively happy position; and her whole care for the future was centred in her darling child. Mr. Cameron had been a successful painter, and at his death, his estates in the West Indies were in a most flourishing condition; and he lived just long enough to complete the purchase of an adjoining estate which promised to realize a large additional share of wealth. As may be supposed, the circumstances of the Camerons were well known, and they furnished an additional stimulus to the young gallants in their endeavours to gain Augusta's hand. She was proof however for a long time against all their batteries, but this freedom of heart was not destined to be of further continuance, as I shall show presently.

After being in the neighbourhood for a few days, I called at the residence of

Mrs. Cameron and left my card, taking care to add at the corner the name of the Hotel where I was staying. I knew she was from home for a few days, and I purposely called at that time, in order that I might then ascertain whether Augusta in her maturer years, amidst a galaxy of fashion, would care to acknowledge an old friend; and if not, this would afford her and her mother an easy opportunity of avoiding an interview if they so wished. On the third day afterwards, however, I received a note from Mrs. Cameron inclosing one from Augusta, wherein they expressed a great anxiety to see me, adding that they should call that noontime, when they hoped I should return with them in the carriage. The time arrived—and if I was delighted with the hasty glimpse I had in the street, of Augusta, my delight was increased ten-fold, when she flew to my arms and acknowledged me as her “dear old friend.” How often did she repeat the tale of our first meeting. This was perhaps the only happy day I had experienced for the past two years. I was now a lone and widowed man, the pure being who had cast in her lot with mine, had ended her brief pilgrimage, and left me to sorrow alone. I was childless too, and had none to look to me and make me feel domestic responsibility—that dear yoke which sits lightly on every good man’s shoulders.—I had no tie; no familiar bond; I had grown sensitive; and perchance if I had found the Camerons indifferent to me, I should have bidden adieu to my native land for ever. This interview however completely altered my intentions—a new light gleamed upon me—something still whispered that that child’s fate was really bound up with my own—in a moment I formed a resolve—she was fatherless; I would watch over her and guard her with a parent’s eye and bless her with my latest breath. I returned with them, and after I had told them of my former intention to leave England, they demurred to it with so much fondness, and urged me so warmly to remain near them that I determined on doing so. A few days afterwards I engaged a house which my fair friends soon furnished for me, and as it was an easy walk from their own, our mutual visits were frequent. As time wore on I was sometimes induced to join their parties, and upon all these occasions I noticed a Colonel Ainslow paying assiduous attention to Augusta. He was a fine, handsome fellow; faultless perhaps, in his personal appearance, and except for an unusual share of hauteur, was as well calculated to make conquests in the ball-room as on the battle field. I soon perceived that Ainslow looked upon himself as the favoured competitor for the prize;—for the first time Augusta permitted a repetition of attentions from a gentleman, and I also as soon found that Ainslow was upon a better footing than any other aspirant to the hand of my young friend. I soon sounded Mrs. Cameron upon the subject and found her to be not only favourable to the Colonel, but also exceedingly anxious that so suitable and brilliant a match should take place. From the little intercourse I had had with Ainslow, I did not think highly of him; I found him reserved, cold, and calculating, and I at once conceived a dislike to the probable connection. Among the company we occasionally met was a Mr. Howard, a Lieutenant Ainslow’s Regiment, and a visitor to the Johnston’s; as unlike his Colonel as man could be. I had observed him among the number of Augusta’s admirers previous to the introduction of Ainslow; but from that time I never saw him venture to approach her when Ainslow was in the room; and from that period Howard was no longer the same man—his spirits were cast down, and he ventured but seldom into our circle. I however frequently sought him and induced him to join me in a quiet ramble. I found from his observations, guarded though they were, that my suspicions were well founded; and I also learned that Ainslow was unforgiving, ungenerous, and selfish, and that his ruling passion was—gold! Who that saw the elegant Colonel Ainslow would dream that he had a single mercenary motive? None; and least of all the fair being who had already begun to form bright hopes for the future, in which his name was interwoven. The truth then flashed across my mind as to what his real motives were towards this pure being. His ambition would be gratified by distancing her other admirers, and his avarice would be amply pandered to by her increasing wealth. Painful as were these discoveries to me, they were doubly so by the reflection that I could not convey the same impression to the fair victim and her mother. One day, however, having found the latter alone, she told me how delighted she felt at the approaching event, which would place her child in so good a position. Then I ventured cautiously to introduce the subject; but in spite of my caution, had I not been known to her as a really disinterested old friend, I should have inevitably spoken to her for the last time. She reprobated the base idea of suspicion. Foiled by her earnestness, I could scarcely summon up courage to proceed but a

knowledge of the innocence of the being about to be betrayed, inspired me to pursue the matter further, nor did I leave until I had induced her to make some trial for herself. On parting we arranged to meet on the morrow, when some plan should be devised. The morrow came, and immediately after breakfast I kept the appointment. I almost despaired of inducing Mrs. C. to proceed in the matter, but at length she consented that a little finesse should be resorted to, and if the Colonel passed this ordeal, my suspicions were to be quelled. We arranged that Ainslow should be informed that by some means the whole of the West Indian property had become sacrificed, and consequently that Augusta was left dowerless. The next serious part of the affair was to carry the project out, and at length we arranged the whole matter. Ainslow had been in the habit of calling daily on the ladies, and frequently drove them out in his phaeton; and it was arranged that I should receive him on the following day. He had been making arrangements with some of his friends to take an excursion by water the day after, and Augusta had already consented to join them. At the accustomed hour he called with the carriage; instead, however, of meeting with Augusta, he was told that the ladies were both indisposed, and was shown into the drawing room, where I was sitting with the blinds down and a quantity of loose papers on the table before me. I could tell by the expression of his countenance that he anticipated some fearful news, and now I summoned up all the courage and tact I was master of, to put our plans into effect. I advanced and took his proffered hand and led him to a seat; a pause then ensued, which was broken by his enquiring, somewhat nervously, whether anything serious had occurred. I replied "Colonel Ainslow, I have every reason to believe that you are a warm friend to Mrs. Cameron and Augusta, and therefore to your ears alone I confide the unfortunate intelligence which has just reached me, and under the full impression that you will unite with me in endeavouring to rescue two unfortunate and innocent victims from entire ruin." He gasped fearfully, and in a tremulous voice, enquired if my observations bore reference to Miss Cameron and her mother. I said they did, but I would lay before him the whole particulars, feeling confident he would but too readily assist in the plans I had designed for their protection. I then told him, with more duplicity than I thought I ever possessed, that that morning's post had brought letters from India acquainting Mrs. Cameron that the resident steward on the estate, had, by virtue of the unlimited authority given to him from time to time, raised large sums of money by way of mortgage on the estate, until at length the mortgages were foreclosed; he had absconded with the proceeds, and other parties had got into possession—that in fact there was nothing left except one small portion, which, if recovered, would barely produce £100 a year. I added, that in order to secure this from the wreck, it was urged that two friends should proceed to make arrangements immediately, and that I relied upon him, in consequence of his anticipated connection with the family, to aid me in the plan. For a moment he turned deadly pale, and his lip quivered, but he quickly regained his composure. He then very coldly replied, "No person on earth can more deeply regret the loss this amiable family has sustained than I do. But really, my dear sir, I am at a loss to understand how I can consistently interfere in the matter. I cannot understand how I can take part—I should be very happy to do anything that would enhance the comfort of so amiable a family, but really, situated as I am in his Majesty's service, I do not see how I could be warranted in taking any part." Almost bursting with indignation, yet secretly delighted with my success, I had difficulty in restraining myself. However, I dissembled, and affected to entreat him to assist me. But after again expressing his great regret, and hoping my endeavours would be crowned with success, he shook me coldly by the hand and left me; requesting me to present his compliments and sincere condolence to the ladies. I felt positively relieved at his absence. I rang and requested the attendance of Mrs. Cameron, to whom I related the whole interview. She was perfectly thunder-struck, but again and again expressed her ideas that I had over-drawn the picture, and that Ainslow would even yet do some act which would establish his clearness from suspicion. The next thing was to break the intelligence to Augusta, and this was a task I feared to encounter; Mrs. C. therefore undertook it, and I left the house. In the evening I returned again to know the result of the communication; and, as I had foreboded, the poor girl would not give credit to the full version of the matter; still I gleaned that she was not entirely destitute of some suspicion of Ainslow's conduct, and this furnished us with some hope that the stroke had not fallen too heavily upon her. The following morning, however, confirmed all

my statements, for with it came a cold formal note, wherein Colonel Ainslow paid his compliments, and regretted that the excursion would be unavoidably deferred in consequence of sudden orders he had received from the War Office, which required his immediate attendance on his regiment. Mrs. Cameron and Augusta were now fully convinced—the former congratulated herself and Augusta upon the escape from so mercenary a creature; but the latter said nothing. She was evidently suffering deeply from offended pride, which I was by no means sorry to see, as it convinced me that there was with her, not so deep-rooted an affection as was anticipated. In the meantime, great stir was made in the town at the sudden disappearance of the Colonel; and still further surprise was experienced in a few days, when it was announced that Lieut. Howard had been removed to another regiment. Of the cause of this, Howard was as ignorant as most of his friends, but he was too glad of an opportunity of leaving the Colonel, to refuse the exchange; and in the course of another week he received notice of being called into active service. He called on our friends and took his leave, wisely avoiding telling Augusta the secret which glowed in his own heart. The parting was brief, but sincere regret was experienced by my two friends as well as myself; and the next morning saw Howard on his way to join his new regiment. On retiring to rest that night I could not help reflecting that I had a second time been instrumental in saving this spotless being from the fangs of a viper.

Months passed and my fair protegee recovered her usual elasticity—so much so, that she would calmly reason on the escape that had been effected for her, and repeatedly did she confess how narrowly she had avoided a life of misery. One morning whilst sitting and conversing on the lawn, the servant brought the letters and papers from the post, and on perusing the London papers I found that some severe engagements had taken place on the peninsula, in which Howard's regiment had been actively engaged. The Field Marshall's early despatches had mentioned his heroism in so pointed a manner that promotion succeeded, and it was intimated that he would be sent to England with the further despatches. This news was cheering to us, and we formed high anticipations of soon seeing our young friend.

A few weeks after the receipt of the papers, Howard himself arrived, and no sooner did he reach the town, than he presented himself at my house. As may be imagined, our meeting was very cordial. The service had improved him very much, and he had gained more self possession. He hurried on hundreds of questions as to what had occurred in his absence, and as to how our fair friends fared; all of which I satisfied by degrees. He then broke out in rapturous exclamations upon the qualities of Augusta, and thanked his stars that she was still unmarried; but the next moment a shade came over his face as he expressed his forebodings that she would not consent to join her fortune with his. I asked him if he knew that Colonel Ainslow had broken off his attachment and left the country? He seemed much surprised; and I then inwardly determined to submit him to the same ordeal. I said, "surely you must have heard of the total loss of property the Camerons have sustained?" He replied he had not. I then told him the same tale that I had to Ainslow, and I also added that the Colonel had taken his leave immediately upon hearing the intelligence, and had never made his appearance amongst us again. "Blessed be heaven," said he, "then I will now throw myself at her feet,—I have been fortunate in my promotion, and the grants that have been made to me will suffice to keep her and her mother in comfort, until I am enabled to return with sufficient to place her in her former position. "Hold," said I, "be not too sanguine; Miss Cameron may probably not be willing to confess herself a beggar, and receive favours so indiscriminately from a man almost a stranger to her,—it is enough humility to be compelled to receive favours from friends of longer standing." Poor Howard leaned back in his chair, apparently quite disappointed; his hasty castle-building was in a moment dissipated; but he became calm, begging me to pardon his impetuosity. He said he had continually formed the fondest hopes concerning Augusta. These hopes had cheered him through a long campaign; and when all around threatened misery, privation, bloodshed, and death, he was ever borne up by an anticipation of meeting her again. I was convinced of the stability of his affection, and I ardently hoped he would soon be able to remove any feelings that remained with Augusta about the Colonel. When Howard had taken some refreshment, his impatience to see the ladies increased, and at length I accompanied him to their residence. His reception was as cordial as his fondest hope could have anticipated, and it was with no

small difficulty I persuaded him to leave them at all that evening. I had an opportunity soon of finding that Howard was fully appreciated by our friends, and although he was my visitor I saw but little of him. He contrived to invent some excuse for frequently calling on the ladies, and the necessary consequence of all this was, as all must anticipate, that he soon succeeded in driving away any feeling that might have existed in favour of

- Ainslow. It was impossible that they could help contrasting the generosity and frankness of the former with the cold and studious regard of *self* of the latter. Women are too penetrating to allow such differences to exist unnoticed by them. As I suspected, Mrs. Cameron very shortly sounded me on the subject. I unhesitatingly gave my most favourable opinion; I thought if ever two beings were formed for each other they were my young friends. The sequel may be conceived, Howard sold out, and retired from the service; and became the recognized suitor of Augusta. I pass over all the incidents and preliminaries—enough, that by the unanimous approval of their friends, these happy creatures were to be united. The day was fixed, and I was destined to give away my young charge; a task most delightful to my feelings, for I anticipated nothing but a course of happiness to her. It was arranged that the marriage should be solemnized at the village church of B——. This was Augusta's wish on account of the associations connected therewith. The morning arrived, and the gay bridal party proceeded to the church. As we passed through the churchyard, I mentally glanced back to the time when I first saw the beautiful girl now leaning on my arm—when she was a little child, and the wife of my heart was then just as she was now—and I recalled the features of that affectionate creature smiling upon us. As we entered the church, the first object that met our eyes was a monument lately erected over a lady, and beneath a sculptured skull, the startling motto "*Es fui; sum eris.*" The words flashed upon me like a warning admonition from the tomb, and seemed applicable to the young bride herself. The transition from life to death, youth to old age, is brief enough; and I could not help again recurring to the time when I stood before the altar to plight my troth to the sainted being who had left me to perform my pilgrimage alone. My eyes filled with tears; they were observed, and supposed to be of joy and emotion at this event; and this misinterpretation was better for the happy beings around me than if they had known the reality.

The ceremony was concluded, and Howard left the church with his lovely bride amidst the congratulations of their friends; and after affectionate farewells, the carriage took them off, and there was not a heart of sadness, save mine, in the whole throng. I returned to the churchyard, and reflected how brief a span was the twenty years that had passed since I met the laughing child on this spot, and yet what changes had taken place. I was then in the spring time of youth; now, I was a premature old man—my hair was blanched; but more by sorrow than by time. I looked around the churchyard, and there was scarcely a spot that had not a cluster of mounds to show how it had become tenanted since my former visit; and the little parterres of flowers, once the pride of the old rector and his equally venerable sexton, had now, in other hands, become neglected; and the few rose bushes that remained, were running wild and straggling, and bore only a few abortive blossoms. The tombs of the GREAT (in the corner where I had crushed the viper) intended to secure a secondary immortality for the inmates, were fast crumbling away, and the stealthy insidious lichen had done its best to render the fulsome inscriptions illegible. Vain man! how war ye against the universal change, when ye seek to ensure that which can never be bought with gold, or the world's price:—nature herself proclaims and revolves against you. The very peasant's barefooted boy who clammers upon your monument, obliterates the record of your "glories," by endeavouring to chalk over it his own plebeian name! Hence then such apings of state and grandeur—such paltry inequalities. Oh, monstrous mockery, that such as the tenants of these ostentatious sepulchres should lord it uncontrolled above their fellows whilst living, and think too to enjoy alike exclusiveness in the grave, and even in the solemn hereafter!—that he who

"Views the simple rustic hind,  
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,  
A creature of another kind,  
Some coarser substance unrefined,  
Plac'd for his lordly ease, far, far below,"

should also find *caste* in immortality, under the eye of that Being who is no respecter of persons. Strange that man's weakness should thus prompt him to lift himself above

his kindred clay, and to think to secure an exclusiveness by falling into the error described by the Psalmist : — "They that trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches ; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him. Their inward thought is that their houses shall *continue* for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations ; they call their lands after their own names." [Ps. xlix. 6. 11.] What a lesson of reproach is here conveyed by the man who has measured all things by his own narrow gauge of *self*, and what a cheering hope to the sons of toil and poverty is given afterwards in the same book. I must be spared for this digression, for I have lived to see the tinsel of human greatness and ambition moulder and decay, and pride compelled to lick the very dust it spurned before.

But to continue my narrative ; Howard and his bride returned in a few weeks and took up their abode near us, and a year of happiness flew by, even as a day. Their hopes were crowned by the birth of a daughter ; but this happy event was quickly followed by one which left a great void in our circle. Mrs. Cameron, whose health had been declining for some months past, became seriously ill ; and, at length, in the fulness of earthly happiness, at the moment her fondest wishes were realized, she was summoned to a brighter world. Again we were called to the church of B——, to perform the last sad rites to the remains of one whose heart knew no guile. Augusta's health was delicate from her anxiety and loss ; and a visit to a more genial climate was recommended, and at length Howard took her to Naples ; in the neighbourhood of which he took a little villa. Although pressed to accompany them, I felt too infirm to take such a journey, and resolved to amuse myself in my solitude with my library and garden until their return. Every packet brought me cheering news of the re-establishment of Augusta's health, and the growth of her little daughter. Two years passed—the longest years of my existence, or at least I thought so,—and my friends then contemplated a return ;—I was full of joyous hopes, and began to make preparations for their reception ;—they arrived by the July vessel, and I had once more an opportunity of meeting those dear friends, all I prized on earth. They were delighted to return to their own land, and the little Emily bounded over the gardens and meadows, in very joyousness of heart, almost from morning till sunset. The little creature was the type and model of her mother as I first knew her, and I should have loved the child for this resemblance alone, even if she had possessed no other qualities. I occasionally found Howard dull and moody, and was unable to account for this when all around seemed so fair and beautiful. At last I pressed him closely, and he told me there was a circumstance which had troubled him for some time past. He said that during the last four months of his residence at Naples, he had observed a man continually dogging his steps. Whenever he appeared in the streets, he invariably encountered him at some portion of his walk. He at first took but little notice of it, but a repetition of this espionage caused him some uneasiness. The man had always the lower part of his face concealed in the clasped collar of his mantle ; and his hat was brought low on his brow, but not too low to prevent his large flashing eyes being seen. Howard mentioned this circumstance to Augusta ; who also, it appeared, had observed the same man hovering near the house occasionally in the evening ; and upon one occasion the servants told her they had seen him sitting in one of the alcoves in the garden. Struck at this unaccountable affair, Howard determined to get to the bottom of it ; he accordingly directed the servants to watch, and let him know the instant the man made his appearance again ; and not more than two days elapsed before he was seen in the road near the villa. Howard disguised himself, stole quietly out, and concealed himself near that part of the road where he expected the man to pass, hoping to see, by some action, what his intentions were. After hovering about the house some time, the man left, and passed by Howard's place of concealment, still keeping up his disguise. Howard then followed at a distance into the town, along two streets, and at length saw him enter the Palazzo. Goaded on by intense curiosity, Howard quickened his pace and went in too ; immediately he entered the hall, he saw the man removing his hat and unclasping his mantle, but with his back towards the door. Trusting to his disguise, Howard passed by him into the room of the Oste and made some trifling enquiry, then turned back to the door so as to see the features of the stranger,—judge his astonishment when he found it was Colonel Ainslow. Struck with a perfect bewilderment, he scarcely knew what was going on until he found himself in the street walking at a rapid pace towards his own house. And let it not be

supposed that there was any want of courage on his part, that made him rush away without exchanging a word; but he was so wonderstruck that he could not account for Ainslow's conduct; yet he naturally inferred that it boded ill towards those who were dear to him. Immediately on reaching his house he related the circumstances that had occurred to Augusta, who shuddered with alarm and urged their instant departure to England. Howard, however, suggested that he should throw himself in Ainslow's way, and ascertain his object in thus watching and following him; but Augusta entreated him to leave the place, and she urged it so fervently with tearful eyes, that Howard at length consented; paid a remuneration to the owner of the Casino, in lieu of a completion of his agreement of tenancy, and started by the first vessel that left the bay for Britain.

I confess that this recital caused some alarm in my mind, for I had no very high estimate of Ainslow's principle; but I urged Howard to divest himself of the melancholy that now haunted him; and at length, by frequent occupation and amusement, his mind was diverted from the subject. Again we were all happy for a few months, and an old friend and brother officer of Howard's, Captain Butler, who had returned home at the proclamation of peace, called on a visit to him. About a month after his arrival, they took a journey together on horseback into the country to accept the invitation of dining at Mansfield Park, the owner of which was one of their early military friends. Oh! fatal journey! On the following day Howard's servant came to me, haggard with alarm, and said news had just arrived that his master had been wounded in a duel. I hastened to the house as quickly as possible, and there found Capt. Butler, who, in a few words, told me that they met Ainslow at the dinner party, and afterwards, whilst over the wine, he had seized the opportunity of insulting Howard; and pronounced that he had been guilty of fabricating a lying plot to prevent his marriage with Miss Cameron. Howard replied to him coolly for some time, but at last, indignant at the treatment he had received, and which the host had in vain endeavoured to suppress, he accused Ainslow of playing the part of an assassin spy over him at Naples; and then he left the room. The party was of course broken up in a state of discomfiture. Just before retiring to bed, a gentleman waited on Howard with a challenge from Ainslow, by way of "satisfying his injured honour." On the following morning they met, and strange to say, the shots on both sides took effect, and the combatants were carried from the ground; but fatal as Ainslow's wound was pronounced to be, he insisted on being conveyed away immediately, and his request was acceded to. Howard was taken back to the house, and the surgeon pronounced his wound fatal too. He was alive, but perfectly insensible, and Butler then came away to break the dreadful intelligence to Augusta. By the time he had finished his narration to me, Augusta had made preparations for the journey. On reaching the drawing-room she fell into my arms and fainted. After we had recovered her, we all stepped into the carriage, and drove towards Mansfield Park, which we reached in about an hour's rapid driving. When we arrived we learned that Ainslow had died in his carriage, and that all hopes of Howard's recovery were vain,—the phrenzy under which he had at first laboured, had subsided, but life was fast ebbing. The surgeon took Augusta to the room, and we followed in a few minutes afterwards. Poor Howard and his lovely wife were clasped in each other's arms, and he was panting, scarcely able to draw breath. He was sensible but had lost the power of speech for some hours;—cold sweat hung on his forehead, and his eyes almost started from their sockets. He extended his hand to me, and having grasped mine, he laid it on the head of the suffering angel beside him; then clasping my arm with his other hand, he made great exertion to speak, but failing, he sunk back on the pillow, and his spirit passed away as his grasp tightened on my arm. Augusta shrieked most bitterly as she was led from the chamber, a wild hollow laugh succeeded, and her reason was gone for ever. All that day and night the house resounded with her heart-rending cries; and on the following morning, it was ascertained that her frame was too delicate to withstand such a shock; a blood-vessel had ruptured, and she sunk under the excessive internal hemorrhage. In two more months she would again have been a mother,—and thus a triple murder foul was perpetrated by a duel! Oh, curse of civilized Britain, that *honour* can only be satisfied by a murder, after a stain has been thrown on it—that one blot can only be washed out by a larger one, of a deeper dye. Oh, miserable price of walking in aristocratic "right honourable" society! Wretched alternative, that a man should either be held debased and discarded by his fellows, or fly to that act which makes him commit either a moral suicide or a

murder. Oh England, where is your boasted moral superiority of *caste*? Where are the bright examples held out by the great to the small,—where?

My narrative is nearly closed. As soon as Howard and his pure wife, faithful even unto death, were laid side by side in the grave, I took their little orphan to my own home—my years are now numbered—my cup is full—but still I have this one claim upon me to draw me back to life:—she shall be my future care, and the little fragment of life left to me, shall be devoted to this sweet child; and the first serious lesson instilled into her mind shall be to shun every man who upholds duelling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here ends the narrative. My old friend has since finished his pilgrimage, and found a resting-place beside the friends who were so dear to him in life; and Emily, after the severe ordeal she passed in her youth, is married, as her old friend would have wished her to be, not to a duellist, but to a man of peace!

*Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.*

### SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

Over all the sunshine streameth!—  
 Art *thou* still  
 Dark, oh, weary heart that pineth  
 O'er thoughts that kill?  
 Comes this flood of golden splendour  
 To thee in vain?  
 Shrinks not the dim Phantom from thee?  
 Oh, break thy chain!  
 Over *all* the sunshine streameth!—  
 There *was* a time  
 When sweet thoughts of pastoral beauty  
 And nature's prime,  
 Green glades in the leafy forest,  
 And sylvan glee,  
 Would have rapt thy soul like music  
 From Arcady!  
 A dreaming hour of golden leisure,  
 With silent wings,  
 On its white plumes would have borne thee  
 Where ever springs  
 The fountain of bright thoughts that sparkle  
 With ceaseless play,  
 Where Romance, the Enchantress, singeth  
 Her charmed lay!  
 And, like pearls from golden tresses,  
 Scatter'd around,  
 Fair conceits and pleasant fancies  
 Are gleaming found.  
 Over all the sunshine streameth!—  
 Cottage-roof, or palace-hall,  
 Prison-bars, or forest-branches—  
 It blesseth all!  
 Yet Despair, the Phantom, pineth  
 Ever by thee,  
 Casting in Oblivion's waters  
 The golden key  
 That once unlock'd the radiant treasures  
 Of the far time,  
 Filling thy soul with pure ambition,  
 And hopes sublime.



Over all the sunshine streameth!—  
 Captive arise!  
 Break the fetters—lift thy glances  
 To the bright skies.  
 Trust in Him who pours that splendour  
 Even from His throne!  
 Earth has many griefs—why murmur  
 At thine alone?

*London.*

#### A NIGHT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

No kind star  
 To night will guide thee, traveller,—and the war  
 Of winds and elements on thy head will break,  
 And in thy agonizing ear the shriek  
 Of spirits howling on their stormy car,  
 Will often ring appalling.—I portend  
 A dismal night.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

ST. HELENS, rising from the bed of the Great St. Lawrence, nearly opposite to Montreal, is the general depot for the ordnance department connected with the British Government in Upper Canada. It is a fine island, of perhaps six miles in length, by three in breadth, covered with woods and orchards of magnificent appearance, redundant with fruit of the finest description. On the side nearest to Montreal are situated the Powder Magazines and Arsenal Stores, in bomb proof buildings, varying from five to ten feet in thickness, capable of defying the destructive effects of both shot and shell. All the public edifices, and the greater portion of the private dwellings, are covered with tin, to ward off the influences of lightning, usually so injurious in this climate, where the extremes of heat and cold are experienced in rapid succession, producing a highly rarified state of the atmosphere, and, as a natural consequence, frequent discharges of the electric fluid. The slumbering guard and drowsy citizen are often startled into wakefulness by a vividly intense stream of lightning, followed instantaneously by such a volley of clapping, rebounding, and reverberating thunder, that the citizen springs from his couch with involuntary apprehension, lest a magazine should have exploded—the foundations of his house have given way—or some equally to be dreaded calamity should have fallen to the lot of himself or his neighbours. Lightning, sometimes accompanied by thunder, at other times without it, has often been known to continue without intermission for the space of three days and nights, leaving a deposit on standing water, resembling brimstone, both in appearance and smell. To the newly arrived emigrant from "Albion's shores," the intensity and frequency of the electric phenomenon is most astonishing; he listens with dread, and shudders with amazement, and takes many years to reconcile himself to its appearance without entertaining fears of some impending misfortune.

The St. Lawrence is here upwards of two miles in breadth, running with a deep, clear, and rapid stream, towards the gulf that opens into the sea below Quebec. In summer many varieties of fish, including mullet, rock bass, and the ever delicious shad, are procured in abundance from its depths; while steamers, barges, and canoes, flit across its bosom in friendly strife for superiority, or in conveying corn, hemp, furs, &c., the country products, to some well known mart, where they may be disposed of, prior to exportation. The canoes that glide over the surface of the mighty St. Lawrence are vessels of the most primitive description. A tree of moderate size, hollowed out by fire, and roughly finished with an adze, with a paddle of equally simple manufacture, serves to complete the equipment, in which hundreds of the dwellers on its banks go out to catch the funny tribe, or make a flying trip "up," or "down stream." Possessing a firm and steady seat, with a quick and agile hand, you may travel a considerable distance in safety; should, however, these essential requisites be wanting, it would be advisable to trust to the guidance of others with greater nerve, or a good ducking would, in all probability, result from your temerity and inexperience.

During the winter, this expansive sheet of water is closed, for many weeks together, against sailing vessels of every description, pending the breaking up of the frost that has covered its surface with one immense layer of ice, varying from one inch to ten feet in thickness. At intervals, warm springs occur; oozing from the bottom, they make their way to the surface, in defiance of the continuous downward course of water, as well as of the keenness of the atmosphere, and by preventing its congelation, form natural traps to engulf the unwary or venturesome pedestrian; these, however, are not of frequent occurrence, and present no obstacle to the tandems, sleighs, and ice boats that drive, or the skaters, who glide over the slippery face of as fine a river as exists in the known world.

The ice becomes very rotten during the prevalence of certain winds, and being agitated beneath, breaks up into blocks of various sizes, that, acquiring impetus from the current, rush onward towards the sea, smashing, crushing and destroying every obstacle that impedes their course; occasionally masses of ice collect between a small island and the principal shore, and jam themselves into one constantly increasing barrier, until the service of cannon is required to open another passage, and free its course, till lost in the broad Atlantic.

It was when the river was temporarily open from this cause, that a party of fourteen left St. Helens in an open batteaux, to cross to Montreal, to provide the necessary comforts wherewith to hail the appearance of merry christmas, in the style practised in the mother country, in days "Lang Syne." The season had commenced unusually early and severe, and the frost of some weeks' duration had entirely closed the traffic between the two places, except by a regular highway over the ice; this had given way under the influences of wind and a few moist days; the last remnant of nature's wide bridge had disappeared, and the batteaux safely reached Motreal without impediment, leaving the party to separate in the different directions inclination or fancy might dictate.

It is one of the remarkable peculiarities of the climate of America, that the weather changes in such rapid succession, that the morning ushered in with high promise, and the bright beams of the sun opening upon grassy fields and verdant plains, may, ere its course is run, witness nothing but a scene of apparent desolation; the snow, driven about by the fitful breeze, dashing in the face of every passer by, and spreading over the landscape, blotting out the light of day by the ethereal brightness of its own composition.

The showers which had prevailed during the last few days had given place to a bright clear atmosphere, heralding in a slight frost which gradually increased in intensity until evening, when the brooks and the edges of the river being coated over, prognostications were rife, prophesying a sharp and continued winter. And these were right—for once the star of the weather-wise was in the ascendant—so severe a season had not been experienced for some years. The river was unmanageable from Christmas to the beginning of April.

Night was beginning to throw her gloomy mantle over "terra firma," ere a portion of the party had returned to the rendezvous, having completed their purchases, and bethought them of the difficulty, if not danger, of their return to their island homes, with the uncertain guide of a glimmering light, or the obscurity of total darkness. The others, less discreet, or less acquainted with the hazard, lingered on, forgetful of aught, save the present moment, nor stirred one jot until some others of the party had sought and found them, and marshalled their "dubious way" to the beach. At length they muster the full number, and find no one missing, though possibly the company of two or three could have been dispensed with as being too frolicsome for the graver portion of the party. The cathedral bell had long tolled the witching hour of night ere they were all safely installed in their respective positions in the batteaux, with the multifarious baskets and packages snugly stowed in the centre, under charge of the females, and the rowers steadily seated on either side awaiting the signal to start. At last as the chimes commence, to knell another hour gone by, the coxswain gives the word, and, obedient to the summons, the oars fall into the water, and a stroke or two is made from the shore. Here again the adage, that "delays are dangerous," was verified, for every dip of the oars broke into a thick crust of ice that now covered the entire river and gave them full intimation of the difficulty of the attempt to reach the opposite side. Stationing a man in the forepart of the boat to break the ice away, they made repeated attempts to "make way," but to no purpose; it had become too thick to be readily removed. They agreed to return and follow the course of the shore to a spot a couple of miles below,

where the stream, being intersected by a number of small islands, runs very rapid, consequently was not so liable to be frozen over, and pull from thence to the lower end of St. Helens.

Had the party been free from excitement, with daylight sufficient to enable them to observe the appearance of the current at this place, it is strong matter of doubt whether they would not have shrunk from the attempt as from the grasp of a madman; yet now, under the emboldening influence of "strong fire waters," and a desire to ease the anxiety of their friends and relatives, they persisted in their purpose, despite the remonstrances of the "grey beards," who pointed out the folly of their situation, with an open boat, strong currents, most of the males "half seas over," and no one of sufficient authority to take command. They could not allow their friends, they said, to remain in suspense a whole night, and were determined to proceed, should even they never reach the island at all alive. Reconciling their diversity of opinion, with the necessity of the circumstances, they once more endeavoured to pull together, and "give way," the batteaux making steady, though slow, progress in the desired direction. As they had anticipated, the ice had not acquired so great a thickness as to present a material impediment to their exertions; yet, as they went crashing through its brittle substance, they felt the under current becoming more and more rapid, and telling sensibly on their rate of speed. To escape the first difficulty they had gone down the river two full miles, and would have to row this, in addition to the distance from shore to shore, with a rapid stream in their teeth, and a strong probability of its gaining the mastery and drifting them far into the widening river, where untenanted slips of land were the only havens of refuge. Truth to tell, they felt the necessity of exertion, and bent every sinew, strained every nerve, to propel their heavily laden craft against the rapid stream; for a time success cheers them on, and the faint glimmer of their flickering light shews the length they have gained by their efforts—they have got over a third of the space—but here they feel the tug of war has come, as the springy oar bends like a reed against the stream, and the boat enters the mid-rapid. "Steady, and together," ejaculates the coxswain; "so, so,—we shall arrive in good time, and in good trim,—keep her to it!" is the encouraging speech, as they bend to their work, and find themselves fairly in for a long pull, and a strong pull, ere they can hope to reach their wished-for homes. Notwithstanding their utmost exertion, they found themselves receding considerably from the island; they had miscalculated their powers—for to men unaccustomed to using oars as a daily occupation, a pull of three or four miles up stream is a hard and continued strain on the muscular powers they can scarcely sustain,—the excessive fatigue flags their energies and disheartens their mind; both require the aid of stimulants to induce them to continue the unwonted exercise, or they give way and fall into lassitude and despondency. The night was bitterly cold, freezing almost to Zero, nearly benumbing those who were stationed in the middle of the boat, to an extent they could not obviate by friction, or a recourse to the stone bottles of spirit they were generally provided with; the others, panting with exertion, were also suffering from the same cause; neither the exercise nor the momentary flush produced by the "real old Jamaica," was sufficient to protect them from the effects of the weather; and as the object of their passage receded farther and farther from them, their animal feelings became more sensitive of the keenness of the air. Fainter and fainter gleamed the light from the upper-guard on St. Helens. Fainter and weaker waxed the exertions of the rowers as the last glimmering rays of the beacon faded from their sight and left them in total darkness, miles below the point they arrived at, benumbed with cold, exhausted with fatigue and disappointment, and the certainty of passing the night, and possibly the following day, on the cheerless expanse of the St. Lawrence, that below Montreal spread unto an unusual width. The hoar mist of morning had also begun to rise, adding to their miseries, and enveloping their persons in an encrustation of pearly icicles, whose effect might conduce to the picturesque, but in their case most particularly, to discomfort and annoyance.

Despondingly the oars are shipped,—finding further toil useless, they are compelled to resort to chafing and rubbing to keep themselves from being frozen to death in their seats, and anxiously await the breaking of day, and the clearing off of the mist, to enable them to form an opinion of their exact position, which was certainly appalling enough, as they had unconsciously drifted under the lee of a small island, and stayed their course in the ice that had by this time acquired considerable substance, and

effectually interposed a barrier to their further progress. In this "fix," patience was a cardinal virtue which might be exercised to its fullest extent during the hours that must pass by ere the sun could penetrate through the hoary mist and cast a ray of hope on the forlorn party who are thus detained in the ice, much against their will, to amuse themselves as they best may, or reflect on the folly of their perverse attempt. Fortunately, the morning that followed this night of peril was clear and bracing; a breeze came over the water from N. N. E., and gradually cleared off the hoar frost, exposing to view an extensive plain of ice, waving up and down like a corn field ruffled with an autumn zephyr; with the sun high in the heavens, throwing its cheering aspect on the desolate scene, but imparting little or no warmth to surrounding nature. The question, how they should extricate themselves from this awkward position, was anxiously debated. To cross to the shore they had left was an impossibility—to reach their homes in the boat equally so—to remain in the predicament they were was absolute death. What was to be done? What the saving alternative? It is a dubious chance at best—they must remain where they are some hours longer, awaiting the ice becoming sufficiently strong to bear their weight while they walk over its surface, the fifteen miles that separates them from St. Helens.

The anxiety of the friends of the ice-bound party was extreme, doubtless, but it was small in comparison to that experienced by those whose lives depended on the continuance of the frost in unabated severity, to form them a bridge of nature's own architecture, conscious, that if a partial thaw took place, their situation would be one of the utmost hazard, and death to some of them the probable result; as, enfeebled by exposure to the biting air, nature would not stand a second trial. Wearied and worn, their spirits at the lowest ebb, they looked at each other as so many spectres; any attempt to rouse them from the stupor of despondency was unavailing and considered as a foolish piece of levity: dejection sat on every brow as the day wore heavily on—nor could they be roused from this state of mind until towards four in the afternoon; one, more venturesome than the rest, stepped lightly on the ice, supporting himself by an oar, and treading cautiously on the glassy surface, gave ocular proof of its consistence and capability of supporting the individuals of the party in their journey to land. Hovering about the boat like a lark decoying a young urchin from the retreat of its brood—anon stretching away as he gained greater confidence; it became evident the river would bear in safety, at least in that part. One by one they left the bateaux with timid steps, avoiding each other, lest their united weight should cause the undulating expanse to give way and engulf them beyond the reach of assistance. The grey twilight of a frosty winter's evening had begun to fall, boding another night of extreme cold and privation to those exposed to it, as the party came to a resolution to start in a body, each one carrying an oar or basket to buoy him or her up in case of further misfortune, and taking a distance of several hundred yards from each other, so as not to endanger their safety; scattered about at irregular intervals, scarcely able to move one leg before the other from cold and cramp, yet animating their minds and energies with the prospect of a speedy termination to their sufferings, they noiselessly pursued their way—the females keeping up with the men much better than could be expected, where assistance of any sort was entirely out of the question; proving their ability to take an equal part where fortitude and perseverance are the main requisites. To say the journey was a weary, toilsome, one, would not do justice to the undertaking; it was one of danger and much personal suffering; the next step might plunge them into the water through a rotten piece of ice; the majority of them were frost-bitten in the feet, or suffering in some other shape from their recent exposure, and fully sensible that if an accident occurred, or they were unable to proceed further from fatigue, they must not look for aid, certain destruction to the person offering it being inevitable in the weak state of the ice. One poor fellow, a corporal in an artillery company stationed at St. Helens, who was loaded with two baskets, one filled, the other empty, approached too near a place where the ice gave evident signs of insecurity, and though warned of the danger by a comrade who preceded him, rashly endeavoured to cross it, and was immediately submerged up to his neck; had not the baskets acted as a buoy, and supported him above the water, it is certain he would have gone under the ice and have disappeared for ever. It so happened that they were not above two or three miles from the island when this untoward occurrence took place; the more vigorous hurried on as fast as was compatible, with their own safety, and when arrived at the shore sent back a fresh party in an ice boat to pick him up and rescue him from an untimely

grave; which they did, perfectly unconscious of everything that had transpired; with his hands grasping the baskets in a deathly gripe, and eyes starting out of their sockets with the convulsive energies of a fit he had fallen into. Hastening homeward, they placed him in a warm bed and procured medical aid to administer such remedies as would befit his state should his symptoms continue unfavourable. The remedies prescribed were so far successful as to bring him to consciousness and feeling again, only however to relapse into a succession of strong convulsive fits, that required the united strength of six men, for three days, to watch over and restrain, to prevent him doing serious bodily injury to himself. Recovering from these, he suffered for months from a prostration of strength and a debilitated nervous system, that almost reduced him to the condition of helpless idiocy; while he wandered about the island a shadow of his former self. Ultimately, he recovered sufficient strength to enable him to resume his ordinary duties for a time, but his health was severely shattered; at the end of a few years it gave way entirely, and the unsparing hand of death was laid upon him and carried him off in the prime of life to an early grave.

The remainder of the party arrived home in safety to quiet the anxiety of despairing friends and receive those congratulations and attentions they so sorely stood in need of after their long privation; completely exhausted, they tottered in, singly or in pairs. Many of them carry to this day evidences of the severe trial they underwent on this well-remembered occasion, in the loss of the use of members of both hands and feet that had become benumbed from continued exposure to the inclemency of the weather during twenty-four hours of a Canadian winter. Several of them also were in danger of losing some of the most prominent portions of the head and face, and had to chafe the part affected well with snow to promote the circulation of the blood, otherwise mortification would have ensued, and the surgeon's knife have been in requisition to save the life of the patient. It is an authenticated fact that a person may have parts of his face frost-bitten without being aware of it, as it is not accompanied with pain until the blood has been compelled to circulate freely again in the ordinary channels, when it is certainly most excruciating. The coachman has to descend from his seat—the soldier from his charger—the peasant to desist from his employment at the intimation of a passer by, and catch up a handful of snow, and rub the part pointed out; were they to apply remedies of a warm nature, mortification would inevitably take place, and the party be mutilated for life. These are a few of the occurrences that vary the life of a Canadian resident, and though they possess features of an appalling character to those who "take their ease at home," yet, to the inured settler, they only furnish materials for tales of "flood and field" wherewith to excite the enthusiasm of the younger branches of his family, or the wonder of his connections, should he live to return to his native land.

JAMES PENNOCK.

*Earl of Pomfret Lodge, Northampton District.*

### SONNET TO THE EVENING BREEZE.

SPIRIT of evening! buoyant gladsome breeze,  
I love the genial influence of thy power;  
Waving thy fairy wand among the trees,  
Thou wak'st the placid stillness of the hour;  
Thy softer spell is felt amid the bower,  
Where sits yon lonely listening maiden,  
Fairer than the young moon's reflected beam;  
Viewing the wavelets of some wizard stream,  
Or the lone flowers with dewy tears all laden,  
Woke from the softer ecstasy of dream—  
Glad earth hails thine ethereal presence;  
Now rending-widènoon's deep and sultry pall,  
Each herb, fruit, flower, drinks a rich essence,  
As thy unfurled wing sweeps over all.

J. B. MARMONT.

*Good Samaritan Lodge, Stonehouse District.*

## CHURCHYARDS.

BY GEORGE HURST.

## CHAPTER V.

Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,  
Thou canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things.

BEN JONSON.

THE fickleness of Fortune is a common subject of complaint and declamation; but these complaints are nothing more than a base scandal against the good old dame, who, instead of shewing fickleness, displays so fixed and ardent an attachment to her favourites, that was her constancy but emulated by the generality of other ladies, how much melancholy and heart-breaking would be spared to the race of spooney young gentlemen. But then the affairs of love would lose much of their romance and interest, to the great discomfiture of all poetic aspirants. Now, although Fortune be not fickle, she displays the feminine characteristic of extreme jealousy wherever she shews a genuine attachment; but, "where was ever love without jealousy?" and where she becomes prodigal in her favours for their continuance, she requires, in return, prudence and fidelity. Only observe the conduct of people who declare that Fortune has been against them; and then inquire in what respect they have merited her favours; you will find their conduct exhibit such a series of inattentions, irregularities, flirtations, and vagaries, as no well-regulated female could possibly tolerate.

Look into those they call unfortunate,  
And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise;  
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath.

YOUNG.

Having a good hand dealt to us will not secure the game if we play our cards badly; yet much may be done with an indifferent hand by skilful management. The death of Mr. Canaster was the turning up of a good trump for Mr. Floyd; and that worthy individual was not a person likely to throw it away. Being now possessed of considerable capital beyond what was requisite for the business in which he was engaged, he resolved to enter upon some wider field of action. He had become acquainted with a Mr. Joystone, who possessed very extensive business, knowledge, and experience; having been employed formerly as traveller, and subsequently as buyer, for one of the first houses in the city of London engaged in the Manchester trade. This gentleman also had a moderate amount of capital. This was a great recommendation, for Mr. Floyd knew that nothing so positively secures a man's strenuous exertions, under all circumstances, as the knowledge that failing of success will entail upon himself a personal sacrifice. A partnership was agreed upon between them, and they opened a warehouse in the Manchester and woollen line, in the neighbourhood of Cheapside. As Mr. Floyd brought considerably the larger sum of money into the concern, it was arranged that he should take, besides the interest of his excess of capital beyond his partners, two thirds of the profits. Mr. Floyd's general business aptitude, joined with his counting-house ability, were considered a fair set-off against the other partner's connection and knowledge of the particular line in which they were about to embark.

Mr. Floyd very readily found a customer for the tobacco business. The sum he realized for the lease of the premises, the machinery, &c., joined with the good-will, was very considerable; and he acknowledged himself that *he got well out of* the concern. He convinced the gentleman who purchased his business, that a very few years would be sufficient to secure by it a large fortune; but with that person things took a peculiar turn, not such as would seem very extraordinary, considering how good a bargain had been made by his predecessor. And perhaps from being deficient in his predecessor's skill in managing the improved system of manufacturing, he got into some unpleasant disagreement with the Excise, from which he could hardly be expected to escape altogether harmless. However, in little more than a year from his commencement, the worthy tobacconist had the honour of having his name appear in the publication in which is announced the new patents of nobility. The title given him in the Gazette was not one that would be pleasing to everybody;—but peoples' tastes differ,—although, he did appear in the list of individuals distinguished by the title of Bankrupts.

The business of the firm of Floyd and Joystone progressed quietly, and answered tolerably; but not sufficiently well to meet the very sanguine expectations that had been formed by both partners. The wholesale trade brought our friend Floyd into frequent contact with many of the most distinguished mercantile people; and, in particular, he became very intimate with Mr. Woolf, a partner in the highly respectable firm of Shark, Woolf, and Screw, which intimacy led to very important results.

One morning, in the middle of July, trade was very dull, and the weather unusually hot; Mr. Floyd was seated sweating in his counting-house over a parcel of invoices of goods they had purchased during the past month. He was endeavouring to make up a day's profit by contriving to write off some deductions. Mr. Woolf called and was ushered into the counting-house. After they had fully discussed the usual topics; namely, the weather, dullness of trade, proceedings of the House of Commons, and so on, Mr. Woolf then, rather abruptly, and with a very serious expression of countenance, said, "Old fellow, I called to have a little talk with you upon a very important subject."

There was nothing very particular in the words; yet, Mr. Floyd felt very uncomfortable. New this is the kind of address calculated to make any person feel uncomfortable. It conveys the idea that something very awkward and unpleasant is likely to follow. He was not very much relieved when Mr. Woolf continued, "I know you have a tolerable command of the *ready*, and I know that I can confide in you—that I can speak to you as a friend,—therefore, to come to the point at once; our firm is just now rather straightened, and a considerable advance of money will be necessary to—"

Here Mr. Floyd interrupted him, feeling the disagreeable position of being appealed to as a friend, by one who declared himself and his partners to be in needy circumstances. He saw at a glance it was a prelude to an attempt at borrowing; and lending was a sort of thing entirely against Mr. Floyd's principles, unless upon very different security than honour and friendship. He shook Mr. Woolf heartily by the hand and said, "My dear fellow, how very unfortunate! You know how happy I should have been to have accommodated you, but—"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed Mr. Woolf, "don't be so very fast, I know what you are going to say; imagining that we want to borrow some money of you, you have just now so many, and urgent, calls, that you don't know where to look for a penny; but if I had only mentioned the thing yesterday, or the day before, you could have done it. I know all about this, but make yourself easy. I do not suppose you to be such a fool as to accommodate me or anybody else without answering your own purpose, besides doing the thing safely; knowing this, I esteem you as a thorough business man." This part of the discourse disembarassed Mr. Floyd, and his friend continued. "But, Floyd, we must have money; you can raise cash to any reasonable amount, and we have at *present* credit for goods to any amount. Do you read?"

"Can't quite spell it out. What are you driving at?"

"Why, confound it man, you are as dull as a post. You are in the same line of business as ourselves. You can't carry on your trade without goods; and, provided you can buy them *particularly cheap*, you don't mind giving a turn to a friend."

"Hem!" said Mr. Floyd, and again seizing Mr. Woolf's hand. "My dear fellow, you may command my services. I have no doubt we *can* manage the matter; and having the opportunity of serving you, my good friend, will be the proudest event of my life."

The two worthy individuals then began to arrange the affair in a manner, as they said, to their mutual advantage. Mr. Woolf offered to obtain, from various houses in Manchester, such goods as Floyd and Co. might require; which goods, immediately after their delivery in town, were to be conveyed to the warehouse of Floyd and Co.—examined, and for immediate payments, Shark and Co. should allow a discount of twenty-five per cent from the net cost prices. Mr. Floyd agreed to this proposal at once, with the exception of that part which referred to the discount, he demanding fifty per cent, saying a great deal about scarcity of money, reciprocal advantages, and so on. They ultimately agreed for an allowance of forty per cent, Mr. Woolf remarking that he did not know the amount of discount signified much to their firm; as, to raise the necessary sum, it only required to push their credit a trifle further.

This transaction was the making of the house of Floyd and Joystone. In consequence of it, they could supply goods considerably lower than they could be purchased by rival houses, and still realize a larger profit; and, of course, their stream of custom increased prodigiously. All this created a degree of astonishment, and the wisest heads

in the city were puzzled; but time, that makes all things plain, cleared up this, like other mysteries. For this honest and profitable trade continued for about three months, when, to the surprise of everybody, the partners in the respected and influential firm of Shark, Woolf, and Screw, became *non sunt inventi*. They subsequently dispersed themselves to different parts of the world. The moving spirit of the concern, Mr. Woolf, it was said, crossed the Atlantic and took a high position as a lecturer on Political Economy. He was clear and intelligent upon all commercial subjects, but particularly great on the relationship of debtor and creditor. In expounding the doctrine of buying at the cheapest market and selling at the dearest, he contended that cheapness did not consist in the lowness of the nominal price of an article, but in the actual amount paid for it. An article might, in nominal price, be dear, but if only ten shillings in the pound were paid, that made the price moderate—if only five shillings, the article became decidedly cheap; but if no composition at all were paid, it arrived at the utmost limit of cheapness. The debts owing by Shark and Co. were very great in amount, and the assets proving to be extremely small; the exasperation of the creditors, in proportion to the assets, was in the inverse ratio. So little being left, the wonderful thing was, that people really could be so enraged about such a trifle. In their anger, the assignees set about spending in law that which was left; and doubtless, left for their benefit. This shews how very wrong it was of Shark and Co. to leave them anything at all. The creditors were greatly enraged that the bankrupts did not remain to give an explanation of their affairs. Now, as these gentlemen could not have given any explanation that would have been satisfactory, it is very obvious that they acted very wisely in taking themselves out of the way of being called upon to answer a parcel of inconvenient and unpleasant questions. An action was instituted against the respected firm of Floyd and Co. for their surreptitious transactions with the bankrupts; but Floyd and Co. were but little concerned about it, well knowing that right or wrong, in fact, made but little difference in law; excepting the party decidedly wrong has by far the better chance of a favourable decision, because, in proportion to the badness of his cause, he becomes all the more careful in catching hold of every flaw or circumstance that may be turned to his advantage. No trial ever excited a greater sensation among the trading classes. Extraordinary legal acumen was displayed on both sides, but especially for the defence. The trial obtained for the lawyers very large fees, and great reputation for the skill and eloquence displayed in its progress. It turned at last upon some technicalities, and terminated in favour of the defendants; with regard however to their conduct, the judge expressed himself in very strong terms, and kindly intimated, that if they had their deserts, something about transportation being too mild a sentence. It was not surprising that the judge should speak in this manner, as the trial was protracted to a very late hour, and he was kept considerably beyond his usual time of dining; and we must naturally expect a hungry judge to feel angry. The trial proved a very fortunate event for Floyd and Co. It was better than a thousand advertisements. It gave them a degree of celebrity of which they could not easily be deprived; and their trade increased in an unprecedented manner. It was now known to all the world that they were the people likely to get hold of cheap goods, and buyers accordingly flocked to their warehouse, and people in difficulties knew where (for a sufficient sacrifice) they could dispose of their goods for cash to meet their emergencies.

After the trial the bearing of Mr. Floyd displayed all the dignity of conscious rectitude. He said that a base conspiracy had been formed against their house by envious persons; but the trial proved that truth and justice must ultimately prevail over the insidious machinations of designing people. He defied the whole world to prove any transaction of their house to be otherwise than strictly honourable. When they bought goods they paid for them, and paid for them promptly, which was far more than could be said with respect to the dealings of the bulk of their detractors.

Mr. Floyd, as years rolled on, seemed to increase in prosperity, and he was said to be a lucky man; but no one ever owed less to mere chance, or what are called fortunate events. A natural shrewdness, joined with prudence and "wide-awakeness," achieved for him everything. Finding wealth increasing, and having a superflux of capital, he became greatly ambitious of becoming a foreign merchant. He purchased a ship. She could hardly be pronounced A. 1.; but he bought her a decided bargain. He had her freighted with merchandise for the Canadian market, and she was duly insured, and bound for Montreal. She performed but a slight portion of her passage, when, from



some unexplained cause, she sprang a leak, and went to the bottom. The crew very easily escaped, which seemed providential. It was said that Mr. Floyd had now a turn of ill-luck as well as other people. No such thing! It was the underwriters that suffered. Envious people, who are not over scrupulous as to what they say, hinted unpleasant things about the quality of the freight, and made other dark allusions; but the high minded merchant, whose fair fame they endeavoured to asperse, was perfectly regardless of these shafts of malevolence. One of the warehousemen, who had been discharged for writing scurrilous letters anonymously; a fellow who seemed to think that minding his master's business was listening to his private conversations with other people, stated, that he heard the captain of the vessel, after his return, when closeted with Mr. Floyd, express himself rather angrily, and in his excitement, say something about "the ship being scuttled; and splitting upon the whole transaction, although he swung for it, if Mr. Floyd did not come down handsomely." But anything stated by the warehouseman did not merit the slightest credence; the baseness of whose disposition seemed to be the utmost that could be possibly borne by humanity. After he had been discharged from his situation, he obtained a living by extorting money, by threatening to accuse timid people of diabolical offences, and by being suborned as a witness on any matter, by persons who were base enough to employ such agency; but to sum up the man's character at once, and to know that he was capable of any villainy, without possessing a single redeeming virtue, it is sufficient to say, that he was a writer of anonymous scurrility. The most pernicious reptile that ever crawled upon the earth will only employ his poison, in order to satisfy the cravings of nature, or, at most, to resent an injury; but the scoundrel writer of anonymous letters, discharges his venom merely for the malignant gratification of causing anguish to others. The tale of the warehouseman, and some other circumstances, furnished materials for Mr. Floyd's friends to banter him about "sinking the ship;" but he laughed as heartily as any person when they joked him upon this delicate subject, well knowing that he was in reality far above suspicion; and he knew also, that it was far the better course to laugh off these sort of jests than to notice them seriously.

Mr. Floyd showed no inclination for continuing in the foreign trade; but instead, invested a considerable portion of his surplus money, in establishing the Disinterested Fire Insurance Company. Of this body his well known business-habits and ability, caused him to be chosen as a director. While he held this appointment his speeches and remarks teemed with the noblest sentiments. In conversation he had always displayed a high moral tone; but now, an additional dignity of manner made all his common-place observations exceedingly impressive. When the slightest suspicion was expressed of any person that insured in their office being guilty of arson, his indignation at the offence would be expressed in this manner.

"When a company of men, like ours, actuated alone by philanthropic motives, regardless of their own interests, not receiving a single farthing for their services, are united together for the purpose of protecting the public from that most awful of all calamities, fire, it scarcely seems credible that any person insuring in our disinterested office, should be so monstrously depraved as even to contemplate such an offence, and considering our faithful services, in addition to that crime, which in itself was sufficiently horrible, he becomes guilty of ingratitude." When Mr. Floyd was speaking of not receiving a farthing for services, he seems entirely to have over-looked the very trifling matter of an annual dividend of about thirty-five per cent. upon their shares, and a salary of five hundred pounds a year to each of the directors.

In the zenith of his prosperity Mr. Floyd sustained that most painful of all misfortunes, the loss of his wife. Mrs. Floyd was what is generally called a good woman, which means a sort of negative character—that if not endowed with any shining virtues, there was scarcely a single vice that could be laid to her account. Her death-bed was calm and serene, and the only regret she expressed at leaving the world was parting with her three children, which constituted her whole family, as her twin daughters were the last children she had born alive. Mr. Floyd displayed his grief by the width of crape he wore round his hat, and in an elegant suit of mourning. He was rather vain of the symmetry of his figure when dressed in sables.

Mr. Joystone having obtained a fortune fully equal to his requirements, being a single man, was persuaded by his excellent partner to retire from business. Mr. Joystone unfortunately allowed himself to be persuaded; and, for want of occupation, took to horse racing, and in a short time dissipated a considerable part of his property.

After the dissolution of partnership, Mr. Floyd associated his son with himself in the business, and as, about that time, the prohibitions were removed against the importation of French goods, they entered largely into the French trade, and became extensive importers of silks, ribbons, and gloves. It soon became an acknowledged fact that Floyd and Son, with one or two other houses, managed this business on far better terms than any others, why—no one could say exactly; but certainly in some men there is a business tact which gives them the advantage over their compeers. Mr. Floyd was one of these men. There was not, in the city of London, a better business-tactician than himself. This was fully shewn when people owing him money began to be in doubtful circumstances. In these cases he invariably shewed consummate skill in what he called "letting in other people, and getting out himself." This was generally effected by buying up the credit of the debtor; which enabled him to get more extensively into debt with other houses, and Mr. Floyd's debt became gradually paid in full before the man's insolvency became known.

In spite of all their skill and management, the house of Floyd and Son got into rather an awkward scrape by the peculiar method of conducting the French department. The reader must have observed that Mr. Floyd was a man of high principles. He made up his mind as to what he deemed to be right, and then adhered to it in a most determined manner; now it was a fixed opinion with him that all restrictions upon commerce were decidedly improper, and it was the duty of every man of business to assist in freeing trade from the various shackles that impeded her free volition. What could he consider the heavy duties imposed upon goods imported from France other than a serious obstruction to commercial enterprise. He was not the mere ordinary man of words. His opinion he carried out in practice; clearing away commercial restrictions in every way in his power. His public spirited conduct ultimately occasioned to himself a serious personal sacrifice. As, whether from observation of the Custom's Officers, or from the treachery of other parties, is not ascertained; but his opinions and practice became known at the Custom House, and the firm of Floyd and Son were exchequered to an enormous amount. Mr. Floyd now set to work to make the best of a bad affair; and being convinced that the quickest, and quietest, is the best manner of settling a disagreeable matter, he contrived to effect a compromise with the government; but it was for something more than twenty thousand pounds. Chagrin at this event resulted in a sort of general disgust of business, attached to which were so many checks and hindrances, rendering the higher order of talent frequently unavailing; he resolved upon leaving business, and enjoying, in dignified retirement, an ample fortune, the fruit of his exertions. Having taken this resolution, he quickly carried it into effect; leaving his son in the business, associated with a Mr. Fligger, a shrewd, intelligent, persevering man, and who had a tolerable capital, all of his own gaining. Small shares also were given to two warehousemen for a limited period, who stipulated to give plenty of exertion for the advantages they obtained. Up to the present time the firm of Floyd, Fligger, and Co., has continued to enjoy a regular course of prosperity, and doubtless will continue to do so; the business being conducted with the same spirit, liberality, and integrity, as marked the transactions of its predecessors.

As the government had had a tolerable dip into Mr. Floyd's pocket, it is fair to presume that this circumstance gave him some consideration with the authorities; and it certainly was so, for he had scarcely settled himself in a suitable mansion when he was selected by the Lord Lieutenant of the county as a proper person to be placed in the Commission of the Peace. No appointment could have been more judicious, and in him the bench of magistrates received a most valuable acquisition. His knowledge and experience made him an incomparable judge of all sorts of roguery; and his high sense of duty caused him to treat evil doers with a most becoming severity.

His mansion was a huge, inconvenient, building, but he bought it very cheap. The former owner, although not alchymist enough to transmute other substances into gold, had contrived to convert all his gold into an absurd arrangement of bricks and mortar; and when the house was completed, and the bills called in, he found himself compelled to sell this durable monument of his own wisdom.

*"Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves."*

Mr. Floyd purchased the house at something less than a third of the cost of its erection; and when settled in his mansion as a retired gentleman, and living-upon an ample fortune, he thought, appearing as a patron of the fine arts would be very becoming

and, attended with considerable *eclat*. He therefore began covering his walls with pictures; which he pointed out to his friends as choice specimens of the best masters. He had two that he said were very fine paintings by Caracci—a superb Rubens—a splendid Rembrandt—an undoubted Carlo Dolce—an incomparable Titian—and an ugly ill-shaped, woman in dutch petticoats, with mahogany coloured countenance, and a gold rim round her head; he hinted that he obtained under peculiar circumstances; but that it was the *finest* Raphael in the kindom. In fact, he fathered all his pictures upon first-rate or respectable painters: When he commenced making his collection he was rather puzzled; being so utterly unacquainted with pictures that he could not distinguish between the merits of superior performance and a sign-post daub, excepting that he would probably have preferred the latter. In his purchases, as he always expressed his determination “not to be done,” his friends advised his giving a commission to some person of acknowledged judgment to select for him. But Mr. Floyd observed, that he was too wide awake to do anything of the kind, for that person would probably take a commission also from the sellers, and that when the pictures were bought he should himself be sold by his agent; and he would further remark that a man who employs his own judgment has the best chance of not being deceived. With these views he set about purchasing for himself, but determining to do so safely, and being a fair judge of the work of picture frames, he took care never to give much beyond the value of the frame. He soon filled his house with pictures, certainly a very queer assortment; but if works of art are to be estimated by the square-foot, he doubtless adopted a sensible course in making his selection. Among his paintings he had a considerable quantity of old portraits of respectable people long since forgotten, by talented artists, whose names are not remembered. These answered his purpose exceedingly well as they served for authentic likenesses of the founders of charities and other important personages of past ages, whose portraits had never been painted. Now, the trustees of charities who wished to place in proper situations likenesses of the benevolent individuals, whose donations or bequests they dispensed, or persons who wished for respectable ancestors, by the most *extraordinary chance*, might find them in Mr. Floyd’s collection. These he of course parted with at a price of which the picture bore no proportion; but he did so, from an anxious desire to *oblige the purchaser* however *reluctant* he might be to part with so valuable a relic.

Time passes rapidly, and, like the torrent down the mountain’s side, leaves many a furrow marking its onward course; and that bubble, the life of man, so fragile and so soon to burst, proves how futile are all our cares and exertions. Mr. Floyd, after his retirement, having been all his life rather a free liver, suffered much from the gout; and years rolling on brought with them the infirmities of age, that proved sadly, but clearly, that the last sands of his eventful existence must shortly run out. Yet he deemed it prudent to obtain what he considered the best medical assistance, to retard the ultimate occurrence as far as possible; and to assuage the agony attendant upon the transition from this life. He began also to reflect upon his prospects in futurity; and not perceiving his way very clearly, he addressed himself to a devout minister of religion; observing, that when a man found his affairs in too complicated a state for his own management, the proper plan is to call in an accountant. Now, Mr. Floyd’s daughters being both married, one to the justly eminent physician Dr. Joseph Smith, who being the most celebrated of his name, was generally spoken of as “the Smith,” and the other to that remarkably eloquent clergyman the Rev. Silvester Higginbottom, one would naturally suggest that in his own family he had physicians both for his soul and his body; but in neither of them did he place confidence; but positively forbade one of them speaking of his bodily infirmities, and the other in his presence to touch upon religion, except in general terms. He said he was too much a man of the world to trust either of them; that the concerns were too important to be placed in the hands of interested parties. His medical attendants he continually changed, not finding any that could restore to a shattered worn out frame, its pristine health and vigour; and any quack who would promise to do so, was immediately consulted, although failing to accomplish his promises, was as quickly dismissed. He was perhaps first brought to a consideration of his spiritual state by the preaching of that pious and excellent minister the Rev. Ebenezer Sulphur, and it was to this reverend gentleman that he applied for assistance. He made a clean breast, by acknowledging a number of virtues, but without a recollection of any particular vices, although he admitted the evil of his life in the wholesale way of stating that he had been a great sinner. And in saying so, he uttered a great truth. Mr. Sulphur

very wisely and piously spoke of the efficacy of charity; at this Mr. Floyd's eyes glistened, and he said quietly to an attendant, "Wasn't I right? Is it likely that my son-in-law would have been induced to say a word about this matter."

The idea pleased him, and he determined to be extensive in his charities. He selected Mr. Sulphur as his almoner; that gentleman, in the benevolent discharge of the duties of his office, being continually brought among the poor, could judge where charity was most needed and might be most advantageously applied. Mr. Sulphur was a sensible and judicious man. He had a worthy and prudent woman as his partner and he was blessed with eight lovely and talented children. In fact it was altogether a most charming and interesting family. Now Mr. Sulphur had studied deeply. Worthy man! He knew the duties of his office. He had reflected seriously upon the charities; and the result of his reflections clearly demonstrated that charity, to be of any value, must begin at that fountain head of our affections, home! For if we neglect those immediately connected with us, those who have positive and unalienable claims upon our sympathy and consideration, what avails our looking to objects further remote. Mr. Sulphur was a man of worth and integrity, and, doubtless, distributed Mr. Floyd's charities judiciously, and properly, but it was not known in what manner, for he was not the man to let his left hand know what his right hand did. But the neighbours remarked that up to the time of being the dispenser of Mr. Floyd's benevolences, his house was wretchedly furnished—his children miserably clothed,—that even Mrs. Sulphur herself could not sport a new silk gown above once in two years; nor was it likely that a poor minister with such a family could be better situated; but after he became the almoner of Mr. Floyd's bounties, the same neighbours observed that the surrounding poor received no additional comforts; but that Mr. Sulphur's house became elegantly furnished, the children were clad as smartly as those of any of the surrounding gentry, and that Mrs. Sulphur had a fine fashionable gown for every day in the week, and that her bonnets more resembled those of gay worldly people, than such as became the wife of an humble minister of the gospel. Mrs. Sulphur was said to have a considerable share of brimstone in her composition, which means she was a fine high-spirited woman, and kept her husband and children in admirable order. It would have made the most confirmed old bachelor emulous of connubial happiness to have seen this amiable family seated at the tea table. Mr. and Mrs. Sulphur sipping their Congo, and regaling themselves with a comfortable plate of double buttered toast; and the blessed children, the eldest eleven years, the youngest two years, old, seated upon a row of stools one above the other; each little darling holding a lump of bread and butter, (meaning a thick slice of bread rubbed over with a buttery knife,) in one hand, and a mug of thin milk and water in the other. They certainly were properly taught not to covet or desire other people's goods; but who could blame them if, when they thought they were not observed, they occasionally cast a longing glance at the tea and toast destined for the parental stomachs.

Mr. Floyd was very grateful for the kindness and attention of Mr. Sulphur, which he testified by many presents, and Mr. Sulphur held his excellent neighbour in high estimation. This he one day clearly expressed on receiving from Mr. Floyd a handsome basket of game. On opening the basket, he first took out a fine cock pheasant. Now, if there was one thing beyond another that Mr. Sulphur delighted at seeing at his table, it was a pheasant. There was nothing that gave him such pleasure in gustation, and, holding it up, he remained for some moments mute with admiration; then suddenly exclaimed, "He certainly is a good christian!" It is very clear by this exclamation the pious gentleman could not have alluded to the pheasant, therefore, it is fair to infer he intended to express his estimation of the donor of the pheasant.

Mr. Floyd's maladies increased so greatly that his medical attendant considered himself bound in duty to acquaint his patient that ultimate recovery could only result from a miracle. Mr. Floyd bore the information with the utmost fortitude, and set about preparing for the solemn final event, by arranging his affairs. He had no freehold property excepting the house in which he lived, which would be inherited by his son, and pay no legacy duty. The remainder of his property consisting of securities, shares in various companies, and money in the funds, but chiefly of the latter, he transferred to his children. He made handsome presents to his servants, gave a considerable sum to be disposed of in charities, in such manner as the Rev. Mr. Sulphur should deem most useful; and, in fact, disposed of the whole of his effects before his death, which rendered a will unnecessary, and entirely evaded the legacy duty.

After settling his affairs he lived for nearly a month, gradually getting weaker and weaker, until he sunk from extreme exhaustion. At his funeral the highest respect was paid to his memory. It was conducted in Mr. Mort's best and most splendid manner; and was attended by many of the magistracy, some of the most important of the merchants of the city of London, the whole of the directors, and many of the shareholders of the Disinterested Fire Insurance Company, besides his own relatives. As the procession approached the churchyard the solemn tolling of the bell added to the gloomy magnificence of the scene, and produced an effect not easily to be forgotten. So admirably was the procession arranged, that two unemployed mutes, who were spectators, became mute with astonishment. After the procession had left the churchyard, an old man, standing beside the grave, uttered the awful passage from holy writ, "The rich man died and was buried."

A funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Sulphur, who also published an account of Mr. Floyd's death in several periodicals, the article being headed "The Christian's Death-bed,"

The first part of a series of articles upon churchyards is now concluded. The subject will be discontinued for the present, but perhaps may be resumed at some future period. There has been some deviation from the line originally intended to have been pursued; which was in consequence of receiving from the late Mr. Floyd's friends and relations considerable information concerning that worthy gentleman's career. This was a kindness not expected when the sketch was commenced. The author feels complimented that many of the most intimate acquaintances of Mr. Floyd should so far estimate these papers, as to request him to compile a regular biography of that excellent individual, expressing their opinions in favour of it being published cheaply, in order to give an extensive sale; and that it may be circulated as a tract among young people just entering into life. Such a narrative, it is thought, cannot fail having a moral influence, by pointing out the broad and frequently trodden road to fortune. Mr. Mort's kindness is duly appreciated in offering to be a subscriber for one hundred copies, provided the price does not exceed two-pence each, and a due allowance be made for taking a quantity.

VALE.

*Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford District.*

## THE PROMISED LAND.

TO A FRIEND.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

Author of "*The Village Muse*."

WHEN friendly promises to thee are made

To help thy struggle up the hill of life,  
And thou depend'st on hope, deferr'd—delay'd—

The world and thou in seeming anxious strife;

Retire—retire into thyself awhile,

And calmly wooing fickle fortune's smile,

Exert thy spirit, all thy cares beguile.

*The promise ever kept unto the ear,*

*But ever broken to the heart's fond hope\**

Despise, nor seek such fragile things to cheer

Thee from the dreary gloom of misanthrope:

Bear up, bear up, upon thy own staff lean;

Toil onward, onward through life's busy scene;

Fortune may smile at last on thee, I ween.

But shouldst thou never reach the promised land

That friendship's glowing moments show'd to thee,

---

\* A paraphrase of a passage from Shakspeare.

True to thyself—thyself at thy command,  
 A conquest make, defying poverty;  
 And when thy irksome worldly task is done,  
 And life retires with its receding sun,  
 A brighter promised land may gloriously be won.

Ah! then, the wealth of worlds will be but dross,  
 And gold, man's mortal God, appear but dust  
 And ashes:—luxuries, sensual and gross,  
 Untasted by the upright and the just,  
 May be neglected; spirit purified,  
 Humility doth take the place of pride,  
 And pride falls down, and fain its face would hide.

Then comes the triumph of the virtuous poor,  
 The miser, stript of all his wealth by death,  
 Must envy now the beggar at his door,  
 Praying for bread, and panting for his breath;  
 E'en human power, denuded of its bright  
 Insignia, fades before that holy light,  
 Which leaves the selfish world in its eternal night.

"Come," saith the spirit, "*to the promised land*,—  
 Come to a kingdom where the Father reigns;  
 Ye who obey'd, be glad; who had command,  
 Tremble, for now your subjects break their chains!  
 Sue ye for mercy? mercy then I shower  
 On those who pray'd in vain to human power,  
 And bore the scourge of pride in its triumphant hour.

Come, slighted worth, come, humble poverty,  
 Come, all ye martyrs in my holy cause;  
 Come, from the lost oppressor unto me,  
 Suffer no more from cruel human laws:  
 My promise is fulfill'd—my law shall stand—  
 And as I sit secure on God's right hand,  
 I keep the word of truth: *this is the promised land.*"

## A DAY IN THE LAND OF BURNS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

It was a lovely afternoon in May when I first gazed upon the river Ayr, spanned by the "Twa Brigs." My first thought, after alighting from the Railway carriage and looking around me, was of the wonderful power which is possessed by genius of imparting an indescribable charm to a spot which has before been insignificant and uninviting. The place of an author's birth, or the locality assigned by him to the beings whose existence has only been in his own imagination, is invested with a sort of magnetic power that draws towards it pilgrims from far-off lands, when he

"who only asked for bread,  
 Hath gotten a marble tomb instead."

An obscure town or village becomes the abiding-place of some lowly individual, whom wealthy men scarce honour with a passing glance—he becomes known as a writer of verses—he is considered a clever eccentric sort of fellow by those of his own class—a few chosen spirits only appreciate the splendid genius that is existing amongst them—he dies in poverty and neglect—some brief years elapse, and the world rings with the humble poet's name and fame—the land in which he lived, and the scenes which he had peopled with his fancy, are thenceforth hallowed ground. Such was the case with Burns; and similar things have happened, and will happen, to others who have lived to

delight mankind with "thick-coming fancies," and struggle with the evils of an untoward destiny. As I passed over the New Bridge, the poem which immortalised the two structures came fresh upon my memory, and I recalled

"that season, when a simple bard,  
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,  
Ae night, within the ancient burgh of Ayr,  
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi care,"

left his bed, and took his wayward route to where he beheld and listened to the spirits of the "Twa Brigs."

After I and the friend who accompanied me (Mr. Joseph Woodcock, of Glossop) had secured beds for the night, we sallied forth and took a hasty glance at the town. Ayr has undergone much improvement of late, and has many handsome buildings. The erection which engrossed the greatest share of our attention was Wallace Tower, which stands in High Street. A statue of Wallace, the workmanship of Thom, the self-taught sculptor, occupies a niche in the front of the building. Another statue of Wallace, of clumsy and stunted proportions, is placed at the gable-end of a corner house at the east end of Newmarket Street. According to some accounts this house stands on the site of one which was formerly the court-house, and Wallace was imprisoned in a dungeon there, whilst other accounts state that Wallace sheltered from his enemies under that roof. Leaving the town we proceeded on our way towards Burns's Monument, which is situated between two and three miles from Ayr. Close to the road on the left, on passing through the toll bar, is Parkhouse, once the residence of Major Logan, of Camlarg, to whom Burns addressed his amusing epistle, commencing "Hail, thairm inspiring, rattling Willie!" Major Logan's "Sentimental Sister Susie" also received, whilst residing at Parkhouse, those beautiful verses addressed "to Miss Logan, with Beattie's Poems as a New Year's Gift," commencing,

"Again the silent wheels of time,  
Their annual round have driven,  
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,  
Are so much nearer Heaven."

Descending the road we arrived at Slaphouse Bridge, about 150 yards from which, following the current of the stream, is the "ford" which Burns mentions as a point in the route of Tam o' Shanter homewards, "Whar in the snaw the chapman smoor'd." About 100 yards from the "ford," and about twenty from the road, near the hedge, is another point in Tam's journey—

"The Meikle Stane,  
Whar drunken Charlie brack's neck-bane."

When we had passed the second milestone, and rambled about a quarter of a mile further, we discovered, at the turn of the road, the cottage in which the ploughman-poet drew his first breath. A large sign-board is placed on the front, stating that Burns was born within those walls, on the 25th of January, 1759. We did not now go into the interior of the cottage, but continued our route towards the Monument. On the right of the road, in a field on the farm of Greenfield, marked by a solitary tree, is

"the Cairn  
Whar hunters fan' the murder'd bairn."

The position of the "cairn," and also the "ford," at a distance from the highway, is accounted for by the fact that the old road from Ayr, by which Tam o' Shanter is supposed to have approached Alloway Kirk, was west of the present line.

The next object which attracted our attention was a small roofless ruin, and we had some difficulty in persuading ourselves that we beheld Kirk Alloway, the building was so much more diminutive than we had pictured it. Such, however, was the fact, and we entered the churchyard. Near the gate, on the left hand, is the grave of Burns's father, marked by a tombstone, bearing this inscription, "Sacred to the Memory of William Burns, Farmer in Lochlie, who died on the 13th of February, 1784, in the 63rd year of his age, and of Agnes Brown, his spouse, who died on the 14th of January, 1820, in the 88th year of her age. She was interred in Bolton churchyard, East Lothian." The following epitaph is also engraved upon the tombstone, from the pen of the Poet:—

"O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,  
Draw near with pious reverence and attend;

Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,  
 The tender father, and the generous friend.  
 The pitying heart that felt for human woe,  
 The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,  
 The friend of man — to vice alone a foe;  
 'For e'en his failings leant to virtue's side.' "

Were it not for the superstitious interest which Burns has thrown around Kirk Alloway, it would receive but a small share of the traveller's notice. As it is, you peep within the old walls, and again conjure up

"Warlocks and witches in a dance,"

and fancy you behold, seated on the "winnock-bunker in the east," that black and grim musician, "auld Nick, in shape o' beast." The "winnock-bunker" is a small window divided by a thick mullion, and is still preserved, as is also the bell, though several attempts have been made to remove the latter. The old oaken rafters of the kirk were mostly entire until within the last few years, but they are now quite gone, having been taken away to form into snuff-boxes and other memorials. The inner part of the kirk is now divided by a partition wall, and the late Lord Alloway is interred in one of the portions. When the father of Burns died at Lochlie, his family, knowing his attachment to the place when living, conveyed his remains a distance of nine miles to Kirk Alloway. It was Burns's wish that he should be interred beside his father, and, at his death, two residents of Ayr went to Dumfries for the purpose of carrying his desire into effect, but they were informed by the poet's brother that preparations had been made for interring him in St. Michael's churchyard, and that it would be imprudent to disappoint the inhabitants for the sake of the interests of the surviving family. The design was, therefore, abandoned. The churchyard contains several old and very humble monuments, and it has also a many modern ones, erected to the memory of various parties whose remains have been brought from a distance. It is said that the grave levels all distinctions, but here it is not so: those who would have scorned or cared not for a living poet, thought it an honour that their bones should rest in a place which a dead bard had consecrated.

At a little distance from Kirk Alloway stands Burns's Monument, a beautiful structure of the Composite order, blending the finest models of Grecian and Roman architecture. It was designed by Mr. Hamilton, and it is stated that it was meant by him to be in some measure a revival of the celebrated monument of Lysicrates at Athens; and it also bears some resemblance to the church of San Pietro, in Mantoris, at Rome. The edifice consists of a triangular basement (representative of the three divisions of Ayrshire, Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham) upon which rises a circular peristyle, supporting a cupola. The peristyle consists of nine pillars, representative of the number of the Muses, thirty feet in height, and of the Corinthian order. They were designed from the three remaining columns of the Comitium in the Forum at Rome. Above the cupola rises a gilt tripod, supported by three inverted dolphins,—fishes sacred to Apollo, and hence selected as ornaments proper to the monument of a poet. The whole building, the cost of which was about £2000, is sixty feet in height from the platform within the peristyle. The foundation stone was laid on the 25th January, 1820, by the late Sir Alexander Boswell (then Mr. Boswell,) and his address upon the occasion was beautifully appropriate.

I have said that it was a lovely afternoon in May when I visited the Land of Burns, and the Monument appeared to be fixed in the very heart of one of the most verdantly luxuriant scenes it ever was my lot to look upon. The prospect was no longer bleak as when the first stone of the Monument was laid; the wood, the hawthorn, and the "birken shaw" were prodigal of leaves, and the air was ringing with the songs of birds. The place looked as if God himself had designed it for the birth-place of a poet—earth appeared to grow poetry, and the warbling of the feathered minstrels seemed imbued with a spirit of melody which I never remember to have heard elsewhere. Whether it was the associations that were connected with the place, or whether it was the surpassing beauty of the scenery, or both combined, I know not, but certainly I felt as though it were impossible for the most unimaginative to look on the scene without having his heart filled with the essence of song, though it might not find vent in words.

We approached the gate which leads to the grounds surrounding the Monument, and enquired of an elderly gentleman, who was examining some timber, how we should



gain admittance. He said he believed the gardener was engaged on the grounds, and if we would ring the bell, would conduct us to the Monument. This gentleman, we afterwards ascertained, was Mr. Auld, chief patron of Thom the sculptor, and one to whom the admirers of Burns are on many accounts greatly indebted. We did as he directed us, and the gardener then made his appearance. The first place to which he called our notice was a circular apartment of the Monument on the ground floor, lighted by a cupola of stained glass, 16 feet in height and 18 feet in diameter. A table stands in the centre, on which are placed various relics, and several editions of Burns's works. The Bible given by the poet to Highland Mary is amongst the relics. It is bound in two volumes, which are enclosed in a neat oaken box, with a glass lid. On the fly-leaf of the first volume is the following text in the handwriting of the Bard. "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord. Levit. XIX. 12." In the second, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths. Mat. V. 33." And in both volumes is written "Robert Burns, Mossgiel," with his Mason's mark appended, partly obliterated; in one of them is preserved a lock of Highland Mary's hair.\* There are also several other articles appropriate to the place—a copy by Stevens of Naismith's portrait of Burns—a snuff box made from the wood-work of Kirk Alloway—eight chairs manufactured from the beam which supported the bell in the old steeple of Ayr (the bell of "the Dungeon Clock")—and several sketches, illustrating the poetry of Burns, are painted on the panelling of the doors.

When we left the interior of the Monument we ascended a flight of stairs, to reach the base of the columns. It is here that a view which is most magnificent and indescribable bursts upon the sight. Far abler pens than mine have failed in portraying it, and I shall not be so presumptuous as to attempt a description. The original statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, by Thom, are in a small cottage at the south side of the enclosed ground, and place the sculptor in an almost equal rank with the poet. They are most exquisitely graphic and life-like. A remark of the gardener who acted as our *cicerone* appeared to me exceedingly quaint. I observed that I had found Kirk Alloway much smaller than I expected, and he replied that "the Kirk certainly was small, but there were not so many people in the world when it was built as now."

From the Monument we bent our steps to the "Auld Brig" of Doon. In Burns's day this Bridge was, and long had been, the principal communication between the districts of Kyle and Carrick. It is conjectured that it is of great antiquity. Since the erection of a new bridge the old one has fallen into disuse, but it is still kept in repair on account of its poetical associations. It is an old-fashioned looking bridge with one arch, and commands a picturesque view of the thickly wooded banks and winding river. For the visitor it has more attractive charms, and there are few but will seek the 'key-stane,' as we did, and call to mind these lines from Tam o' Shanter:—

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig;  
There at them thou thy tale may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross.  
Hut, ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fiend a tale she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain gray tail."

Near to the end of the New Bridge is the "Burns' Arms Inn," which is neatly fitted up, and commands from each window of its principal apartment a most delightful prospect. It was in this room that, full of the pleasure and gratification we had experienced, my companion rose and proposed the "Immortal Memory of Robert Burns;" and with uncovered heads we reverently drank the toast in the Bard's own favourite liquor, whisky-punch.

On our return we paid a visit to the Cottage of the poet's birth. For many years it was in the occupation of Mr. and Mrs. Goudie, as an Ale-house or Inn, and at the time of our visit it was tenanted by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hast-

\* I was informed that the sexton who dug Mary Campbell's grave was still living at Greenock, aged 104.

ings. We were informed by the hostess that their lease would be out at Martinmas, and though they now paid a rent of £45, it was to be let to another tenant for £62 per annum. The tenement was built by Burns's father, and was originally a "Clay Bigging" consisting of Kitchen and *Spence*, or Sitting-room. It was in the kitchen or inferior apartment of the clay cottage, that Robert Burns saw the light, and we were shown a recess in this room, which formerly contained the bed in which the poet was born. The wooden bedstead was of the fashion still used in Scottish cottages, and when the furniture of the Inn was on one occasion sold by roup, it was purchased for a trifle by the stable-boy, who was afterwards fortunate enough to dispose of it for twenty guineas. It is now at Brownhill Inn, near Thornhill, Dumfries-shire. It is related that, when the mother of the poet felt her time approaching, the father took horse, and set out, through the darkness of a stormy January night, for Ayr, in order to bring the necessary female attendant. When he approached a rivulet which crosses the road, and which was not then provided with a bridge, he found it so deep in flood, that a wayfaring female sat on the other side, unable to make her way across on foot. Notwithstanding his haste, he listened to the prayer of this poor woman, and conveyed her through the stream on his horse. When he returned with the woman of skill from Ayr, he found that the gipsy, as she proved to be, had made good her quarters beside his cottage fireside, where she was waiting anxiously for the happy hour of Agnes Brown. It is said that, on the child being placed in her lap, she inspected his palm, after the manner of her profession, and made the predictions which the poet himself has embodied in a whimsical song, not printed in most collections of his works:—

"The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo scho, wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof;  
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
But aye a heart aboon them a';  
He'll be a credit till us a'—  
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,  
I see by ilka score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kin',  
So leeze me on thee, Robin."

Dr. Currie had heard a report that the poet was born in the midst of a storm, which blew down a part of the house, and, hinting at this rumour in a letter to Gilbert Burns, he received an answer of which the following is a part:—"When my father built his 'clay biggin,' he put in two stone-jamba, as they are called, and a lintel, carrying up a chimney in his clay-gable. The consequence was, that as the gable subsided, the jambs, remaining firm, threw it off its centre; and one very stormy morning, when my brother was nine or ten days old, a little before day-light, a part of the gable fell out, and the rest appeared so shattered, that my mother, with the young poet, had to be carried through the storm to a neighbour's house, where they remained a week till their own dwelling was adjusted."\* At the time I visited the cottage the furniture was covered with the initials of visitors, and to gratify those who wished to leave some trace behind them, books had been kept, in which are inscribed the names of some thousands of individuals of all ranks. When the Lease expired, a few months ago, the furniture was sold by auction, and purchased by a gentleman who intended to apply it for the purpose of forming a Burns's room. It is to be regretted that arrangements were not made to allow the goods to remain in the cottage, and the incoming tenant will most likely find that the building has lost some of its attraction. The universal opinion is that this cottage was the scene of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and the following verses doubtless portray the poet's father:—

"At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin' stacher thro'  
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.  
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily,  
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wife's smile,  
The lispin' infant prattlin' on his knee,  
Does a' his weary, carkin' cares beguile,  
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Land of Burns.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care;  
 And, "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air."

Having partaken of some refreshment, chatted with the hostess, inscribed our names in the visiter's book, and purchased a few views and a small Guide Book,\* we proceeded to call upon Mrs. Begg, the sister of Burns, who, we were informed, resided in a cottage at the distance of about a mile from the place of her brother's birth. After a pleasant ramble through green lanes, we came to a neat-looking cottage which was pointed out to us as the abode we were seeking. It was enclosed from the road by wooden palisadings, and trees and flowers clustered about the front of the dwelling. We knocked at the door, which was speedily opened by a young lady, who had previously observed us through the chamber window. We apologised for intruding upon her privacy without an introduction, but were soon set at our ease in that respect. Strangers were evidently frequent visitors. She asked us into a well-furnished parlour, informed us that her mother would be with us presently, and in the meantime entered into conversation with us in an exceedingly frank and agreeable style. Mrs. Begg now made her appearance, and gave us a cordial reception. She is, we should say, between sixty and seventy years of age, of dark complexion, and we fancied that there was a resemblance in her features to those of the poet; but the twilight was creeping on, and imagination helps us wonderfully to likenesses. She appeared to possess considerable shrewdness and common sense, and conversed freely, both in regard to her brother and general topics. She informed us that they had been quite overwhelmed with visitors during the festival which had been held the previous year in honour of her brother, and so many authors and celebrated people had called upon them that they had been quite confused. Nothing could be more free from affectation than the manners of both mother and daughter. Mrs. Begg has two daughters, and Isabella, the one that we saw, is the younger of the two. She is good looking, cheerful, intelligent, and perhaps about four or five-and-twenty years of age. Our only wonder was that she remained unmarried, as we should have thought she would have had no lack of suitors anxious to form an alliance with one possessed of such personal recommendations, and so nearly related to the poet. Not wishing to protract our visit unreasonably, we bade them a hearty farewell before the shades of night came upon us, and departed, much gratified with our interview. Thanks to the exertions of Messrs. Chambers and others, we believe Mrs. Begg and her daughters are now in the enjoyment of a moderate competence.

On our way home we called at a Tavern, near the Wallace Tower, which is said to be the place where Tam o' Shanter was in the habit of meeting Souter Johnnie, and a sign over the door exhibits the two figures to passers by and conveys the information that the originals met at that house. I cannot vouch, of course, for the accuracy of this statement, but it seems a very likely tenement for such meetings to have taken place in. The farm of Shanter was situated on the Carrick coast, between Turnberry and Colzean, in the parish of Kirkoswald, and was tenanted by Douglas Graham, a stout, hearty, fellow, addicted to smuggling, fond of a social glass, and apt to return late from Ayr on market nights. Graham's identity as the original of Tam o' Shanter has been established on the authority of Burns himself. At Glenfit, near Shanter, dwelt John Davidson, a shoemaker and tanner, in a small way, whose wife, Ann Gillespie, had acted as nurse to the mother of Burns, on which account there was always a friendship between the two families. Graham's wife was subject in an unusual degree to superstitious beliefs and fears, and used to regard her husband's late return on market nights, as not only a violation of worldly propriety, but a tempting of the evil powers of a supernatural kind, which she supposed to influence the affairs of mortals. Burns and some youthful companions had once taken shelter in Shanter farm-house, where they found that the good man was absent at Ayr market. Kate received them frankly, and in the course of conversation launched forth into a lament about the habits of her husband, his toping

\*We are indebted to this little work for several particulars mentioned in the present sketch.

with the miller, smith, and souter, and his late hame-comings from market, prophesying th

"late or soon,  
He wad be found deep drowned in Doon."

Amongst other things, she spoke of Alloway Kirk, which she said he dreaded to pass at night, and yet he never on that account took care to come home an hour earlier. The poet and his friends staid with her till twelve o'clock, and then left her, still waiting, a waefu' woman, for the return of her husband. The visits of Graham to Ayr were more frequent than those of his neighbours, in consequence of his supplying malt to a great number of public houses in that burgh, and on the road to it; it being then the custom for every person who sold ale, to make the liquor at home. It was the business of the gudeman of Shanter to go there once a-week, not "on Monanday," like the mautman of old Scottish song, but on Friday, the market-day of the burgh. His friend Davidson, dabbling a little, as has been stated, in the business of a tanner, had wares to dispose of and money to gather on the same day and in the same place; so the two would proceed to town together. As Graham had to call for liquor at every customer's house, by way of showing respect and gratitude, he had much more of that commodity at his disposal than he chose to make use of himself; and he was accordingly very glad when the Souter or any other friend went in with him to partake of it. There was a particular taverner in Ayr, one Benjie Graham, a Carrick man, and possibly tracing some *Scotch* kindred to the gudeman of Shanter, who was always very hospitable to the pair, usually pressing them to dine at his own table. Animated by a due sense of Benjie's kindness, Douglas Graham and John Davidson resolved to give him a treat in return, and it was on a New Year's Night that it came off. Graham on this occasion went beyond all former excesses, and, riding home at a late or perhaps rather an early hour, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, his bonnet, with the bank-notes he had that day drawn in the market laid into the flap of it, was blown off, as he was riding over Brown Carrick Hill, and carried he knew not where. With just sufficient sense to observe the place where this incident had occurred, he rode home, where he had of course to stand a strict investigation before his wife. To excuse a late return was usually no easy matter; but, on the present occasion, he had to apologise for the absence of his bonnet and its precious contents. The only expedient he could devise was to forge something that might be expected to pass with his wife, whom he knew to be credulous in at least one direction. He therefore trumped up a story of his having seen a dance of witches and warlocks in Alloway Kirk, of having been pursued by them to the Bridge of Doon, and of having there escaped from them only with the loss of his bonnet. There was little peace between the good couple for that night. Early in the morning, after awaking from a brief sleep, Graham was visited with a painful recollection of his loss, and rising from his bed, immediately set out on his good mare, to reconnoitre the road before many people should be stirring. On returning to the spot, and searching well in all directions, he found the bonnet lying in a plantation by the wayside, with the money undiminished within it. At the next quarterly meeting for settlement of smuggling accounts, the story of the bonnet and the alleged vision of witches at Alloway Kirk were brought up against Graham, and made the subject of endless merriment. Burns, whose mind was prepared for the humour by his recollection of the complaints of the gudewife of Shanter, was present on this occasion, and must doubtless have greatly enjoyed the joke. One other circumstance of an actual nature has been remembered by tradition as likely to have been in the mind of Burns while composing his poetical tale: Graham had, it seems, a good grey mare, which was very much identified with his own appearance. One day, being in Ayr, he tied the animal to a ring at the door of a public-house, where, contrary to his original intentions, he tarried so long, that the boys, in the meantime, plucked away the whole of the animal's tail, for the purpose of making fishing-lines. It was not till next morning, when he awoke from a protracted bouse, that the circumstance was discovered by his son, who came in crying that the mare had lost her tail. Graham, when he comprehended the amount of the disaster, was, it seems, so much bewildered as to its cause, that he could only attribute it, after a round oath,\* to the agency of witches. This anecdote might be also drawn up against Graham at the quarterly meeting before-mentioned, and was probably what suggested the *catastrophe* of the affair of Alloway Kirk.\* The Tavern I allude to as having called at is an old-fashioned house,

\* Land of Burns.

with a spacious kitchen, and the present tenants being small farmers, the landlady was attending to a cauldron placed over the fire, and containing some prepared food for the cattle. The house is now principally frequented by carriers. It required no great stretch of imagination to believe it the one alluded to in the former anecdote, and what we got planted

"Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,"

we summoned before us Tam and his "drouthy crony," and once again it seemed as though

"The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious;  
The souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus."

We now repaired to our Inn, and, after spending an hour or two with some intelligent inhabitants of Ayr, we retired to a good night's repose. In the morning we had another ramble in the neighbourhood of Ayr, and were much delighted with the beauty of the scenery. We also went in quest of an old man who, it was stated, had been intimate with the poet, but he informed us that he had only once walked with him part of the way to Kilmarnock. It was, however, something to hold converse with one who had been in the company of Burns. About noon we departed by Railway for Ardrossan, and sailed from thence by Steamer to England, carrying with us a remembrance of the "Land of Burns" that will not easily be eradicated.

*Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.*

### Presentations.

June 14, 1845, a Patent Lever Watch and Guard, value £9 6s., to P. P. D. G. M. John Lomas, by the Caledonian Lodge, Bolton District.—August 16, 1845, a splendid Silver Medal to P. G. Richard Buden, by the Ynyr Gwent Lodge, Tredegar District.—January 23, 1844, a valuable Silver Snuff Box to P. G. J. C. Gillard, of the Temple of Friendship Lodge, Birmingham District.—May 17, 1845, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Abraham Goodall, by the Offspring of Peace Lodge, Brighouse District.—May 17, 1845, a beautiful Silver Snuff Box to Brother James C. Holt, by the United Queen Victoria Lodge, Halifax District.—January, 1845, a handsome Silver Medal to P. P. G. M. Charles Enoch Clissold, by the Corinthum, Friendship, and Oakley Lodges, Cirencester District.

### Attainments.

May 16, 1845, at Stroud, P. G. John Lawler, of the Corinthum Lodge, Cirencester, to Eliza, daughter of Mr. George Fluck, of the former place.—May 26, 1845, P. V. Whitworth Riley, of the Sincerity Lodge, Shaw District, to Betty, daughter of brother James Cooper, of the same Lodge.—May 1, brother Thomas Lloyd, of the Widow and Orphan's Friend Lodge, Mitcham District, to Miss Emma Knott.—December 13, 1843, at the parish church, Nuneaton, by the Rev. — Lockwood, Mr. Samuel Drakeford, junr., chemist, of the Loyal Howard Lodge, Atherstone District, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Townsend, of Burton Hastings, Warwickshire.—May 1, brother Thomas Davies, of the Temple of Peace Lodge, Newport, to Mrs. Rachel Jones, of the same place.—May 3, brother David Williams, of the Temple of Peace Lodge, Newport, to Miss Amelia Partridge, of the same place.—April 13, 1845, P. G. John Bartlam, of the Peritend Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Mary Ann James.—September 27, 1844, N. G. Williams, of the Widow's Friend Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Brown, of Brighthelm.—May 6, 1844, brother William Scott, of the same Lodge, to Eliza Silverster.—April 14, 1845, P. G. John Jarrall, of the Rock of Hope Lodge, Bradford District, to Miss Elizabeth Riley.—May 18, 1845, P. G. Thomas Ethelington, of the Loyal Earl of Durham Lodge, Bishopwearmouth District, to Miss Alice Cramer.

### Deaths.

January 1, 1845, P. G. John Neate, of the Loyal Corinthum Lodge; January 8, brother Thomas Price, of the Loyal Corinthum Lodge; April 22, brother Abel Price, of the Loyal Friendship Lodge; May 18, brother Charles Turner, of the Loyal Corinthum Lodge; all in the Cirencester District.—March 14, 1845, brother James Taylor; April 1, 1845, brother William Davies, both of the Widow's Friend Lodge.—March 11, 1845, the wife of brother Henry Elston Almond; June 17, 1845, the wife of brother John Davison; both of the Paradise Lodge, Hourn District.—May 13, 1845, the wife of brother William Vander-on, of the Rose and Thistle Lodge; May 1, brother Richard Wentworth, of the Sir William Milner Lodge; both in the Tadcaster District.—May 8, Jane, the wife of brother James Speight, aged 46 years; May 15, brother Richard Bruce, junr., aged 25 years; both of the Myrtle Lodge, Bingley District.—April 2, 1844, aged 41, P. P. D. G. M. John Williams, of the Loyal Ancient Briton Lodge, Carmarthen.—June 17, 1845, the wife of brother Alexander Strachan, of the Banks of Ury and Griach Lodge, Aberdeen District.—February 3, 1845, the wife of P. G. Abraham Ashworth; April 6, 1845, G. M. James Ashworth, son of the above Abraham Ashworth, aged 22 years; April 14, P. Sec. Jacob Ingham; all of the Loyal Fleece Lodge.—April 15, 1845, at Borebridge, P. Prov. G. M. James Swinbank, examining officer of the upon District, aged 36 years.—March 11, brother Thomas Broadhurst, of the Briton's Pride Lodge, Coventry District.—March 23, Sarah, the wife of P. G. Francis Thorp, of the Loyal Briton's Pride Lodge, Coventry District.

END OF VOLUME EIGHT.

Manchester: P. G. M. MARK WARDLE and SON, Printers, Fennel Street.















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